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THE LUSIAD;

OR,

THE DISCOVERY OF INDIA.

AN

EPIC POEM.

TRANSLATED FROM

The Original Portugueſe of LUIS DE CAMÖENS.

By WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

NEC VERBUM VERBO, CURABIS REDDERE, FIDUS
INTERPRES. HOR. ART. POET.

THE SECOND EDITION.

OXFORD,

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M.DCC.LXXVIII.

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TO THE

DUKE of BUCCLEUGH.

MY LORD,

THE firſt Idea of offering my LUSIAD to ſome diſtinguiſhed Perſonage, inſpired the earneſt wiſh, that it might be accepted by the illuſtrious Repreſentative of that Family, under which my Father, for many years, diſcharged the duties of a Clergyman.

Both the late Duke of BUCCLEUGH, and the Earl of DALKEITH, diſtinguiſhed Him by particular marks of their favour; and I muſt have forgotten Him, if I could have wiſhed to offer the firſt Dedication of my literary labours to any other than the Duke of BUCCLEUGH.

I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

My LORD,

Your Grace's moſt devoted

And moſt obedient humble Servant,

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

INTRODUCTION.

IF a concatenation of events centered in one great action, events which gave birth to the preſent Commercial Syſtem of the World; if theſe be of the firſt importance in the civil hiſtory of mankind, the Luſiad, of all other poems, challenges the attention of the Philoſopher, the Politician, and the Gentleman.

In contradiſtinction to the Iliad and Æneid, the Paradiſe Loſt has been called the Epic Poem of Religion. In the ſame manner may the Luſiad be named the Epic Poem of Commerce. The happy completion of the moſt important deſigns of Henry Duke of Viſeo, Prince of Portugal, to whom Europe owes both Gama and Columbus, both the Eaſtern and the Weſtern Worlds, conſtitutes the ſubject of that celebrated Epic Poem, (known hitherto in England almoſt only by name) which is now offered to the Engliſh Reader. But before we proceed to the hiſtorical introduction neceſſary to elucidate a poem founded on ſuch an important period of hiſtory, ſome attention is due to the opinion of thoſe Theoriſts in political philoſophy, who lament that either India was ever diſcovered, and who aſſert that the increaſe of Trade is big with the real miſery of mankind, and that Commerce is only the parent of degeneracy, and the nurſe of every vice.

Much indeed may be urged on this ſide of the queſtion, but much alſo may be urged againſt every inſtitution relative to man. Imperfection, if not neceſſary to humanity, is at leaſt the certain attendant on every thing human. Though ſome part of the traffic with many countries reſemble Solomon's importation of apes and peacocks; though the ſuperfluities of

life, the baubles of the opulent, and even the luxuries which enervate the irreſolute and adminiſter diſeaſe, are introduced by the intercourſe of navigation; the extent of the benefits which attend it, are alſo to be conſidered, ere the man of cool reaſon will venture to pronounce that the world is injured and rendered leſs virtuous and leſs happy by the increaſe of Commerce.

If a view of the ſtate of mankind, where Commerce opens no intercourſe between nation and nation, be neglected, unjuſt concluſions will certainly follow. Where the ſtate of barbarians, and of countries under the different degrees of civilization, are candidly weighed, we may reaſonably expect a juſt deciſion. As evidently as the appointment of Nature gives paſture to the herds, ſo evidently is man born for ſociety. As every other animal is in its natural ſtate when in the ſituation which its inſtinct requires; ſo man, when his reaſon is cultivated, is then, and only then, in the ſtate proper to his nature. The life of the naked ſavage, who feeds on acorns and ſleeps like a beaſt in his den, is commonly called the natural ſtate of man; but if there be any propriety in this aſſertion, his rational faculties compoſe no part of his nature, and were given not to be uſed. If the ſavage therefore live in a ſtate contrary to the appointment of nature, it muſt follow that he is not ſo happy as nature intended him to be. And a view of his true character will confirm this concluſion. The reveries, the fairy dreams of a Rouſſeau, may figure the paradiſiacal life of a Hottentot, but it is only in ſuch dreams that the ſuperior happineſs of the barbarian exiſts. The ſavage, it is true, is reluctant to leave his manner of life; but unleſs we allow that he is a proper judge of the modes of living, his attachment to his own by no means proves that he is happier than he might otherwiſe have been. His attachment only exemplifies the amazing power of habit in reconciling the human breaſt to the moſt uncomfortable ſituations. If the intercourſe of mankind in ſome inſtances be introductive of vice, the want of it as certainly excludes the exertion of the nobleſt virtues;

virtues; and if the ſeeds of virtue are indeed in the heart, they often lie dormant, and even unknown to the ſavage poſſeſſor. The moſt beautiful deſcription of a tribe of ſavages, which we may be aſſured is from real life, occurs in theſe words; And the five ſpies of Dan "*came to* Laiſh, *and ſaw the people that were there, how they dwelt careleſs after the manner of the Zidonians, quiet and ſecure, and there was no magiſtrate in the land that might put them to ſhame in any thing* . . . . And the ſpies ſaid to their brethren, *Ariſe, that we may go up againſt them; for we have ſeen the land, and behold it is very good* . . . . *and they came unto* Laiſh, *unto a people that were quiet and ſecure, and they ſmote them with the edge of the ſword, and burnt the city with fire; and there was no Deliverer, becauſe it was far from Zidon, and they had no buſineſs with any man*——However the happy ſimplicity of this ſociety may pleaſe the man of fine imagination, the true philoſopher will view the men of Laiſh with other eyes. However virtuous he may ſuppoſe one generation, it requires an alteration of human nature, to preſerve the children of the next in the ſame generous eſtrangement from the ſelfiſh paſſions, from thoſe paſſions which are the parents of the acts of injuſtice. When his wants are eaſily ſupplied, the manners of the ſavage will be ſimple, and often humane, for the human heart is not vicious without objects of temptation. But theſe will ſoon occur; he that gathers the greateſt quantity of fruit will be envied by the leſs induſtrious: The uninformed mind ſeems inſenſible of the idea of the right of poſſeſſion which the labour of acquirement gives. When want is preſſing, and the ſupply at hand, the only conſideration with ſuch minds is the danger of ſeizing it; and where there is *no magiſtrate to put to ſhame in any thing*, depredation will ſoon diſplay all its horrors. Let it be even admitted that the innocence of the men of Laiſh could ſecure them from the conſequences of their own unreſtrained deſires; could even this impoſſibility be ſurmounted, ſtill they are a wretched prey to the firſt invaders; and becauſe they have no buſineſs with any man, they will find no deliverer. While human nature is the ſame, the fate

of Laiſh will always be the fate of the weak and defenceleſs; and thus the moſt amiable deſcription of ſavage life, raiſes in our minds the ſtrongeſt imagery of the miſery and impoſſible continuance of ſuch a ſtate. But if the view of theſe innocent people terminate in horror, with what contemplation ſhall we behold the wilds of Africa and America? The tribes of America, it is true, have degrees of policy greatly ſuperior to any thing underſtood by the men of Laiſh. Great maſters of martial oratory, their popular aſſemblies are ſchools open to all their youth. In theſe they not only learn the hiſtory of their nation, and what they have to fear from the ſtrength and deſigns of their enemies, but they alſo imbibe the moſt ardent ſpirit of war. The arts of ſtratagem are their ſtudy, and the moſt athletic exerciſes of the field their employment and delight. And what is their greateſt praiſe, they have *magiſtrates to put to ſhame*. They inflict no corporeal puniſhment on their countrymen, it is true, but a reprimand from an Elder, delivered in the aſſembly, is eſteemed by them a deeper degradation, and ſeverer puniſhment, than any of thoſe, too often moſt impolitically adopted by civilized nations. Yet, though poſſeſſed of this advantage, an advantage impoſſible to exiſt in a large commercial empire, and though maſters of great martial policy, their condition, upon the whole, is big with the moſt ſtriking demonſtration of the miſery and UNNATURAL ſtate of ſuch very imperfect civilization. *Multiply, and repleniſh the earth*, is an injunction of the beſt political philoſophy ever given to man. Nature has appointed man to cultivate the earth, to increaſe in number by the food which its culture gives, and by this increaſe of brethren to remove ſome, and to mitigate all the natural miſeries of human life. But in direct oppoſition to this is the political ſtate of the wild Americans. Their lands, luxuriant in climate, are often deſolate waſtes, where thouſands of miles hardly ſupport a few hundreds of ſavage hunters. Attachment to their own tribe conſtitutes their higheſt idea of virtue; but this virtue includes the moſt brutal depravity, makes them eſteem the man of every other tribe as

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an enemy, as one with whom nature had placed them in a ſtate of war, and had commanded to deſtroy *. And to this principle, their cuſtoms and ideas of honour ſerve as rituals and miniſters. The cruelties practiſed by the American ſavages on their priſoners of war (and war is their chief employment) convey every idea expreſſed by the word diabolical, and give a moſt ſhocking view of the degradation of human nature ‡. But what peculiarly completes the character of the ſavage is his horrible ſuperſtition. In the moſt diſtant nations the ſavage is in this the ſame. The terror of evil ſpirits continually haunts him; his God is beheld as a relentleſs tyrant, and is worſhipped often with cruel rites, always with a heart full of horror and fear. In all the numerous accounts of ſavage worſhip, one trace of filial dependance is not to be found. The very reverſe of that happy idea is the hell of the ignorant mind. Nor is this barbariſm confined alone to thoſe ignorant tribes, whom we call ſavages. The vulgar of every country poſſeſs it in certain degrees, proportionated to their opportunities of converſation with the more enlightened. All the virtues and charities, which either dignify human nature or render it amiable, are cultivated and called forth into action by ſociety. The ſavage life on the contrary, if we may be allowed the expreſſion, inſtinctively

* This ferocity of ſavage manners affords a philoſophical account how the moſt diſtant and inhoſpitable climes were firſt peopled. When a Romulus erects a monarchy and makes war on his neighbours, ſome naturally fly to the wilds. As their families increaſe, the ſtronger commit depredations on the weaker; and thus from generation to generation, they who either dread juſt puniſhment or unjuſt oppreſſion, fly farther and farther in ſearch of that protection which is only to be found in civilized ſociety.

‡ Unleſs when compelled by European troops, the exchange of priſoners is never practiſed by the American ſavages. —— Sometimes, when a ſavage loſes a ſon in war, he adopts one of the captives in his ſtead; but this ſeldom occurs; for the death of the priſoner ſeems to give them much more ſatisfaction. The victim is tied to a tree, his teeth and nails are drawn, burning wood is held to every tender part, his roaſted fingers are put into the bowl of a pipe and ſmoaked by the ſavages; his tormentors with horrid howls dance round him, wounding him at every turn with their poignards; his eyes are at laſt thruſt out, and he is let looſe to ſtagger about as his torture impels him. As ſoon as he expires, his diſſevered limbs are boiled in the war-kettle, and devoured by his executioners. And ſuch is the power of cuſtom and the ideas of honour, that the unhappy ſufferer under all this torment betrays no ſign of fear or grief. On the contrary he upbraids his executioners with their ignorance of the art of tormenting, and boaſts how many of their kindred had found their grave in his belly, whom he had put to death in a much ſeverer manner.

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narrows the mind; and thus, by the excluſion of the nobler feelings, prepares it, as a ſoil, ready for every vice. Sordid diſpoſition and baſe ferocity, together with the moſt unhappy ſuperſtition, are every where the proportionate attendants of ignorance and ſevere want. And ignorance and want are only removed by intercourſe and the offices of ſociety. So ſelf-evident are theſe poſitions, that it requires an apology for inſiſting upon them; but the apology is at hand. He who has read knows how many eminent writers*, and he who has converſed knows how many reſpectable names, connect the idea

* The author of that voluminous work, *Hiſtoire Philoſophique & Politique des Etabliſſemens & du Commerce des Européens dans les deux Indes*, is one of the many who aſſert that the ſavage is happier than the civil life. His reaſons are thus abridged: The ſavage has no care or fear for the future, his hunting and fiſhing give him a certain ſubſiſtence. He ſleeps ſound, and knows not the diſeaſes of cities. He cannot want what he does not deſire, nor deſire that which he does not know, and vexation or grief do not enter his ſoul. He is not under the controul of a ſuperior in his actions; in a word, ſays our author, the ſavage only ſuffers the evils of nature.

If the civilized, he adds, enjoy the elegancies of life, have better food, and are more comfortably defended againſt the change of ſeaſons, it is uſe which makes theſe things neceſſary, and they are purchaſed by the painful labours of the multitude who are the baſis of ſociety. To what outrages is not the man of civil life expoſed; if he has property, it is in danger; and government or authority is, according to this author, the greateſt of all evils. If there is a famine in the north of America, the ſavage, led by the wind and the ſun, can go to a better clime; but in the horrors of famine, war, or peſtilence, the ports and barriers of poliſhed ſtates place the ſubjects in a priſon, where they muſt periſh — *Il reſteroit encore* — There ſtill remains an infinite difference between the lot of the civilized and the ſavage; a difference, *toute entiere*, all entirely to the diſadvantage of ſociety, that injuſtice which reigns in the inequality of fortunes and conditions. "In fine, ſays he, as the wiſh for independence is one of the firſt inſtincts of man, he who can join to the poſſeſſion of this primitive right, the moral ſecurity of a ſubſiſtence, (which we were juſt told the ſavage could do) is incomparably more happy than the rich man ſurrounded with laws, ſuperiors, prejudices, and faſhions, which endanger his liberty."——

Such are the ſentiments of Abbè Raynal, a writer whoſe ſpirited manner, and intereſting ſubject, have acquired him many readers. As he is not ſingular in his eſtimate of ſavage happineſs, his arguments merit examination. And a view of the full tendency of his aſſertions will ſufficiently refute his concluſions. Nothing can be more evident, than that if habit deſtroy the reliſh of the elegancies of life, habit alſo will deſtroy the pleaſure of hunting and fiſhing, when theſe are the ſole buſineſs of the ſavage. If the ſavage has no care and no ſuperior, theſe very circumſtances naturally brutaliſe his mind, and render him vicious, fierce, and ſelfiſh. Nor is he ſo free from care, as ſome philoſophers on their couches of down are apt to dream. Becauſe hunting and fiſhing ſeem pleaſant to us, are they alſo a pleaſure to the wretch who in all ſeaſons muſt follow them for his daily ſuſtenance? You may as well maintain that a poſtillion, jaded with fatigue, and ſhivering with wet and cold, is extremely happy, becauſe gentlemen ride on horſeback for their pleaſure. That we cannot want what we do not deſire, nor deſire what we do not know, are juſt poſitions; but does it follow, that ſuch a ſtate is happier than that which brings the wiſhes and cares of civil life? By no means:

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of innocence and happineſs with the life of the ſavage and the unimproved ruſtic. To fix the character of the ſavage is therefore neceſſary, ere we examine the aſſertion, that " it had

For according to this argument, inſenſibility and happineſs proceed in the ſame gradation, and of conſequence an oyſter * is the happieſt of all animals. The advantages aſcribed to the ſavage over the civilized life, in the time of war and famine, in the equality of rank, and ſecurity of liberty, offer an outrage to common ſenſe, and are ſtriking inſtances that no paradox is too groſs for the reveries of modern philoſophy. This author quite forgets what dangers the ſavages are every where expoſed to; how their lands, if of any value, are ſure to be ſeized by their more powerful neighbours, and millions of their perſons enſlaved by the more poliſhed ſtates. He quite forgets the *infinite diſtance* between the *reſources* of the ſocial and ſavage life; between the comforts adminiſtered by ſociety to infirmity and old age, and the miſerable ſtate of the ſavage when he can no longer purſue his hunting and fiſhing. He alſo quite forgets the infinite difference between the diſcourſe of the ſavage hut, and the *cœna deorum*, the friendſhip and converſation of refined and elevated underſtandings. But to philoſophize is the contagion which infects the *eſprits forts* of the continent; and under the mania of this diſeaſe, there is no wonder that common ſenſe is ſo often crucified. It is only the reputation of thoſe who ſupport ſome opinions that will apologiſe for the labour of refuting them. We may therefore, it is hoped, be forgiven, if, *en bagatelle*, we ſmile at the triumph of our author, who thus ſums up his arguments: " *Aprés tout, un mot* " *peut terminer ce grand procés*—After all, " one word will decide this grand diſpute, " ſo ſtrongly canvaſſed among philoſophers: " Demand of the man of civil life, if he is " happy? Demand of the ſavage if he is " miſerable? If both anſwer, No, the diſ- " pute is determined." By no means; for the beaſt that is contented to wallow in the mire, is by this argument in a happier ſtate than the man who has one wiſh to ſatisfy, however reaſonably he may hope to do it by his induſtry and virtue.

* And our author in reality goes as far, " *Temoin cet Ecoſſois*,——Witneſs that Scotchman, ſays he, who " being left alone on the iſle of Fernandez, was only unhappy while his memory remained; but when his " natural wants ſo engroſſed him that he forgot his country, his language, his name, and even the articu- " lation of words, this European, at the end of four years, found himſelf eaſed of the burden of ſocial " life, in having the happineſs to loſe the uſe of reflection, of thoſe thoughts which led him back to the " paſt, or taught him to dread the future." But this is as erroneous in fact, as ſuch happineſs is falſe in philoſophy. Alexander Selkirk fell into no ſuch ſtate of happy ideotiſm. By his own account he acquired indeed the greateſt tranquility of mind, which aroſe from religious ſubmiſſion to his fate. He had with him a bible, ſome books of mathematics and practical divinity; the daily peruſal of which both fortified his patience and amuſed his tedious hours. And he profeſſed that he feared he would never again be ſo good a Chriſtian. In his domeſtic œconomy he ſhewed every exertion of an intelligent mind. When Capt. Rogers found him in 1709, the accounts which he gave of the ſprings and vegetables of the iſland, were of the greateſt ſervice to the ſhip's company. And the Captain found him ſo able a ſailor, that he immediately made him mate of his ſhip. Having ſeen Capt. Rogers's veſſel at ſea, he made a fire in the night, in conſequence of which a boat was ſent to examine the ſhore. He ſaid he had ſeen ſome Spaniards at different times land on the iſland, but he had always fled from them, judging they would certainly put him to death, in order to prevent any account which he might be able to give of the South Seas. This is not the reaſoning of the man who has forgotten his name and his country. And even his amuſements diſcover humour, and a mind by no means wrapt up in dull or ſavage tranquillity. He had taught a number of his tame goats and cats to dance on their hinder legs; and he himſelf ſung, and danced along with them. This he exhibited to Capt. Rogers and his company. The Captain indeed ſays he ſeemed to have forgotten part of the language, as he ſpoke his words by halves. But let it be remembered, that Selkirk was born in a county of Scotland where the vulgar ſay, *fat ir yee deein*, and *far ir ya gawn*, in place of *what are you doing*, and *where are you going*. Selkirk, it is true, had been ſome little while on board Dampier's ſhip, but not to mention what little improvement of his ſpeech might from thence be received, certain it is that diſuſe of the acquired tongue, as well as ſudden paſſion, will recall the native dialect.—It is no wonder, therefore, that an Engliſhman ſhould think he ſpoke his words by halves. Selkirk had not been full four years on the iſland of Fernandez, and on his return to England, the narrative which he gave of his ſufferings afforded the hint of Robinſon Cruſoe.

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been happy for both the old and the new worlds, if the Eaſt and Weſt Indies had never been diſcovered." The bloodſhed and the attendant miſeries which the unparalleled rapine and cruelties of the Spaniards ſpread over the new world, indeed diſgrace human nature. The great and flouriſhing empires of Mexico and Peru, ſteeped in the blood of forty millions of their ſons, preſent a melancholy proſpect, which muſt excite the indignation of every good heart. Yet ſuch deſolation is not the certain conſequence of diſcovery. And even ſhould we allow that the depravity of human nature is ſo great, that the avarice of the merchant and rapacity of the ſoldier will overwhelm with miſery every new diſcovered country, ſtill are there other, more comprehenſive views, to be taken, ere we decide againſt the intercourſe introduced by navigation. When we weigh the happineſs of Europe in the ſcale of political philoſophy, we are not to confine our eye to the dreadful ravages of Attila the Hun, or of Alaric the Goth. If the waters of a ſtagnated lake are diſturbed by the ſpade when led into new channels, we ought not to inveigh againſt the alteration becauſe the waters are fouled at the firſt; we are to wait to ſee the ſtreamlets refine and ſpread beauty and utility through a thouſand vales which they never viſited before. Such were the conqueſts of Alexander; temporary evils, but civilization and happineſs followed in the bloody track. And though diſgraced with every barbarity, happineſs has alſo followed the conqueſts of the Spaniards in the other hemiſphere. Though the villainy of the Jeſuits defeated their ſchemes of civilization in many countries, the labours of that ſociety have been crowned with a ſucceſs in Paraguay and in Canada, which reflects upon their induſtry the greateſt honour. The cuſtoms and cruelties of many American tribes ſtill diſgrace human nature; but in Paraguay and Canada the natives have been brought to reliſh the bleſſings of ſociety and the arts of virtuous and civil life. If Mexico is not ſo populous as it once was, neither is it ſo barbarous; the ſhrieks of the human victim do not now reſound from temple to temple; nor does the

the human heart, held up reeking to the Sun, imprecate the vengeance of heaven on the guilty empire *. And, however impolitically deſpotic the Spaniſh governments may be, ſtill do theſe colonies enjoy the opportunities of improvement, which in every age ariſe from the knowledge of commerce and of letters; opportunities which were never enjoyed

* The innocent ſimplicity of the Americans in their conferences with the Spaniards, and the dreadful cruelties they ſuffered, divert our view from their complete character. But almoſt every thing was horrid in their civil cuſtoms and religious rites. In ſome tribes, to cohabit with their mothers, ſiſters, and daughters, was eſteemed the means of domeſtic peace. In others, catamites were maintained in every village; theſe went from houſe to houſe as they pleaſed, and it was unlawful to refuſe them what victuals they chuſed. In every tribe the captives taken in war were murdered with the moſt wanton cruelty, and afterwards devoured by the victors. Their religious rites were, if poſſible, ſtill more horrid. The abominations of ancient Moloch were here outnumbered; children, virgins, ſlaves, and captives, bled on different altars, to appeaſe their various gods. If there was a ſcarcity of human victims, the prieſts announced that the gods were dying of thirſt for human blood. And to prevent a threatened famine the kings of Mexico were obliged to make war on the neighbouring ſtates, to ſupply the altars. The priſoners of either ſide died by the hand of the prieſt. But the number of the Mexican ſacrifices ſo greatly exceeded thoſe of other nations, that the Tlaſcalans, who were hunted down for this purpoſe, readily joined Cortez with about 200,000 men, and fired by the moſt fixed hatred, enabled him to make one great ſacrifice of the Mexican nation. Without the aſſiſtance of theſe potent auxiliaries Cortez never could have conquered Mexico. And thus the barbarous cruelty of the Mexicans was the real cauſe of their very ſignal deſtruction. As the horrid ſcenes of Gladiators amuſed ancient Rome, ſo their more horrid ſacrifices ſeem to have formed the chief entertainment of Mexico. At the dedication of the temple of Vitzuliputzli, A. D. 1486, 64,080 human victims were ſacrificed in four days. And, according to the beſt accounts, their annual ſacrifices required ſeveral thouſands. The ſkulls of the victims ſometimes were hung on ſtrings which reached from tree to tree around their temples, and ſometimes were built up in towers and cemented with lime. In ſome of theſe towers Andrew de Tapia one day counted * 136,000 ſkulls. When the Spaniards gave to the Mexicans a pompous diſplay of the greatneſs of their monarch Charles V. Montezuma's orators in return boaſted of the power of their emperor, and enumerated among the proofs of it, the great number of his human ſacrifices. He could eaſily conquer that great people, the Tlaſcalans, they ſaid, but he chuſes to preſerve them to ſupply his altars. During the war with the Spaniards they increaſed their uſual ſacrifices, till prieſt and people were tired of their bloody religion. Frequent embaſſies from different tribes complained to Cortez that they were weary of their rites, and intreated him to teach them his law. And though the Peruvians, it is ſaid, were more poliſhed, and did not ſacrifice quite ſo many as the Mexicans, yet 200 children was the uſual hecatomb for the health of the Ynca, and a much larger one of all ranks honoured his obſequies. The method of ſacrificing was thus; Six prieſts laid the victim on an altar, which was narrow at top, when five bending him acroſs, the ſixth cut up his ſtomach with a ſharp flint, and while he held up the heart reeking to the ſun, the others tumbled the carcaſe down a flight of ſtairs near the altar, and immediately proceeded to the next ſacrifice. See Acoſta, Gomara, Careri, the Letters of Cortez to Charles V. &c. &c.

* By multiplying the numbers, no doubt, of the horizontal and perpendicular rows into each other.

under the dominion of Montezuma and Atabalipa. But if from Spaniſh, we turn our eyes to Britiſh America, what a glorious proſpect! Here formerly on the wild lawn, perhaps twice in the year, a few ſavage hunters kindled their evening fire, kindled it more to protect them from evil ſpirits and beaſts of prey, than from the cold; and with their feet pointed to it, ſlept on the ground. Here now population ſpreads her thouſands, and ſociety appears in all its bleſſings of mutual *help, and the mutual lights of intellectual improvement. "What work of art, or power, or public utility, "has ever equalled the glory of having peopled a continent, "without guilt or bloodſhed, with a multitude of free and "happy common-wealths, to have given them the beſt arts of "life and government!" To have given a ſavage continent an image of the Britiſh conſtitution is indeed the greateſt glory of the Britiſh crown, "a greater than any other nation "ever acquired;" and from the conſequences of the genius of Henry Duke of Viſeo, did the Britiſh American empire ariſe, an empire which, unleſs retarded by the illiberal and inhuman ſpirit of religious fanaticiſm, will in a few centuries, perhaps, be the glory of the world.

Stubborn indeed muſt be the Theoriſt, who will deny the improvement, virtue, and happineſs, which in the reſult, the voyage of Columbus has ſpread over the Weſtern World. The happineſs which Europe and Aſia have received from the intercourſe with each other, cannot hitherto, it muſt be owned, be compared either with the poſſeſſion of it, or the ſource of its increaſe eſtabliſhed in America. Yet let the man of the moſt melancholy views eſtimate all the wars and depredations which are charged upon the Portugueſe and other European nations, ſtill will the Eaſtern World appear conſiderably advantaged by the voyage of Gama. If ſeas of blood have been ſhed by the Portugueſe, nothing new was introduced into

* This was written ere the commencement of the unhappy civil war in America. And under the influence of the ſpirit of the Britiſh conſtitution, that country may perhaps again deſerve this character.

India.

India. War and depredation were no unheard of ſtrangers on the banks of the Ganges; nor could the nature of the civil eſtabliſhments of the eaſtern nations ſecure a laſting peace. The ambition of their native princes was only diverted into new channels; into channels, which in the natural courſe of human affairs, will certainly lead to permanent governments, eſtabliſhed on improved laws and juſt dominion. Yet even ere ſuch governments are formed, is Aſia no loſer by the arrival of Europeans. The horrid maſſacres and unbounded rapine which, according to their own annals, followed the victories of their Aſian conquerors, were never equalled by the worſt of their European vanquiſhers. Nor is the eſtabliſhment of improved governments in the eaſt the dream of theory. The ſuperiority of the civil and military arts of the Britiſh, notwithſtanding the hateful character of ſome individuals, is at this day beheld in India with all the aſtoniſhment of admiration; and admiration is always followed, though often with retarded ſteps, by the ſtrong deſire of ſimilar improvement. Long after the fall of the Roman empire, the Roman laws were adopted by nations which ancient Rome eſteemed as barbarous. And thus, in the courſe of ages, the Britiſh laws, according to every teſt of probability, will, in India, have a moſt important effect, will fulfil the prophecy of Camoens, and transfer to the Britiſh the high compliment he pays to his countrymen;

> Beneath their ſway majeſtic, wiſe, and mild,
> Proud of her victor's laws, thrice happier India ſmiled.

In former ages, and within theſe few years, the fertile empire of India has exhibited every ſcene of human miſery, under the undiſtinguiſhing ravages of their Mohammedan and native princes; ravages only equalled in European hiſtory by thoſe committed under Attila, ſurnamed the ſcourge of God, and the deſtroyer of nations. The ideas of patriotiſm and of honour were ſeldom known in the cabinets of the eaſtern princes till

the arrival of the Europeans. Every ſpecies of aſſaſſination was the policy of their courts, and every act of unreſtrained rapine and maſſacre followed the path of victory. But ſome of the Portugueſe governors, and many of the Engliſh officers, have taught them, that humanity to the conquered is the beſt, the trueſt policy. The brutal ferocity of their own conquerors is now the object of their greateſt dread; and the ſuperiority of the Britiſh in war has convinced their * princes, that an alliance with the Britiſh is the ſureſt guarantee of their national peace and proſperity. While the Engliſh Eaſt India Company are poſſeſſed of their preſent greatneſs, it is in their power to diffuſe over the Eaſt every bleſſing which flows from the wiſeſt and moſt humane policy. Long ere the Europeans arrived, a failure of the crop of rice, the principal food of India, has ſpread the devaſtations of famine over the populous plains of Bengal. And never, from the ſeven years famine of ancient Egypt to the preſent day, was there a natural ſcarcity in any country which did not enrich the proprietors of the granaries. The Mohammedan princes and Mooriſh traders have often added all the horrors of an artificial to a natural famine. But however ſome Portugueſe or other governors may ſtand accuſed, much was left for the humanity of the more exalted policy of an Albuquerque or a Caſtro. And under ſuch European governors as theſe, the diſtreſſes of the Eaſt have often been alleviated by a generoſity of conduct, and a train of reſources formerly unknown in Aſia. Abſurd and impracticable were that ſcheme, which would introduce the Britiſh laws into India, without the deepeſt regard to the manners and circumſtances peculiar to the people. But that ſpirit of liberty upon which they are founded, and that ſecurity of property which is their leading principle, muſt, in time, have a wide and ſtupendous effect. The abject ſpirit of Aſiatic ſubmiſſion will be taught to ſee, and to claim thoſe rights of nature, of which

* Mohammed Ali Khan, Nabob of the Carnatic, declared, "I met the Britiſh with that "freedom of openneſs which they love, and I eſteem it my honour, as well as ſecurity, to "be the ally of ſuch a nation of princes."

the

the diſpirited and paſſive Gentoos could, till lately, hardly form an idea. From this, as naturally as the noon ſucceeds the dawn, muſt the other bleſſings of civilization ariſe. For though the four great tribes of India are almoſt inacceſſible to the introduction of other manners and of other literature than their own, happily there is in human nature a propenſity to change. Nor may the political philoſopher be deemed an enthuſiaſt, who would boldly propheſy, that unleſs the Britiſh be driven from India, the general ſuperiority which they bear, will, ere many generations ſhall have paſſed, induce the moſt intelligent of India to break the ſhackles of their abſurd ſuperſtitions, and lead them to partake of thoſe advantages which ariſe from the free ſcope and due cultivation of the rational powers. In almoſt every inſtance ‡ the Indian inſtitutions are contrary to the feelings and wiſhes of nature. And ignorance and bigotry, their two chief pillars, can never ſecure unalterable duration *. We have certain proof, that the horrid cuſtom of burning the wives along with the body of the deceaſed huſband, has continued for upwards of 1500 years; we are alſo certain, that within theſe twenty years it has begun to fall into diſuſe. Together with the alteration of this moſt ſtriking feature of Indian manners, other aſſimilations to European ſentiments have already taken place †. Nor can the obſtinacy even of the conceited Chineſe always reſiſt the deſire of imitating the Europeans, a people who in arts and in arms are ſo greatly ſuperior to themſelves. The uſe of the twenty-four letters, by which we can expreſs every language, appeared at firſt as miraculous to the Chineſe. Prejudice cannot always deprive that people, who are not deficient in ſelfiſh cunning, of the eaſe and expedition of an alphabet; and it is eaſy to

‡ Every man muſt follow his father's trade, and muſt marry a daughter of the ſame occupation. Innumerable are their other barbarous reſtrictions of genius and inclination.

* The impoſſibility of alteration in the religion of the Bramins, is an aſſertion againſt facts. The high antiquity and unadulterated ſameneſs of their religion, are impoſitions on Europe. For a clear demonſtration of this, ſee the Enquiry, &c. at the end of the VIIth Luſiad.

† See the above Enquiry, &c.

foreſee

foreſee, that, in the courſe of a few centuries, ſome alphabet will certainly take place of the 60,000 arbitrary marks, which now render the cultivation of the Chineſe literature not only a labour of the utmoſt difficulty, but even the attainment of it, impoſſible beyond a very limited degree. And from the introduction of an alphabet, what improvements may not be expected from the laborious induſtry of the Chineſe! Though moſt obſtinately attached to their old cuſtoms, yet there is a tide in the manners of nations which is ſudden and rapid, and which acts with a kind of inſtinctive fury againſt ancient prejudice and abſurdity. It was that nation of merchants, the Phœnicians, which diffuſed the uſe of letters through the ancient, and Commerce will undoubtedly diffuſe the ſame bleſſings through the modern world.

To this view of the political happineſs, which is ſure to be introduced in proportion to civilization, let the Divine add, what may be reaſonably expected, from ſuch opportunity of the increaſe of Religion. A factory of merchants, indeed, has ſeldom been found to be the ſchool of piety; yet, when the general manners of a people become aſſimilated to thoſe of a more rational worſhip, ſomething more than ever was produced by an infant miſſion, or the neighbourhood of an infant colony, may then be reaſonably expected, and even foretold.

In eſtimating the political happineſs of a people, nothing is of greater importance than their capacity of, and tendency to, improvement. As a dead lake, to continue our former alluſion, will remain in the ſame ſtate for ages and ages, ſo would the bigotry and ſuperſtitions of the Eaſt continue the ſame. But if the lake is begun to be opened into a thouſand rivulets, who knows over what unnumbered fields, barren before, they may diffuſe the bleſſings of fertility, and turn a dreary wilderneſs into a land of ſociety and joy.

In contraſt to this, let the Golden Coaſt and other immenſe regions of Africa be contemplated:

Afric

Afric behold; alas, what altered view!
Her lands uncultured, and her ſons untrue;
Ungraced with all that ſweetens human life,
Savage and fierce they roam in brutal ſtriſe;
Eager they graſp the gifts which culture yields,
Yet naked roam their own neglected fields . . . . .
Unnumber'd tribes as beſtial grazers ſtray,
By laws unform'd, unform'd by Reaſon's ſway.
Far inward ſtretch the mournful ſteril dales,
Where on the parcht hill-ſide pale famine wails.

LUSIAD X.

Let us view what millions of theſe unhappy ſavages are dragged from their native fields, and cut off for ever from all the hopes and all the rights to which human birth entitled them. And who would heſitate to pronounce that Negro the greateſt of patriots, who, by teaching his countrymen the arts of ſociety, ſhould teach them to defend themſelves in the poſſeſſion of their fields, their families, and their own perſonal liberties?

Evident however as it is, that the voyages of Gama and Columbus have already carried a ſuperior degree of happineſs, and the promiſe of infinitely more, to the Eaſtern and Weſtern Worlds; yet the advantages derived from the diſcovery of theſe regions to Europe may perhaps be denied. But let us view what Europe was, ere the genius of Don Henry gave birth to the ſpirit of modern diſcovery.

Several ages before this period the feudal ſyſtem had degenerated into the moſt abſolute tyranny. The barons exerciſed the moſt deſpotic authority over their vaſſals, and every ſcheme of public utility was rendered impracticable by their continual petty wars with each other; and to which they led their dependents as dogs to the chace. Unable to read, or to write his own name, the Chieftain was entirely poſſeſſed by the moſt romantic opinion of military glory, and the ſong of his domeſtic minſtrel conſtituted his higheſt idea of fame. The

Claſſics

Claſſics ſlept on the ſhelves of the monaſteries, their dark, but happy aſylum; while the life of the monks reſembled that of the fattened beeves which loaded their tables. Real abilities were indeed poſſeſſed by a Duns Scotus, and a few others; but theſe were loſt in the moſt trifling ſubtleties of a ſophiſtry, which they dignified with the name of caſuiſtical Divinity. Whether Adam and Eve were created with navels, and how many thouſand angels might at the ſame inſtant dance upon the point of the fineſt needle without joſtling one another, were two of the ſeveral topics of like importance which excited the acumen and engaged the controverſies of the Learned. While every branch of philoſophical, of rational inveſtigation, was thus unpurſued and unknown, Commerce, incompatible in itſelf with the feodal ſyſtem, was equally neglected and unimproved. Where the mind is enlarged and enlightened by Learning, plans of Commerce will riſe into action; and theſe, in return, will, from every part of the world bring new acquirements to philoſophy and ſcience. The birth of Learning and Commerce may be different, but their growth is mutual and dependent upon each other. They not only aſſiſt each other, but the ſame enlargement of mind which is neceſſary for perfection in the one, is alſo neceſſary for perfection in the other; and the ſame cauſes impede, and are alike deſtructive of both. The INTERCOURSE of mankind is the parent of each. According to the confinement or extent of Intercourſe, barbarity or civilization proportionably prevail. In the dark Monkiſh ages, the Intercourſe of the learned was as much impeded and confined as that of the merchant. A few unwieldy veſſels coaſted the ſhores of Europe; and mendicant friars and ignorant pilgrims carried a miſerable account of what was paſſing in the world from monaſtery to monaſtery. What Doctor had laſt diſputed on the Peripatetic philoſophy at ſome univerſity, or what new hereſy had laſt appeared, not only compriſed the whole of their literary intelligence, but was delivered with little accuracy, and received with as little attention. While this thick cloud of mental darkneſs overſpread the weſtern

weſtern world, was Don Henry prince of Portugal born, born to ſet mankind free from the feodal ſyſtem, and to give to the whole world every advantage, every light that may poſſibly be diffuſed by the Intercourſe of unlimitted Commerce:

——— For then from ancient gloom emerg'd
The riſing world of Trade: the Genius, then,
Of Navigation, that in hopeleſs ſloth
Had ſlumber'd on the vaſt Atlantic deep
For idle ages, ſtarting, heard at laſt
The Luſitanian Prince, who, heaven-inſpir'd
To love of uſeful glory rous'd mankind,
And in unbounded Commerce mixt the world. THOM.

In contraſt to the melancholy view of human nature, ſunk in barbariſm and benighted with ignorance, let the preſent ſtate of Europe be impartially eſtimated. Yet though the great increaſe of opulence and learning cannot be denied, there are ſome who aſſert, that virtue and happineſs have as greatly declined. And the immenſe overflow of riches, from the Eaſt in particular, has been pronounced big with deſtruction to the Britiſh empire. Every thing human, it is true, has its dark as well as its bright ſide; but let theſe popular complaints be examined, and it will be found, that modern Europe, and the Britiſh empire in a very particular manner, have received the greateſt and moſt ſolid advantages from the modern enlarged ſyſtem of Commerce. The magic of the old romances, which could make the moſt withered, deformed hag, appear as the moſt beautiful virgin, is every day verified in popular declamation. Ancient days are there painted in the moſt amiable ſimplicity, and the modern in the moſt odious colours. Yet what man of fortune in England now lives in that ſtupendous groſs luxury, which every day was exhibited in the Gothic caſtles of the old Chieftains! Four or five hundred knights and ſquires in the domeſtic retinue of a warlike Earl was not uncommon, nor was the pomp of embroidery inferior to the profuſe waſte of

their tables; in both inſtances unequalled by all the mad exceſſes of the preſent age.

While the Baron thus lived in all the wild glare of Gothic luxury, agriculture was almoſt totally neglected, and his meaner vaſſals fared harder, infinitely leſs comfortably, than the meaneſt induſtrious labourers of England do now. Where the lands are uncultivated, the peaſants, ill-cloathed, ill-lodged, and poorly fed, paſs their miſerable days in ſloth and filth, totally ignorant of every advantage, of every comfort which nature lays at their feet. He who paſſes from the trading towns and cultured fields of England, to thoſe remote villages of Scotland or Ireland, which claim this deſcription, is aſtoniſhed at the comparative wretchedneſs of their deſtitute inhabitants; but few conſider, that theſe villages only exhibit a view of what Europe was, ere the ſpirit of Commerce diffuſed the bleſſings which naturally flow from her improvements. In the Hebrides the failure of a harveſt almoſt depopulates an iſland. Having little or no traffic to purchaſe grain, numbers of the young and hale betake themſelves to the continent in queſt of employment and food, leaving a few, leſs adventurous, behind, to beget a new race, the heirs of the ſame fortune. Yet, from the ſame cauſe, from the want of traffic, the kingdom of England has often felt more dreadful effects than theſe. Even in the days when her Henries and Edwards plumed themſelves with the trophies of France, how often has Famine ſpread all her horrors over city and village? Our modern hiſtories neglect this characteriſtical feature of ancient days; but the rude chronicles of theſe ages inform us, that three or four times, in almoſt every reign of continuance, was England thus viſited. The failure of one crop was then ſeverely felt, and two bad harveſts together were almoſt inſupportable. But Commerce has now opened another ſcene, has armed Government with the happieſt power that can be exerted by the rulers of a nation; the power to prevent every *extre-

* Extremity; for it were both highly unjuſt and impolitic in Government, to allow importation in ſuch a degree as might be deſtructive of domeſtic agriculture, even when there is a real failure of the harveſt.

mity

mity which may poſſibly ariſe from bad harveſts; extremities, which, in former ages, were eſteemed more dreadful viſitations of the wrath of heaven, than the peſtilence itſelf. Yet modern London is not ſo certainly defended againſt the latter, its antient viſitor in almoſt every reign, as the Commonwealth by the means of Commerce, under a juſt and humane government, is ſecured againſt the ravages of the former. If, from theſe great outlines of the happineſs enjoyed by a commercial over an uncommercial nation, we turn our eyes to the manners, the advantages will be found no leſs in favour of the civilized.

Whoever is inclined to declaim on the vices of the preſent age, let him read, and be convinced, that the Gothic ages were leſs virtuous. If the ſpirit of chivalry prevented effeminacy, it was the foſter-father of a ferocity of manners, now happily unknown. Rapacity, avarice, and effeminacy are the vices aſcribed to the increaſe of Commerce; and in ſome degree, it muſt be confeſſed, they follow her ſteps. Yet infinitely more dreadful, as every palatinate in Europe often felt, were the effects of the two firſt under the feodal Lords, than poſſibly can be experienced under any ſyſtem of trade. The virtues and vices of human nature are the ſame in every age: they only receive different modifications, and lie dormant or are awaked into action under different circumſtances. The feodal Lord had it infinitely more in his power to be rapacious than the merchant. And whatever avarice may attend the trader, his intercourſe with the reſt of mankind lifts him greatly above that brutiſh ferocity which actuates the ſavage, often the ruſtic, and in general characteriſes the ignorant part of mankind. The abolition of the feodal ſyſtem, a ſyſtem of abſolute ſlavery, and that equality of mankind which affords the protection of property, and every other incitement to induſtry, are the glorious gifts which the ſpirit of Commerce, called forth by prince Henry of Portugal, has beſtowed upon Europe in general; and, as if directed by the manes of his mother, a daughter of England, upon the Britiſh empire in particular. In the vice of effeminacy alone, perhaps, do we exceed our anceſtors;

ceſtors; yet even here we have infinitely the advantage over them. The brutal ferocity of former ages is now loſt, and the general mind is humaniſed. The ſavage breaſt is the native ſoil of revenge; a vice, of all others, ingratitude excepted, peculiarly ſtamped with the character of hell. But the mention of this was reſerved for the character of the ſavages of Europe. The ſavage of every country is implacable when injured, but among ſome, revenge has its meaſure. When an American Indian is murdered, his kindred purſue the murderer, and ſoon as blood has atoned for blood, the wilds of America hear the hoſtile parties join in their mutual lamentations over the dead; and as an oblivion of malice, the murdered and the murderer are buried together. But the meaſure of revenge, never to be full, was left for the demi-ſavages of Europe. The vaſſals of the feodal Lord entered into his quarrels with the moſt inexorable rage. Juſt or unjuſt was no conſideration of theirs. It was a family feud; no farther enquiry was made; and from age to age, the parties, who never injured each other, breathed nothing but mutual rancour and revenge. And actions, ſuitable to this horrid ſpirit, every where confeſſed its virulent influence. Such were the late days of Europe, admired by the ignorant for the innocence of manners. Reſentment of injury indeed is natural; and there is a degree which is honeſt, and though warm, far from inhuman. But if it is the hard taſk of humaniſed virtue to preſerve the feeling of an injury unmixt with the ſlighteſt criminal wiſh of revenge, how impoſſible is it for the ſavage to attain the dignity of forgiveneſs, the greateſt ornament of human nature! As in individuals, a virtue will riſe into a vice, generoſity into blind profuſion, and even mercy into criminal lenity, ſo civiliſed manners will lead the opulent into effeminacy. But let it be conſidered, this conſequence is by no means the certain reſult of civilization. Civilization, on the contrary, provides the moſt effectual preventive of this evil. Where claſſical literature prevails, the manly ſpirit which it breathes muſt be diffuſed. Whenever frivolouſneſs predominates, when refinement degenerates

degenerates into whatever enervates the mind, literary ignorance is ſure to compleat the effeminate character. A mediocrity of virtues and of talents is the lot of the great majority of mankind; and even this mediocrity, if cultivated by a liberal education, will infallibly ſecure its poſſeſſor againſt thoſe exceſſes of effeminacy which are really culpable. To be of plain manners it is not neceſſary to be a clown, or to wear coarſe cloaths; nor is it neceſſary to lie on the ground and feed like the ſavage, to be truly manly. The beggar who, behind the hedge, divides his offals with his dog, has often more of the real ſenſualiſt than he who dines at an elegant table. Nor need we heſitate to aſſert, that he who, unable to preſerve a manly elegance of manners, degenerates into the *petit maitre*, would have been, in any age or condition, equally inſignificant and worthleſs. Some, when they talk of the debauchery of the preſent age, ſeem to think that the former were all innocence. But this is ignorance of human nature. The debauchery of a barbarous age is groſs and brutal; that of a gloomy ſuperſtitious one, ſecret, exceſſive, and murderous; that of a more poliſhed one, not to make an apology, much happier for the fair ſex *, and certainly in no circumſtance ſo big with political unhappineſs. If one diſeaſe has been imported from Spaniſh America, the moſt valuable medicines have likewiſe been brought from theſe regions; and diſtempers, which were thought invincible by our forefathers, are now cured. If the luxuries of the Indies uſher diſeaſe to our tables, the conſequence is not unknown; the wiſe and the temperate receive no injury; and intemperance has been the deſtroyer of mankind in every age. The opulence of ancient Rome produced a luxury of manners which proved

* Even that warm admirer of ſavage happineſs, the author of the *Hiſtoire Philoſophique & Politique des Etabliſſemens*, &c. confeſſes, that the wild Americans ſeem deſtitute of the feeling of love.—"In a "little while, ſays he, when the heat of "paſſion is gratified, they loſe all affection "and attachment for their women, whom "they degrade to the moſt ſervile offices." —A tender remembrance of the firſt endearments, a generous participation of care and hope, the compaſſionate ſentiments of honour, all thoſe delicate feelings, which ariſe into affection and bind attachment, are indeed incompatible with the ferocious and groſs ſenſations of the barbarian of any country.

fatal

fatal to that mighty empire. But the effeminate ſenſualiſts of thoſe ages were men of no intellectual cultivation. The enlarged ideas, the generous and manly feelings inſpired by liberal ſtudy, were utterly unknown to them. Unformed by that wiſdom which ariſes from ſcience and true philoſophy, they were groſs barbarians, dreſſed in the mere outward tinſel of civilization †. Where the enthuſiaſm of military honour characteriſes the rank of gentlemen, that nation will riſe into empire. But no ſooner does conqueſt give a continued ſecurity, than the mere ſoldier degenerates; and the old veterans are ſoon ſucceeded by a new generation, illiterate as their fathers, but deſtitute of their virtues and experience. Polite literature not only humaniſes the heart, but alſo wonderfully ſtrengthens and enlarges the mind. Moral and political philoſophy are its peculiar provinces, and are never happily cultivated without its aſſiſtance. But where ignorance characteriſes the body of the nobility, the moſt inſipid diſſipation, and the very idleneſs and effeminacy of luxury, are ſure to follow. Titles and family are then the only merit; and the few men of buſineſs who ſurround the throne, have it then in their power to aggrandiſe themſelves by rivetting the chains of ſlavery. A ſtately grandeur is preſerved, but it is only outward; all is decayed within, and on the firſt ſtorm the weak fabric falls to the duſt. Thus roſe and thus fell the empire of Rome, and the much wider one of Portugal. Though the increaſe of wealth did indeed contribute to that corruption of manners which unnerved the Portugueſe, certain it is, the wiſdom of legiſlature might have prevented every evil which Spain and Portugal have experienced from their acquiſitions in the two Indies. Every evil which they have ſuffered from their acquirements aroſe, as ſhall be hereafter demonſtrated, from their general ignorance, an ignorance which rendered them unable to

† The degeneracy of the Roman literature preceded the fate of that empire, and the reaſon is obvious. The men of fortune grew frivolous, and ſuperficial in every branch of knowledge, and were therefore unable to hold the reins of empire. The degeneracy of literary taſte is, therefore, the ſureſt proof of the general declenſion.

inveſtigate or apprehend, even the firſt principles of civil and commercial philoſophy. And what other than the total eclipſe of their glory could be expected from a nobility, rude and unlettered as thoſe of Portugal are deſcribed by the author of the Luſiad, a court and nobility, who ſealed the truth of all his complaints againſt them, by ſuffering that great man, the light of their age, to die in an alms-houſe! What but the fall of their ſtate could be expected from barbarians like theſe! Nor can the annals of mankind produce one inſtance of the fall of empire, where the character of the grandees was other than that aſcribed to his countrymen by Camoens.

THE HISTORY OF THE DISCOVERY OF INDIA.

NO leſſon can be of greater national importance than the hiſtory of the riſe and the fall of a commercial empire. The view of what advantages were acquired, and of what might have been ſtill added; the means by which ſuch empire might have been continued, and the errors by which it was loſt, are as particularly conſpicuous in the naval and commercial hiſtory of Portugal, as if Providence had intended to give a laſting example to mankind; a chart, where the courſe of the ſafe voyage is pointed out; and where the ſhelves and rocks, and the ſeaſons of tempeſt, are diſcovered, and foretold.

The hiſtory of Portugal, as a naval and commercial power, begins with the enterprizes of Prince Henry. But as the improvements introduced by this great man, and the completion of his deſigns are intimately connected with the political ſtate of his age and country, a conciſe view of the progreſs of the power, and of the character of that kingdom, will be neceſſary to elucidate the hiſtory of the revival of Commerce, and the ſubject of the Luſiad.

During the centuries, when the effeminated Roman provinces of Europe were deſolated by the irruptions of northern or Scythian barbarians, the Saracens, originally of the ſame race, a wandering banditti of Aſiatic Scythia, ſpread the ſame horrors of brutal conqueſt over the fineſt countries of the eaſtern world. The northern conquerors of the finer provinces of Europe embraced the Chriſtian religion as profeſſed by

by the monks, and, contented with the luxuries of their new ſettlements, their military ſpirit ſoon declined. Their ancient brothers, the Saracens, on the other hand, having embraced the religion of Mohammed, their rage of war received every addition which may poſſibly be inſpired by religious enthuſiaſm. Not only the ſpoils of the vanquiſhed, but their beloved Paradiſe itſelf, were to be obtained by their ſabres, by extending the faith of their prophet by force of arms and uſurpation of dominion. Strengthened and inſpired by a commiſſion which they eſteemed divine, the rapidity of their conqueſts far exceeded thoſe of the Goths and Vandals. A great majority of the inhabitants of every country which they ſubdued, embraced their religion, imbibed their principles, united in their views; and the profeſſors of Mohammediſm became the moſt formidable combination that ever was leagued together againſt the reſt of mankind. Morocco and the adjacent countries, at this time amazingly populous, had now received the doctrines of the Koran, and incorporated with the Saracens. And the Infidel arms ſpread ſlaughter and deſolation from the ſouth of Spain to Italy and the iſlands of the Mediterranean. All the rapine and carnage committed by the Gothic conquerors were now amply returned on their leſs warlike poſterity. In Spain, and the province now called Portugal, the Mohammedans erected powerful kingdoms, and their luſt of conqueſt threatened deſtruction to every Chriſtian power. But a romantic military ſpirit revived in Europe, under the auſpices of Charlemagne. Several religious military orders were eſtabliſhed. Celibacy, the ſtudy of religion, and the exerciſe of arms, were the conditions of their vow, and the defence of their country and of the Faith, their ambition and ſole purpoſe. He who fell in battle was honoured and envied as a martyr. And moſt wonderful victories crowned the ardor of theſe religious warriors. The Mohammedans, during the reign of Charlemagne, made a moſt formidable irruption into Europe, and France in particular felt the weight of their fury; but the honour which was paid to

the knights who wore the badge of the croſs, drew the adventurous youth of every Chriſtian power to the ſtandards of that political monarch, and in fact, (a circumſtance however neglected by hiſtorians) gave birth to the Cruſades, the beginning of which, in propriety, ought to be dated from his reign. Few indeed are the hiſtorians of this age, but enough remain to prove that though the writers of the old romance have greatly diſguiſed it, though they have given full room to the wildeſt flights of imagination, and have added the inexhauſtible machinery of magic to the adventures of their heroes, yet the origin of their fictions was founded on hiſtorical facts *. And, however this period may thus reſemble the fabulous ages of Greece, certain it is, that an Orlando, a Rinaldo, a Rugero, and other celebrated names in romance, acquired great honour in the wars which were waged againſt the Saracens, the invaders of Europe. In theſe romantic wars, by which the power of the Mohammedans was checked, ſeveral centuries elapſed, when Alonzo, king of Caſtile, apprehenſive that the whole force of the Mohammedans of Spain and Morocco was ready to fall upon him, prudently imitated the conduct of Charlemagne. He availed himſelf of the ſpirit of chivalry, and demanded leave of Philip I. of France, and of other princes, that volunteers from their dominions might be allowed to diſtinguiſh themſelves under his banners againſt the infidels. His deſire was no ſooner known, than a brave romantic army thronged to his ſtandards, and Alonzo was victorious. Honours and endowments were liberally diſtributed among the champions, and to one of the braveſt of them, to Henry ‡, a younger ſon of the duke of Burgundy, he gave his daughter Tereſa in marriage, with the ſovereignty of the

* Arioſto, who adopted the legends of the old romance, choſe this period for the ſubject of his Orlando Furioſo. Paris beſieged by the Saracens, Orlando and the other Chriſtian knights aſſemble in aid of Charlemagne, who are oppoſed in their amours and in battle by Rodomont, Ferraw, and other infidel knights. That there was a noted Mooriſh Spaniard, named Ferraw, a redoubted champion of that age, we have the teſtimony of Marcus Antonius Sabellicus, a writer of note of the fifteenth century.

‡ See the notes on page 90 and 91.

countries

countries ſouth of Galicia in dowry, commiſſioning him to extend his dominions by the expulſion of the Moors. Henry, who reigned by the title of Count, improved every advantage which offered. The two rich provinces of *Entro Minho e Douro*, and *Tra los Montes*, yielded to his arms; great part of Beira was alſo ſubdued; and the Mooriſh king of Lamego became his tributary. Many thouſands of Chriſtians, who had lived in miſerable ſubjection to the Moors, or in deſolate independency on the mountains, took ſhelter under the generous protection of Count Henry. Great numbers alſo of the Moors changed their religion, and choſe rather to continue in the land where they were born, under a mild government, than be expoſed to the ſeverities and injuſtice of their native governors. And thus, on one of the moſt † beautiful and fertile ſpots of the world, and in the fineſt climate, in conſequence of a Cruſade * againſt the Mohammedans, was eſtabliſhed the ſovereignty of Portugal, a ſovereignty which in time ſpread its influence over the world, and gave a new face to the manners of nations.

Count Henry, after a ſucceſsful reign, was ſucceeded by his infant ſon Don Alonzo-Henry, who having ſurmounted ſeveral dangers which threatened his youth ‡, became the firſt of the Portugueſe kings. In 1139 the Moors of Spain and Barbary united their forces to recover the dominions from which they had been driven by the Chriſtians. According to the loweſt accounts of the Portugueſe writers, the army of the Moors amounted to 400,000; nor is this number incredible, when we conſider what great armies they at other times brought to the field; and that at this time they came to take poſſeſſion of the lands which they expected to conquer. Don Alonzo, however, with a very ſmall army, gave them battle on the plains of Ourique, and after a ſtruggle of ſix

† Small indeed in extent, but ſo rich in fertility, that it was called *Medulla Hiſpanica*, *The marrow of Spain*. Vid. Reſandii Antiq. Luſit. l. iii.

* In propriety moſt certainly a Cruſade, though that term has never before been applied to this war.

‡ See the note on page 92.

hours, obtained a moſt glorious and compleat † victory, and which was crowned with an event of the utmoſt importance. On the field of battle Don Alonzo was proclaimed King of Portugal by his victorious ſoldiers, and he in return conferred the rank of nobility on the whole army. But the conſtitution of the monarchy was not ſettled, nor was Alonzo inveſted with the *Regalia* till ſix years after this memorable day. The government the Portugueſe had experienced under the Spaniards and Moors, and the advantages which they ſaw were derived from their own valour, had taught them a love of liberty, which was not to be complimented away in the joy of victory, or by the ſhouts of tumult. Alonzo himſelf underſtood their ſpirit too well to venture the leaſt attempt to make himſelf a deſpotic Monarch; nor did he diſcover the leaſt inclination to deſtroy that bold conſciouſneſs of freedom which had enabled his army to conquer, and to elect him their Sovereign. After ſix years ſpent in farther victories, in extending and ſecuring his dominions, he called an aſſembly of the prelates, nobility and commons, to meet at Lamego. When the aſſembly opened, Alonzo appeared ſeated on the throne, but without any other mark of regal dignity. And ere he was crowned, the conſtitution of the ſtate was ſettled, and eighteen ſtatutes were ſolemnly confirmed by oath ‡, as the charter of king and people; ſtatutes diametrically oppoſite to the *jus divinum* of kings, to the principles which inculcate and demand the unlimitted paſſive obedience of the ſubject.

Conſcious of what they owed to their own valour, the founders of the Portugueſe monarchy tranſmitted to their heirs thoſe generous principles of liberty which compleat and adorn the martial character. The ardour of the volunteer, an ardour unknown to the ſlave and the mercenary, added to the moſt romantic ideas of military glory, characteriſed the Portu-

† For an account of this battle, and the coronation of the firſt king of Portugal, ſee the note, p. 102.

‡ The power of depoſing, and of electing their kings, under certain circumſtances, is veſted in the people by the ſtatutes of Lamego. See the notes, p. 102 and 103.

gueſe

gueſe under the reigns of their firſt monarchs. In almoſt continual wars with the Moors, this ſpirit, on which the exiſtence of their kingdom depended, roſe higher and higher; and the deſire to extirpate Mohammediſm, the principle which animated the wiſh of victory in every battle, ſeemed to take deeper root in every age. Such were the manners, and ſuch the principles of the people who were governed by the ſucceſſors of Alonzo the Firſt; a ſucceſſion of great men, who proved themſelves worthy to reign over ſo military and enterpriſing a nation.

By a continued train of victories Portugal increaſed conſiderably in ſtrength, and the Portugueſe had the honour to drive the Moors from Europe. The invaſions of theſe people were now requited by ſucceſsful expeditions into Africa. And ſuch was the manly ſpirit of theſe ages, that the ſtatutes of Lamego received additional articles in favour of liberty; a convincing proof that the general heroiſm of a people depends upon the principles of freedom. Alonzo IV. * though not an amiable character, was perhaps the greateſt warrior, politician, and monarch of his age. After a reign of military ſplendor he left his throne to his ſon Pedro, who from his inflexible juſtice was ſurnamed the Juſt, or, the Lover of Juſtice. The ideas of equity and literature were now diffuſed by this great prince ‡, who was himſelf a polite ſcholar, and moſt accompliſhed gentleman. And Portugal began to perceive the advantages of cultivated talents, and to feel its ſuperiority over the barbarous politics of the ignorant Moors. The great Pedro, however, was ſucceeded by a weak prince, and the heroic ſpirit of the Portugueſe ſeemed to exiſt no more under his ſon Fernando, ſurnamed the Careleſs.

But the general character of the people was too deeply impreſſed, to be obliterated by one inglorious reign; and under John I. † all the virtues of the Portugueſe ſhone forth with

* For the character of this prince, ſee the note, p. 132.

‡ For anecdotes of this monarch, ſee the notes, p. 136 and 137.

† This great prince was the natural ſon of Pedro the Juſt. Some years after the murder of his beloved ſpouſe Inez de Caſtro (of which ſee the text and notes, p. 126, &c.) left his father,

redoubled luſtre. Happy for Portugal, his father beſtowed a moſt excellent education upon this prince, which added to, and improving his great natural talents, rendered him one of the greateſt of monarchs. Conſcious of the ſuperiority which his own liberal education gave him, he was aſſiduous to beſtow the ſame advantages upon his children; and he himſelf often became their preceptor in the branches of ſcience and uſeful knowledge. Fortunate in all his affairs, he was moſt of all fortunate in his family. He had many ſons, and he lived to ſee them men, men of parts and of action, whoſe only emulation was to ſhew affection to his perſon, and to ſupport his adminiſtration by their great abilities.

There is ſomething exceedingly pleaſing in the hiſtory of a family which ſhews human nature in its moſt exalted virtues and moſt amiable colours; and the tribute of veneration is ſpontaneouſly paid to the father who diſtinguiſhes the different talents of his children, and places them in the proper lines of action. All the ſons of John excelled in military exerciſes, and in the literature of their age; Don Edward and Don * Pedro were particularly educated for the cabinet, and the mathematical genius of Don Henry, one of his youngeſt ſons, received every encouragement which a king and a father could give, to ripen it into perfection and public utility.

Hiſtory was well known to Prince Henry, and his turn of mind peculiarly enabled him to make political obſervations upon it. The wealth and power of ancient Tyre and Carthage ſhewed him what a maritime nation might hope; and the flouriſhing colonies of the Greeks were the frequent topic of his converſation. Where the Grecian commerce, confined

father, whoſe ſevere temper he too well knew, ſhould force him into a diſagreeable marriage, Don Pedro commenced an amour with a Galician lady, who became the mother of John I. the preſerver of the Portugueſe monarchy. See the notes, p. 143 and 144.

* The ſons of John, who figure in hiſtory, were Edward, Juan, Fernando, Pedro, and Henry. Edward ſucceeded his father, (for whoſe characters ſee the note p. 162 and 163.) Juan, diſtinguiſhed both in the camp and cabinet, in the reign of his brother Edward had the honour to oppoſe the wild expedition againſt Tangier, which was propoſed by his brother Fernando, in whoſe perpetual captivity it ended. Of Pedro afterwards.

as it was, extended its influence, the deſarts became cultivated fields, cities roſe, and men were drawn from the woods and caverns to unite in ſociety. The Romans, on the other hand, when they deſtroyed Carthage, buried, in her ruins, the fountain of civilization, of improvement and opulence. They extinguiſhed the ſpirit of commerce; the agriculture of the conquered nations, Britannia ‡ alone, perhaps, excepted, was totally neglected. And thus, while the luxury of Rome conſumed the wealth of her provinces, her uncommercial policy dried up the ſources of its continuance. The egregious errors of the Romans, who perceived not the true uſe of their diſtant conqueſts, and the inexhauſtible fountains of opulence which Phœnicia had eſtabliſhed in her colonies, inſtructed Prince Henry what gifts to beſtow upon his country, and, in the reſult, upon the whole world. Nor were the ineſtimable advantages of commerce the ſole motives of Henry. All the ardour which the love of his country could awake, conſpired to ſtimulate the natural turn of his genius for the improvement of navigation.

As the kingdom of Portugal had been wreſted from the Moors and eſtabliſhed by conqueſt, ſo its exiſtence ſtill depended on the ſuperiority of the force of arms; and ere the birth of Henry, the ſuperiority of the Portugueſe navies had been of the utmoſt conſequence to the protection of the ſtate. Such were the circumſtances which united to inſpire the deſigns of Henry, all which were powerfully enforced and invigorated by the religion of that prince. The deſire to extirpate Mohammediſm was patriotiſm in Portugal. It was the principle which gave birth to, and ſupported their monarchy: Their kings avowed it, and Prince Henry, the piety of whoſe heart cannot be queſtioned, always profeſſed, that to propagate the goſpel was the great purpoſe of his deſigns and enterprizes.

‡ The honour of this is due to Agricola, He employed his legions in cutting down foreſts and in clearing marſhes. And for ſeveral ages after his time, the Romans drew immenſe quantities of wheat from their Britiſh province.

And

And however this, in the event, was † neglected, certain it is, that the ſame principles inſpired, and were always profeſſed by king Emmanuel, under whom the Eaſtern World was diſcovered by Gama.

The Cruſades, to reſcue the Holy Land from the infidels, which had already been, however unregarded by hiſtorians, of the greateſt political ſervice to Spain and Portugal, ‖ began now to have ſome effect upon the commerce of Europe. The Hans Towns had received charters of liberty, and had united together for the protection of their trade againſt the numerous pyrates of the Baltic. A people of Italy, known by the name of the Lombards, had opened a lucrative traffic with the ports of Egypt, from whence they imported into Europe the riches of the Eaſt; and Bruges in Flanders, the mart between them and the Hans Towns, was, in conſequence, ſurrounded with the beſt agriculture of theſe ages ‡: A certain proof of the dependance of agriculture upon the extent of commerce. Yet though theſe gleams of light, as morning ſtars, began to appear; it was not the groſs multitude, it was only the eye of a Henry which could perceive what they prognoſticated, and it was only a genius like his which could prevent them from again ſetting in the depths of night. The Hans Towns were liable to be buried in the victories of a Tyrant, and the trade with Egypt was exceedingly inſecure and precarious, Europe was ſtill enveloped in the dark miſts of ignorance, and though the mariner's compaſs was invented

† Neglected in the idea of the commanders; the idea of Henry however was greatly fulfilled. For the dominion of the Portugueſe in the Indian ſea cut the ſinews of the Egyptian and other Mohammedan powers. But of this afterwards.

‖ See the note on the Cruſades, Luſiad VII.

‡ Flanders has been the ſchool-miſtreſs of huſbandry to Europe. Sir Charles Liſle, a Royaliſt, reſided in this country ſeveral years during the uſurpation of the Regicides; and after the Reſtoration, rendered England the greateſt ſervice, by introducing the preſent ſyſtem of agriculture. Where trade increaſes, men's thoughts are ſet in action; hence the increaſe of food which is wanted, is ſupplied by a redoubled attention to huſbandry; and hence it was that agriculture was of old improved and diffuſed by the Phœnician colonies. Some Theoriſts complain of the number of lives which are loſt by navigation, but they totally forget that commerce is the parent of population.

before

before the birth of Henry, it was improved to no naval advantage. Traffic ſtill crept, in an infant ſtate, along the coaſts, nor were the conſtruction of ſhips adapted for other voyages. One ſucceſsful Tyrant might have overwhelmed the ſyſtem and extinguiſhed the ſpirit of commerce, for it ſtood on a much narrower and much feebler baſis, than in the days of Phœnician and Grecian colonization. Yet theſe mighty fabricks, many centuries before, had been ſwallowed up in the deſolations of unpolitical conqueſt. A broader and more permanent foundation of commerce than the world had yet ſeen, an univerſal baſis, was yet wanting to bleſs mankind, and Henry Duke of Viſeo was born to give it.

On purpoſe to promote his deſigns, Prince Henry was by his father ſtationed the Commander in chief of the Portugueſe forces in Africa. He had already, in 1412, three years before the reduction of Ceuta*, ſent a ſhip to make diſcoveries on the Barbary coaſt. Cape Nam §, as its name intimates, was then the *Ne plus ultra* of European navigation; the ſhip ſent by Henry however paſſed it ſixty leagues, and reached Cape Bojador. Encouraged by this beginning, the Prince, while he was in Africa, acquired whatever information the moſt intelligent of the Moors of Fez and Morocco could give. About a league and one half from the Cape of St. Vincent, in the kingdom of Algarve, Don Henry had obſerved a ſmall, but commodious ſituation for a ſea-port town. On this ſpot, ſuppoſed the *Promontorium Sacrum* of the Romans, he built his town of Sagrez, by much the beſt planned and fortified of any in Portugal. Here, where the view of the ocean, ſays Faria, inſpired his hopes and endeavours, he erected his arſenals, and built and harboured his ſhips. And here, leaving the temporary buſtle and cares of the ſtate to his father and brothers, he retired like a philoſopher from the world, on purpoſe to

* At the reduction of Ceuta, and other engagements in Africa, Prince Henry diſplayed a military genius and valour of the firſt magnitude. The important fortreſs of Ceuta was in a manner won by his own ſword. Yet though even poſſeſſed by the enthuſiaſm of chivalry, his genius for navigation prevailed, and confined him to the rock of Sagrez.

§ *Nam*, in Portugueſe, a negative.

render his ſtudies of the utmoſt importance to its happineſs. Having received all the light which could be diſcovered in Africa, he continued unwearied in his mathematical and geographical ſtudies; the art of ſhip-building received very great improvement under his direction, and the truth of his ideas of the ſtructure of the terraqueous globe are now confirmed. He it was who firſt ſuggeſted the uſe of the compaſs and of longitude and latitude in navigation, and how theſe might be aſcertained by aſtronomical obſervations; ſuggeſtions and diſcoveries which would have held no ſecond place among the conjectures of a Bacon, or the improvements of a Newton. Naval adventurers were now invited from all parts to the town of Sagrez, and in 1418 Juan Gonſalez Zarco and Triſtran Vaz ſet ſail on an expedition of diſcovery, the circumſtances of which give us a ſtriking picture of the ſtate of navigation, ere it was new-modelled by the genius of Henry.

Cape Bojador, ſo named from its extent ‡, runs about forty leagues to the weſtward, and for about ſix leagues off land there is a moſt violent current, which daſhing upon the ſhelves, makes a tempeſtuous ſea. This was deemed impaſſible, for it was not conſidered, that by ſtanding out to the ocean the current might be avoided. To paſs this formidable cape was the commiſſion of Zarco and Vaz, who were alſo ordered to proceed as far as they could to diſcover the African coaſt, which according to the information given to Henry by the Moors and Arabs, extended at leaſt to the equinoctial ‖ line.

‡ Forty leagues appeared as a vaſt diſtance to the ſailors of that age, who named this Cape Bojador, from the Spaniſh, *bojar*, to compaſs or go about.

‖ It was known that the Arabian ſea waſhed the eaſtern ſide of Africa: it was ſurmiſed therefore that a ſouthern promontory bounded that continent. And certain it is, from the concurrent teſtimony of all the writers who treat of Don Henry's diſcoveries, that Africa was ſuppoſed to terminate near to the equinoctial line. The account of Marco Paolo's map, which, it is ſaid, placed the Southern Cape in its proper latitude, ſeems to have been propagated on purpoſe to diſcredit Prince Henry's reputation. The ſtory ſtands thus: Anthony Galvan relates, that Fran. de Souſa Tavares told him that Don Ferdinand told him that in 1526, he found, in the monaſtery of Acobaça, a chart of Africa, 120 years old, which was ſaid to have been copied from one at Venice, which alſo was believed to have been copied from one of Marco Paolo, which, according to Ramuſius, marked the Cape of Good Hope. Marco Paolo is ſaid to have travelled into India and China in the fourteenth century.

Zarco

Zarco and Vaz, however, loſt their courſe in a ſtorm, and were driven to a little iſland, which, in the joy of their deliverance, they named Puerto Santo, or the Holy Haven. Nor was Prince Henry, on their return, leſs joyful of their diſcovery, than they had been of their eſcape: A ſtriking proof of the miſerable ſtate of navigation; for this iſland is only about 160 leagues the voyage now of three or four days in moderate weather, from the promontary of Sagrez.

The Diſcoverers of Puerto Santo, accompanied by Bartholomew Pereſtrello, were with three ſhips ſent out on farther trial. Pereſtrello, having ſowed ſome ſeeds, and left ſome cattle on Holy Haven, returned to Portugal †. But Zarco and Vaz directing their courſe ſouthward, in 1419, perceived ſomething like a cloud on the water, and ſailing toward it, diſcovered an iſland covered with wood, which from thence they named Madeira *. And this rich and beautiful iſland, which ſoon yielded a conſiderable revenue, was the firſt reward of the enterprizes of Prince Henry.

If the Duke of Viſeo's liberal ideas of eſtabliſhing colonies, thoſe ſinews of a commercial ſtate, or his views of African and Indian commerce, were too refined to ſtrike the groſs multitude; yet other advantages reſulting from his deſigns, one would conclude, were ſelf-evident. Nature calls upon Portugal to be a maritime power, and her naval ſuperiority over the Moors, was, in the time of Henry, the ſureſt defence of her exiſtence as a kingdom. Yet though all his labours tended to eſtabliſh that naval ſuperiority on the ſureſt baſis, though even the religion of the age added its authority to the cleareſt po-

† Unluckily alſo were left on this iſland two rabbits, whoſe young ſo increaſed, that in a few years it was found not habitable, every vegetable being deſtroyed by the great increaſe of theſe animals.

* The diſcovery of Madeira by Prince Henry, was followed by the firſt ſettlement of that iſland, ſince the days of Carthaginian commerce. The Azores, Canaries, and Cape de Verde iſlands, were frequented by that trading people, but ſuch was the groſſneſs of the Roman policy, that, after the fall of Carthage, the navigation to theſe parts ceaſed. One Macham, an Engliſhman, it is ſaid, (*Harris's Voyages,*) buried his miſtreſs in Madeira, in 1344. Some veſſels driven by tempeſt, had perhaps, before the time of Don Henry, deſcried the Madeira iſlands, but the regular navigation to them was unknown, till eſtabliſhed by this great prince. Vid. *Faria*, tom. 1. c. 1.

litical principles in favour of Henry; yet were his enterprizes and his expected diſcoveries derided with all the inſolence of ignorance, and all the bitterneſs of popular clamour. Barren deſarts like Lybia, it was ſaid, were all that could be found, and a thouſand diſadvantages, drawn from theſe data, were foreſeen and foretold. The great mind and better knowledge of Henry, however, were not thus to be ſhaken. Though twelve years from the diſcovery of Madeira had elapſed in unſucceſsful endeavours to carry his navigation farther, he was now more happy; for one of his captains, named Galianez, in 1434 paſſed the Cape of Bojador, till then invincible; an action, ſays Faria, in the common opinion, not inferior to the labours of Hercules.

Galianez, the next year, accompanied by Gonſalez Baldaya, carried his diſcoveries many leagues farther. Having put two horſemen on ſhore, to diſcover the face of the country, the adventurers, after riding ſeveral hours, ſaw nineteen men armed with javelins. The natives fled, and the two horſemen purſued, till one of the Portugueſe, being wounded, loſt the firſt blood that was ſacrificed to the new ſyſtem of commerce. A ſmall beginning, a very ſmall ſtreamlet, ſome perhaps may exclaim, but which ſoon ſwelled into oceans, and deluged the eaſtern and weſtern worlds. Let ſuch philoſophers, however, be deſired to point out the deſign of public utility, which has been unpolluted by the depravity of the human paſſions. To ſuppoſe that Heaven itſelf could give an inſtitution which could not be perverted, and to ſuppoſe no previous alteration in human nature, is contradictory in propoſition; for as human nature now exiſts, power cannot be equally poſſeſſed by all, and whenever the ſelfiſh or vicious paſſions predominate, that power will certainly be abuſed. The cruelties therefore of Cortez, and that more horrid barbarian Pizarro *, are no

* Some eminent writers, both at home and abroad, have of late endeavoured to ſoften the character of Cortez, and have urged the neceſſity of war for the ſlaughters he committed. Theſe authors have alſo greatly ſoftened the horrid features of the Mexicans. If one, however, would trace the true character of Cortez and the Americans, he muſt have recourſe to the numerous Spaniſh writers, who were either witneſſes

more to be charged upon Don Henry and Columbus, than the villainies of the Jeſuits and the horrors of the Inquiſition are to be aſcribed to Him, whoſe precepts are ſummed up in the great command, To do to your neighbour as you would wiſh your neighbour to do to you. But if it is ſtill alledged that he who plans a diſcovery ought to foreſee the miſeries which the vicious will engraft upon his enterprize, let the objector be told, that the miſeries are uncertain, while the advantages are real and ſure; and that the true philoſopher will not confine his eye to the Spaniſh campaigns in Mexico and Peru, but will extend his proſpect to all the ineſtimable benefits, all the improvements of laws, opinions, and of manners, which have been introduced by the intercourſe of univerſal commerce.

In 1440 Anthony Gonſalez brought ſome Moors priſoners to Liſbon. Theſe he took two and forty leagues beyond Cape Bojador, and in 1442 he returned to Africa with his captives. One Moor eſcaped from him, but ten blacks of Guinea and a conſiderable quantity of gold duſt were given in ranſom for two others. A rivulet at the place of landing was named by

witneſſes of the firſt wars, or ſoon after travelled in thoſe countries. In theſe he will find many anecdotes which afford a light, not to be found in our moderniſed hiſtories. In theſe it will be found, that Cortez ſet out to take gold by force, and not by eſtabliſhing any ſyſtem of commerce with the natives, the only juſt reaſon of effecting a ſettlement in a foreign country. He was aſked by various ſtates, what commodities or drugs he wanted, and was promiſed abundant ſupply. He and his Spaniards, he anſwered, had a diſeaſe at their hearts, which nothing but gold could cure; and he received intelligence, that Mexico abounded with it. Under pretence of a friendly conference, he made Montezuma his priſoner, and ordered him to pay tribute to Charles V. Immenſe ſums were paid, but the demand was boundleſs. Tumults enſued. Cortez diſplayed amazing generalſhip, and ſome millions of thoſe, who in enumerating to the Spaniards the greatneſs of Montezuma, boaſted that his yearly ſacrifices conſumed 20,000 men, were now ſacrificed to the diſeaſe of Cortez's heart. Pizarro, however, in the barbarity of his ſoul, far exceeded him. There is a very bright ſide of the character of Cortez. If we forget that his avarice was the cauſe of a moſt unjuſt and moſt bloody war, in every other reſpect he will appear as one of the greateſt of heroes. But Pizarro is a character completely deteſtable, deſtitute of every ſpark of generoſity. He maſſacred the Peruvians, he ſaid, becauſe they were barbarians, and he himſelf could not read. Atabalipa, amazed at the art of reading, got a Spaniard to write the word Dios (the Spaniſh for God) on his finger. On trying if the Spaniards agreed in what it ſignified, he diſcovered that Pizarro could not read. And Pizarro, in revenge of the contempt he perceived in the face of Atabalipa, ordered that prince to be tried for his life, for having concubines, and being an idolater. Atabalipa was condemned to be burned; but on ſubmitting to baptiſm, he was only hanged.

Gonſalez,

Gonſalez, Rio del Oro, or the River of Gold. And the iſlands of Adeget, Arguim, and *de las Garças*, were now diſcovered.

Theſe Guinea blacks, the firſt ever ſeen in Portugal, and the gold duſt, excited other paſſions beſide admiration. A company was formed at Lagos, under the auſpices of Prince Henry, to carry on a traffic with the new diſcovered countries; and as the Portugueſe conſidered themſelves in a ſtate of perpetual hoſtility with the Moors, about two hundred of theſe people, inhabitants of the iſlands of Nar and Tider, in 1444, were brought priſoners to Portugal. This was ſoon revenged. Gonzalo de Cintra was the next year attacked by the Moors, fourteen leagues beyond Rio del Oro, where with ſeven of his men he was killed.

Theſe hoſtile proceedings diſpleaſed Prince Henry, and in 1446 Anthony Gonſalez and two other captains were ſent to enter into a treaty of peace and traffic with the natives of Rio del Oro, and alſo to attempt their converſion. But theſe propoſals were rejected by the barbarians, one of whom, however, came voluntarily to Portugal; and Juan Fernandez remained with the natives, to obſerve their manners and the products of the country. In the year following Fernandez was found in good health, and brought home to Portugal. The account he gave of the country and people affords a ſtriking inſtance of the miſery of barbarians. The land, an open, barren, ſandy plain, where the wandering natives were guided in their journeys by the ſtars and flights of birds; their food, milk, lizards, locuſts, and ſuch herbs as the ſoil produced without culture; and their only defence from the ſcorching heat of the ſun ſome miſerable tents which they pitched, as occaſion required, on the burning ſands.

In 1447 upwards of thirty ſhips followed the route of traffic which was now opened; and John de Caſtilla obtained the infamy to ſtand the firſt on the liſt of thoſe names whoſe villainies have diſgraced the ſpirit of commerce, and afforded the loudeſt complaints againſt the progreſs of navigation. Diſſatisfied with the value of his cargo, he ungratefully ſeized twenty

twenty of the natives of Gomera, (one of the Canaries) who had aſſiſted him, and with whom he was in friendly alliance, and brought them as ſlaves to Portugal. But Prince Henry reſented this outrage, and having given them ſome valuable preſents of clothes, reſtored the captives to freedom and their native country.

The converſion and reduction of the Canaries was alſo this year attempted; but Spain having claimed a right to theſe iſlands *, the expedition was diſcontinued. In the Canary iſlands was found a feodal cuſtom; the chief man or governor was gratified with the firſt night of every bride in his diſtrict.

In 1448 Fernando Alonzo was ſent ambaſſador to the King of Cabo Verde with a treaty of trade and converſion, which was defeated at that time by the treachery of the natives. In 1449 the Azores were diſcovered by Gonſalo Vello, and the coaſt ſixty leagues beyond Cape Verde was viſited by the fleets of Henry. It is alſo certain that ſome of his commanders paſſed the equinoctial line. It was the cuſtom of his ſailors to leave his motto, TALENT DE BIEN FAIRE, wherever they came; and in 1525 Loaya, a Spaniſh captain, found that device carved on the bark of a tree in the iſle of St. Matthew, in the ſecond degree of ſouth latitude.

Prince Henry had now with the moſt inflexible perſeverance proſecuted his diſcoveries for upwards of forty years. His father, John I. concurred with him in his views, and gave him every aſſiſtance; his brother, King Edward, during his ſhort reign, was the ſame as his father had been; nor was the eleven years regency of his brother Don Pedro leſs auſpicious to him §. But the miſunderſtanding between Pedro and his nephew Alonzo V. who took upon him the reins of government in his ſeventeenth year, retarded the deſigns of Henry,

* Sometime before this period, *John de Betancour*, a Frenchman, under the king of Caſtile, had made a ſettlement in the Canaries, which had been diſcovered, it is ſaid, about 1340, by ſome Biſcayneers.

§ The difficulties he ſurmounted, and the aſſiſtance he received, are inconteſtible proofs, that an adventurer of inferior birth could never have carried his deſigns into execution.

and

and gave him much unhappineſs ‡. At his town of Sagrez, from whence he had not moved for many years, except when called to court on ſome emergency of ſtate, Don Henry, now in his ſixty-ſeventh year, yielded to the ſtroke of fate, in the year of our Lord 1463, gratified with the certain proſpect, that the route to the eaſtern world would one day crown the enterprizes to which he had given birth. He had the happineſs to ſee the naval ſuperiority of his country over the Moors eſtabliſhed on the moſt ſolid baſis, its trade greatly upon the increaſe, and what he eſteemed his greateſt happineſs, he flattered himſelf that he had given a mortal wound to Mohammediſm, and had opened the door to an univerſal propagation of Chriſtianity and the civilization of mankind. And to him, as to their primary author, are due all the ineſtimable advantages which ever have flowed, or will flow from the diſcovery of the greateſt part of Africa, of the Eaſt and Weſt Indies. Every improvement in the ſtate and manners of theſe countries, or whatever country may be yet diſcovered, is ſtrictly due to him; nor is the difference between the preſent ſtate of Europe and the monkiſh age in which he was born, leſs the reſult of his genius and toils. What is an Alexander || crowned with trophies at the head of his army, compared with a Henry contemplating the ocean from his window on the rock of Sagrez! The one ſuggeſts the idea of the evil dæmon, the other of a tutelary angel.

From the year 1448, when Alonzo V. aſſumed the power of government, till the end of his reign in 1471, little progreſs was made in maritime affairs, and Cape Catharine was only

‡ Don Pedro was villainouſly accuſed of treacherous deſigns by his baſtard brother, the firſt duke of Braganza. Henry left his town of Sagrez, to defend his brother at court, but in vain. Pedro, finding the young king in the power of Braganza, fled, and ſoon after was killed in defending himſelf againſt a party who were ſent to ſeize him. His innocence, after his death, was fully proved, and his nephew Alonzo V. gave him an honourable burial.

|| It has been ſaid by ſome French writers, that the conqueſts of Alexander were intended to civilize, and unite the world in one grand intereſt; and that for this great purpoſe he built cities and eſtabliſhed colonies in Aſia. Thoſe, however, who have ſtudied the true character of that vain-glorious conqueror, the wild delirium of his ambition, and his as wild fondneſs of Aſiatic manners, will allow this refinement of deſign to hold no place in the motives of the pretended ſon of Jupiter.

added

added to the former diſcoveries. But under his ſon John II. the deſigns of Prince Henry were proſecuted with renewed vigour. In 1481 the Portugueſe built a fort on the Golden Coaſt, and the King of Portugal took the title of Lord of Guinea. Bartholomew Diaz, in 1486, reached the river, which he named dell Infante, on the eaſtern ſide of Africa; but deterred by the ſtorms of that region from proceeding farther, on his return he had the happineſs to be the Diſcoverer of the Promontory, unknown for many ages, which bounds the ſouth of Afric. This, from the ſtorms he there encountered, he named the *Cape of Tempeſts*; but John, elated with the promiſe of India, which this diſcovery, as he juſtly deemed, included, [illegible] the name of the *Cape of Good Hope*. The arts and valour of the Portugueſe had now made a great impreſſion on the minds of the Africans. The King of Congo, a dominion of great extent, ſent the ſons of ſome of his principal officers to be inſtructed in arts and religion; and ambaſſadors from the King of Benin requeſted teachers to be ſent to his kingdom. On the return of theſe his ſubjects, the King and Queen of Congo, with 100,000 of their people, were baptized. An ambaſſador alſo arrived from the Chriſtian Emperor of Abyſſinia, and Pedro de Covillam and Alonzo de Payva were ſent by land to penetrate into the Eaſt, that they might acquire whatever intelligence might facilitate the deſired navigation to India. Covillam and Payva parted at Toro in Arabia, and took different routs. The former having viſited Conanor, Calicut, and Goa in India, returned to Grand Cairo, where he heard of the death of his companion. Here alſo he met the Rabbi Abraham of Beja, who was employed for the ſame purpoſe by king John. Covillam ſent the Rabbi home with an account of what countries he had ſeen, and he himſelf proceeded to Ormuz and Ethiopia, but as Camoens expreſſes it:

——— to *his* native ſhore,
Enrich'd with knowledge, *he* return'd no more.

Men, whoſe genius led them to maritime affairs, began now to be poſſeſſed by an ardent ambition to diſtinguiſh themſelves; and the famous Columbus offered his ſervice to the King of Portugal. Every one knows the diſcoveries of this great adventurer, but his hiſtory is generally miſunderſtood *. It is by ſome believed, that his ideas of the ſphere of the earth gave birth to his opinion, that there muſt be an immenſe unknown continent in the weſt ‡, ſuch as America is now

* Greatly miſunderſtood, even by the ingenious author of the *Account of the European Settlements in America*. Having mentioned the barbarous ſtate of Europe; "Mathematical learning, ſays he, was little "valued or cultivated. The true ſyſtem of "the heavens was not dreamed of. There "was no knowledge at all of the real form "of the earth, and in general the ideas of "mankind were not extended beyond their "ſenſible horizon. In this ſtate of affairs "Chriſtopher Columbus, a native of Genoa, "undertook to extend the boundaries which "ignorance had given to the world. This "man's deſign aroſe from the juſt idea he "had formed of the figure of the earth."— But this is all a miſtake. Nor is the author of the *Hiſtoire Philoſophique*, &c. leſs unhappy. Miſled by the common opinion of Columbus, he has thus pompouſly cloathed it in the dreſs of imagination—*Un homme obſcur*, ſays he, *plus avancè que ſon ſiecle*, &c.—thus literally, "An obſcure man, "more advanced than his cotemporaries in "the knowledge of aſtronomy and naviga"tion, propoſed to Spain, happy in her in"ternal dominion, to aggrandiſe herſelf "abroad. Chriſtopher Columbus felt, as "if by inſtinct, that there muſt be another "continent, and that he was to diſcover it. "The Antipodes, treated by reaſon itſelf "as a chimera, and by ſuperſtition as error "and impiety, were in the eyes of this man "of genius an inconteſtible truth. Full of "this idea, one of the grandeſt which could "enter the human mind, he propoſed, &c. "——— The miniſters of this Princeſs "(Iſabel of Spain) eſteemed as a viſio"nary, a man who pretended to diſcover a "world——." But this dream of diſcovering a world never entered the head of Columbus. And be it our's to reſtore his due honours to the Prince of Portugal. By the moſt indubitable and concurrent teſtimony of all the Portugueſe Hiſtorians of this period, Henry had undertaken to extend the boundaries which ignorance had given to the world, and had extended them much beyond the ſenſible horizon, long ere Columbus appeared. Columbus indeed taught the Spaniards the uſe of longitude and latitude in navigation, but he himſelf learned theſe among the Portugueſe. Every alteration here aſcribed to Columbus, had almoſt fifty years before been effected by Henry. Even Henry's deſign of ſailing to India was adopted by Columbus. It was every where his propoſal. When he arrived in the Weſt Indies, he thought he had found the Ophir of Solomon *, and thence theſe iſlands received their general name. And on his return he told John II. that he had been at the iſlands of India. When he landed in Cuba, he enquired for Cipango, the name of Japan, according to Marco Paolo, and by the miſtake of the natives, who thought he ſaid Cibao, he was informed of the richeſt mines of Hiſpaniola. And even on his fourth and laſt voyage in 1502, three years after Gama's return, he promiſed the king of Spain to find India by a weſtward paſſage. But though great diſcoveries rewarded his toils, his firſt and laſt purpoſe he never compleated. It was reſerved for Magalhaens to diſcover the weſtward route to the Eaſtern World.

‡ Gomara, and other Spaniſh writers relate, that while Columbus lived in Madeira, a pilot, the only ſurviver of a ſhip's crew, died at his houſe. This pilot, they ſay,

* Peter Martyr, (who lived at that time at the Court of Spain) Dec. 1. l. 1.

had

known to be; and that his propoſals were to go in ſearch of it. But the ſimple truth is, Columbus, who, as we have certain evidence, acquired his ſkill in navigation among the Portugueſe, could be no ſtranger to the deſign long meditated in that kingdom, of diſcovering a naval route to India, which they endeavoured to find by compaſſing the coaſt of Africa. According to ancient geographers and the opinion of that age, India was ſuppoſed to be the next land to the weſt of Spain. And the idea of diſcovering a weſtern paſſage to the Eaſt, is due to the genius of Columbus; but no more: To diſcover India and the adjacent iſlands of ſpices, already famous over all Europe, was every where the avowed and ſole idea of Columbus *. A propoſal of this kind to the king of Portugal, whoſe fleets had already paſſed the Cape of Good Hope, and who eſteemed the route to India as almoſt diſcovered, and in the power of his own ſubjects, could at the court of Liſbon expect no ſucceſs. And the offered ſervices of the foreigner were rejected, even with ſome degree of contempt. Columbus, however, met a more favourable reception from Ferdinand and Iſabella, the king and queen of Caſtile. To interfere with the route or diſcoveries, opened and enjoyed by another power, was at this time eſteemed contrary to the laws of nations. Columbus, therefore, though the object was one, propoſed, as Magalhaens afterwards did for the ſame reaſon, to ſteer the weſtward courſe, and having in 1492 diſcovered ſome weſtern iſlands, in 1493, on his return to Spain, he put into the Tagus with great tokens of the riches of his diſcovery. Some of the Portugueſe courtiers, the ſame ungenerous minds perhaps who adviſed the rejection of Columbus becauſe he was a foreigner, propoſed the aſſaſſination of that great man, thereby to con-

had been driven to the Weſt Indies or America by tempeſt, and on his death-bed communicated the journal of his voyage to Columbus. But this ſtory, as it ſtands at large, is involved in contradiction without proof, and is every where eſteemed a fable of malice.

* And ſo deeply had ancient geography fixed this idea, that Sebaſtian Cabot's propoſal to Henry VII. 1497, was to diſcover Cathay, and thence India, by the north-weſt. See Hakluit, tom. 3. p. 7. And Ramuſius, Prefat. tom. 3. — Columbus endeavoured, firſt, to diſcover India directly by the weſt, and afterward, by the ſouth-weſt.

ceal from Spain the advantages of his navigation. But John, though Columbus rather roughly upbraided him, looked upon him now with a generous regret, and diſmiſſed him with honour. The king of Portugal, however, was alarmed, leſt the diſcoveries of Columbus ſhould interfere with thoſe of his crown, and gave orders to equip a war fleet to protect his rights. But matters were adjuſted by embaſſies, and that celebrated treaty by which Spain and Portugal divided the Weſtern and Eaſtern Worlds between themſelves. The eaſtern half of the world was allotted for the Portugueſe, and the weſtern for the Spaniſh navigation. A line from pole to pole, drawn an hundred leagues to the weſt of the Azores, was their boundary: and thus each nation had one hundred and eighty degrees, within which they might eſtabliſh ſettlements and extend their diſcoveries. And a Papal Bull, which, for obvious reaſons, prohibited the propagation of the goſpel in theſe bounds by the ſubjects of any other ſtate, confirmed this amicable and extraordinary treaty.

Soon after this, while the thoughts of king John were intent on the diſcovery of India, his preparations were interrupted by his death. But his earneſt deſires and great deſigns were inherited, together with his crown, by his couſin Emmanuel. And in 1497, the year before Columbus made the voyage which diſcovered the mouth of the river Oronoko, Vaſco de Gama ſailed from the Tagus on the diſcovery of India.

Of this voyage, the ſubject of the Luſiad, many particulars are neceſſarily mentioned in the notes; we ſhall therefore only allude to theſe, but be more explicit on the others, which are omitted by Camoens, in obedience to the rules of the Epopœia.

Notwithſtanding the full torrent of popular clamour againſt the undertaking, Emmanuel was determined to proſecute the views of Prince Henry and John II. Three ſloops of war and a ſtore ſhip manned with only 160 men were fitted out; for hoſtility was not the purpoſe of this humane expedition. Vaſco de Gama, a gentleman of good family, who, in a war with the French, had given ſignal proofs of his naval ſkill,

was

was commiſſioned admiral and general, and his brother Paul, for whom he bore the ſincereſt affection, with his friend Nicholas Coello, were at his requeſt appointed to command under him. All the enthuſiaſm of deſire to accompliſh his end, joined with the greateſt heroiſm, the quickeſt penetration, and cooleſt prudence, united to form the character of Gama. On his appointment to the command, he declared to the king that his mind had long aſpired to this expedition. The king expreſſed great confidence in his prudence and honour, and gave him, with his own hand, the colours which he was to carry. On this banner, which bore the croſs of the military order of Chriſt, Gama, with great enthuſiaſm to merit the honours beſtowed upon him, took the oath of fidelity.

About four miles from Liſbon there is a chapel on the ſea ſide. To this, the day before their departure, Gama conducted the companions of his expedition. He was to encounter an ocean untried, and dreaded as unnavigable; and he knew the force of the ties of religion on minds which are not inclined to diſpute its authority. The whole night was ſpent in the chapel, in prayers for ſucceſs, and in the rites of their devotion. On the next day, when the adventurers marched to the ſhips, the ſhore of Belem * preſented one of the moſt ſolemn and affecting ſcenes perhaps recorded in hiſtory. The beach was covered with the inhabitants of Liſbon. A numerous proceſſion of prieſts in their robes ſung anthems and offered up invocations to heaven. Every one beheld the adventurers as brave innocent men going to a dreadful execution, as ruſhing upon certain death; and the vaſt multitude caught the fire of devotion, and joined aloud in the prayers for ſucceſs. The relations, friends, and acquaintance of the voyagers wept; all were affected; the ſigh was general; Gama himſelf ſhed ſome manly tears on parting with his friends; but he hurried over the tender ſcene, and haſtened aboard with all the alacrity of hope. Immmediately he gave his ſails to the wind, and ſo much affected were the many thouſands who be-

* Or Bethlehem, ſo named from the chapel.

held

held his departure, that they remained immoveable on the ſhore till the fleet, under full ſail, evaniſhed from their ſight.

It was on the 8th of July when Gama left the Tagus. The flag ſhip was commanded by himſelf, the ſecond by his brother, the third by Coello, and the ſtore ſhip by Gonſalo Nunio. Several interpreters, ſkilled in the Ethiopian, Arabic, and other oriental languages, went along with them. Ten malefactors, men of abilities, whoſe ſentences of death were reverſed, on condition of their obedience to Gama in whatever embaſſies or dangers among the barbarians he might think proper to employ them, were alſo on board. The fleet, favoured by the weather, paſſed the Canary and Cape de Verde iſlands; but had now to encounter other fortune. Sometimes ſtopped by dead calms, but for the moſt part toſt by tempeſts, which increaſed their violence and horrors as they proceeded to the ſouth. Thus driven far to ſea, they laboured through that wide ocean which ſurrounds St. Helena, in ſeas, ſays Faria, unknown to the Portugueſe diſcoverers, none of whom had ſailed ſo far to the weſt. From the 28th of July, the day they paſſed the iſle of St. James, they had ſeen no ſhore; and now on November the 4th they were happily relieved by the ſight of land. The fleet anchored in a large bay *, and Coello was ſent in ſearch of a river, where they might take in wood and freſh water. Having found one convenient for their purpoſe, the fleet made toward it, and Gama, whoſe orders were to acquaint himſelf with the manners of the people wherever he touched, ordered a party of his men to bring him ſome of the natives by force or ſtratagem. One they caught as he was gathering honey on the ſide of a mountain, and brought him to the ſhips. He expreſſed the greateſt indifference for the gold and fine clothes which they ſhewed him, but was greatly delighted with ſome glaſſes and little braſs bells. Theſe with great joy he accepted, and was ſet on ſhore; and ſoon after many of the blacks came for, and were gratified with the like trifles; and for which in return they gave great plenty of their beſt proviſions. None of

* Now called St. Helen's.

Gama's

Gama's interpreters, however, could underſtand a word of their language, or receive any information of India. And the friendly intercourſe between the fleet and the natives was ſoon interrupted by the imprudence of Veloſo*, a young Portugueſe, which occaſioned a ſcuffle, wherein Gama's life was endangered. Gama and ſome others were on ſhore taking the altitude of the ſun, when in conſequence of Veloſo's raſhneſs they were attacked by the blacks with great fury. Gama defended himſelf with an oar, and received a dart in his foot. Several others were likewiſe wounded, and they found their ſafety in retreat. The ſhot from the ſhips facilitated their eſcape, and Gama eſteeming it imprudent to waſte his ſtrength in attempts entirely foreign to the deſign of his voyage, weighed anchor, and ſteered in ſearch of the extremity of Afric.

In this part of the voyage, ſays Oſorius, the heroiſm of Gama was greatly diſplayed. The waves ſwelled like mountains in height, the ſhips ſeemed now heaved up to the clouds, and now appeared as precipitated by gulphy whirlpools to the bed of the ocean. The winds were piercing cold, and ſo boiſterous that the pilot's voice could ſeldom be heard, and a diſmal, almoſt continual darkneſs, which at that tempeſtuous ſeaſon involves theſe ſeas, added all its horrors. Sometimes the ſtorm drove them ſouthward, at other times they were obliged to ſtand on the tack, and yield to its fury, preſerving what they had gained with the greateſt difficulty.

> With ſuch mad ſeas the daring Gama fought
> For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
> Inceſſant labouring round the ſtormy Cape,
> By bold ambition led —— THOMSON.

During any gloomy interval of the ſtorm, the ſailors, wearied out with fatigue, and abandoned to deſpair, ſurrounded Gama, and implored him not to ſuffer himſelf, and thoſe committed to his care, to periſh by ſo dreadful a death. The impoſſibility that men ſo weakened ſhould ſtand it much

* See the note, p. 195.

longer,

longer, and the opinion that this ocean was torn by eternal tempeſts, and therefore had hitherto been, and was impaſſable, were urged. But Gama's reſolution to proceed was unalterable. A formidable conſpiracy was then formed againſt his life; but his brother diſcovered it, and the courage and prudence of Gama defeated its deſign*. He put the chief

* The voyage of Gama has been called merely a coaſting one, and therefore much leſs dangerous and heroical than that of Columbus, or of Magalhaens. But this, it is preſumed, is one of the opinions haſtily taken up, and founded on ignorance. Columbus and Magalhaens undertook to navigate unknown oceans, and ſo did Gama; with this difference, that the ocean around the Cape of Good Hope, which Gama was to encounter, was believed to be, and had been avoided by Diaz, as impaſſable. Prince Henry ſuggeſted that the current of Cape Bojador might be avoided by ſtanding to ſea, and thus that Cape was firſt paſſed. Gama for this reaſon did not coaſt, but ſtood to ſea for upwards of three months of tempeſtuous weather. The tempeſts which afflicted Columbus and Magalhaens, are by their different hiſtorians deſcribed with circumſtances of leſs horror and danger than thoſe which attacked Gama. All the three commanders were endangered by mutiny; but none of their crews, ſave Gama's, could urge the opinion of ages, and the example of a living captain, that the dreadful ocean which they attempted was unnavigable. Columbus and Magalhaens always found means, after detecting a conſpiracy, to keep the reſt in hope; but Gama's men, when he put the pilots in irons, continued in the utmoſt deſpair. Columbus was indeed ill obeyed; Magalhaens ſometimes little better: but nothing, ſave the wonderful authority of Gama's command, could have led his crew through the tempeſt which he ſurmounted ere he doubled the Cape of Good Hope. Columbus, with *his* crew, muſt have returned. The expedients with which he uſed to ſoothe them, would, under *his* authority, have had no avail in the tempeſt which Gama rode through. From every circumſtance it is evident that Gama had determined not to return, unleſs he found India. Nothing leſs than ſuch reſolution to periſh or attain his point could have led him on. But Columbus, ill obeyed indeed, returned from the mouth of the river Oronoko, before he had made a certain diſcovery whether the land was iſle or continent. When Gama met a ſtrong current off Ethiopia, he bore on, though driven from his courſe. Columbus ſteering ſouthward in ſearch of continent, met great currents. He imagined they were the riſing of the ſea towards the canopy of heaven, which for aught he knew, ſay the Authors of the Univerſal Hiſtory, they might touch towards the ſouth. He therefore turned his courſe, and ſteered to the weſt. The paſſing of the ſtraits of Magellan, however hazardous, was not attended with ſuch danger as Gama experienced at the Cape. The attempt to croſs the Pacific was greatly daring, but his voyage in that ſea was happy. The navigation of the ſtraits of Magellan and the Pacific are in this country little known; but the courſe of Gama is at this day infinitely more hazardous than that of Columbns. If Columbus found no pilots to conduct him, but encountered *his* greateſt dangers in ſounding his courſe among the numerous weſtern iſlands, Gama, though in the Indian ocean aſſiſted by pilots, had as great trials of his valour, and much greater ones of his prudence. The warlike ſtrength, and deep treacherous arts of the Moors, were not found in the weſt. All was ſimplicity among the natives there. The prudence and foreſight of Gama and Columbus were of the higheſt rate; Magalhaens was in theſe ſometimes rather inferior. He loſt his own, and the lives of the greateſt part of his crew, by hazarding a land engagement at the advice of a judicial aſtrologer. See the note on this line;

To match thy deeds ſhall Magalhaens aſpire.
LUSIAD X.

conſpirators

conſpirators and all the pilots in irons, and he himſelf, his brother, Coello, and ſome others, ſtood night and day to the helms, and directed the courſe. At laſt, after having many days, with unconquered mind, withſtood the tempeſt and an enraged mutiny, *(molem perfidiæ)* the ſtorm ſuddenly ceaſed, and they beheld the Cape of Good Hope.

On November the 20th all the fleet doubled that promontory, and ſteering northward, coaſted along a rich and beautiful ſhore, adorned with large foreſts and numberleſs herds of cattle. All was now alacrity; the hope that they had ſurmounted every danger revived their ſpirits, and the admiral was beloved and admired. Here, and at the bay, which they named St. Blas, they took in proviſions, and beheld thoſe beautiful rural ſcenes, deſcribed by Camoens. And here the ſtore ſloop, now of no farther ſervice, was burnt by order of the admiral. On December the 8th a violent ſtorm drove the fleet from the ſight of land, and carried them to that dreadful current * which made the Moors deem it impoſſible to double the Cape. Gama, however, though unhappy in the time of navigating theſe ſeas, was ſafely carried over the current by the violence of a tempeſt; and having recovered the ſight of land, as his ſafeſt courſe, he ſteered northward along the coaſt. On the 10th of January they deſcried, about 230 miles from their laſt watering place, ſome beautiful iſlands, with herds of cattle friſking in the meadows. It was a profound calm, and Gama ſtood near to land. The natives of this place, which he named Terra de Natal, were better dreſſed and more civilized than thoſe they had hitherto ſeen. An exchange of preſents was made, and the black king was ſo pleaſed with the politeneſs of Gama that he came aboard his ſhip to ſee him. On the 15th of January, in the duſk of the evening, they came to the mouth of a large river, whoſe banks were ſhaded with trees loaded with fruit. On the return of day they ſaw ſeve-

* This current runs between the Cape from thence named Corrientes, and the ſouth-weſt extremity of Madagaſcar.

ral little boats with palm-tree leaves making towards them, and the natives came aboard without heſitation or fear. Gama received them kindly, gave them an entertainment, and ſome ſilken garments, which they received with viſible joy. Only one of them however could ſpeak a little broken Arabic. From him Fernan Martinho learned, that not far diſtant was a country where ſhips, in ſhape and ſize like Gama's, frequently reſorted. Hitherto Gama had found only the rudeſt barbarians on the coaſts of Africa, alike ignorant of India and of the naval art. The information he here received, that he was drawing near to civilized countries, gave the adventurers great ſpirits, and the admiral named this place The River of Good Signs.

Here, while Gama careened and refitted his ſhips, the crews were attacked with a violent ſcurvy, which carried off ſeveral of his men. Having taken in freſh proviſions, on the 24th of February he ſet ſail, and on the firſt of March they deſcried four iſlands on the coaſt of Mozambic. From one of theſe they perceived ſeven veſſels in full ſail bearing toward them. Theſe knew Gama's ſhip by the admiral's enſign, and made up to her, ſaluting her with loud huzzas and their inſtruments of muſic. Gama received them aboard, and entertained them with great kindneſs. The interpreters talked with them in Arabic. The iſland, in which was the principal harbour and trading town, they ſaid, was governed by a deputy of the king of Quiloa; and many Saracen merchants, they added, were ſettled here, who traded with Arabia, India, and other parts of the world. Gama was overjoyed, and the crew with uplifted hands returned thanks to heaven.

Pleaſed with the preſents which Gama ſent him, and imagining that the Portugueſe were Mohammedans from Morocco, Zacocia the governor, dreſſed in rich embroidery, came to congratulate the admiral on his arrival in the Eaſt. As he approached the ſhips in great pomp, Gama removed the ſick out of ſight, and ordered all thoſe in health to attend above deck, armed in the Portugueſe manner; for he foreſaw what would happen

happen when the Mohammedans ſhould diſcover their miſtake. During the entertainment provided for him, Zacocia ſeemed highly pleaſed, and aſked ſeveral queſtions about the arms and religion of the ſtrangers. Gama ſhewed them his arms, and explained the force of his cannon, but he did not affect to know much about religion; however he frankly promiſed to ſhew him his books of devotion whenever a few days refreſhment ſhould give him a more convenient time. In the meanwhile he intreated Zacocia to ſend him ſome pilots who might conduct him to India. Two pilots were next day brought by the governor, a treaty of peace was ſolemnly concluded, and every office of mutual friendſhip ſeemed to promiſe a laſting harmony. But it was ſoon interrupted. Zacocia, as ſoon as he found the Portugueſe were Chriſtians, uſed every endeavour to deſtroy them. The life of Gama was attempted. One of the Mooriſh pilots deſerted, and ſome of the Portugueſe, who were on ſhore to get freſh water, were attacked by ſeven barks of the natives, but were reſcued by a timely aſſiſtance from the ſhips.

Beſides the hatred of the Chriſtian name, inſpired by their religion, theſe Mohammedan Arabs had other reaſons to wiſh the deſtruction of Gama. Before this period, they were almoſt the only merchants of the Eaſt. Though without any empire in a mother country, they were bound together by language and religion, and like the modern Jews, were united together, though ſcattered over various countries. Though they eſteemed the current off Cape Corrientes, and the tempeſtuous ſeas around the Cape of Good Hope, as impaſſable, they were the ſole maſters of the Ethiopian, Arabian, and Indian ſeas; and had colonies in every place convenient for trade on theſe coaſts. This crafty mercantile people clearly foreſaw the conſequences of the arrival of Europeans, and every art was ſoon exerted to prevent ſuch formidable rivals from effecting any ſettlement in the Eaſt. To theſe Mohammedan traders, the Portugueſe, on account of their religion, gave the name of Moors.

Immediately after the ſkirmiſh at the watering-place, Gama having one Mooriſh pilot, ſet ſail, but was ſoon driven back to the ſame iſland by tempeſtuous weather. He now reſolved to take in freſh water by force. The Moors perceived his intention, about two thouſand of whom riſing from ambuſh, attacked the Portugueſe detachment. But the prudence of Gama had not been aſleep. His ſhips were ſtationed with art, and his artillery not only diſperſed the hoſtile Moors, but reduced their town, which was built of wood, into a heap of aſhes. Among ſome priſoners taken by Paulus de Gama was a pilot, and Zacocia begging forgiveneſs for his treachery, ſent another, whoſe ſkill in navigation he greatly commended.

A war with the Moors was now begun. Gama perceived that their jealouſy of European rivals gave him nothing to expect but ſecret treachery and open hoſtility; and he knew what numerous colonies they had on every trading coaſt of the Eaſt. To impreſs them therefore with the terror of his arms on their firſt act of treachery was worthy of a great commander. Nor was he remiſs in his attention to the chief pilot, who had been laſt ſent. He perceived in him a kind of anxious endeavour to bear near ſome little iſlands, and ſuſpecting there were unſeen rocks in that courſe, he confidently charged the pilot with guilt, and ordered him to be ſeverely whipped. The puniſhment produced a confeſſion, and promiſes of fidelity. And he now adviſed Gama to ſtand for Quiloa, which he aſſured him was inhabited by Chriſtians. Three Ethiopian Chriſtians had come aboard while at Zacocia's iſland, and the current opinions of Preſtor John's country inclined Gama to try if he could find a port, where he might expect the aſſiſtance of a people of his own religion. A violent ſtorm, however, drove the fleet from Quiloa, and being now near Mombaze, the pilot adviſed him to enter that harbour, where, he ſaid, there were alſo many Chriſtians.

The city of Mombaza is agreeably ſituated on an iſland, formed by a river which empties itſelf into the ſea by two mouths. The buildings are lofty and of firm ſtone, and the country

country abounds with fruit trees and cattle. Gama, happy to find a harbour where every thing wore the appearance of civilization, ordered the ſhips to caſt anchor, which was ſcarcely done, when a galley in which were 100 men in Turkiſh habit, armed with bucklers and ſabres, rowed up to the flag ſhip. All of theſe ſeemed deſirous to come aboard, but only four, who by their dreſs ſeemed officers, were admitted; nor were theſe allowed, till ſtript of their arms. As ſoon as on board, they extolled the prudence of Gama in refuſing admittance to armed ſtrangers; and by their behaviour ſeemed deſirous to gain the good opinion of the adventurers. Their country, they boaſted, contained all the riches of India, and their king, they profeſſed, was ambitious of entering into a friendly treaty with the Portugueſe, with whoſe renown he was well acquainted. And that a conference with his majeſty and the offices of friendſhip might be rendered more convenient, Gama was requeſted and adviſed to enter the harbour. As no place could be more commodious for the recovery of the ſick, and the whole fleet was ſickly, Gama reſolved to enter the port; and in the meanwhile ſent two of the pardoned criminals as an embaſſy to the king. Theſe the king treated with the greateſt kindneſs, ordered his officers to ſhew them the ſtrength and opulence of his city; and on their return to the navy, he ſent a preſent to Gama of the moſt valuable ſpices, of which he boaſted ſuch abundance, that the Portugueſe, he ſaid, if they regarded their own intereſt, would ſeek for no other India.

To make treaties of commerce was the buſineſs of Gama; one ſo advantageous, and ſo deſired by the natives, was therefore not to be refuſed. Fully ſatisfied by the report of his ſpies, he ordered to weigh anchor, and enter the harbour. His own ſhip led the way, when a ſudden violence of the tide made Gama apprehenſive of running aground. He therefore ordered his ſails to be furled and the anchors to be dropt, and gave a ſignal for the others to follow his example. This manœuvre, and the cries of the ſailors in executing it, alarmed.

alarmed the Mozambic pilots. Conſcious of their treachery, they thought their deſign was diſcovered, and leapt into the ſea. Some boats of Mombaza took them up, and refuſing to put them on board, ſet them ſafely on ſhore, though the admiral repeatedly demanded the reſtoration of the pilots. Theſe circumſtances, evident proofs of treachery, were farther confirmed by the behaviour of the king of Mombaza. In the middle of the night Gama thought he heard ſome noiſe, and on examination, found his ſhips ſurrounded by a great number of Moors, who, in the utmoſt privacy, endeavoured to cut his cables. But their ſcheme was defeated; and ſome Arabs, who remained on board confeſſed that no Chriſtians were reſident either at Quiloa or Mombaza. The ſtorm which drove them from the one place, and their late eſcape at the other, were now beheld as manifeſtations of the Divine favour; and Gama, holding up his hands to heaven, aſcribed his ſafety to the care of Providence *. Two days, however, elapſed, before they could get clear of the rocky bay of Mombaze, and having now ventured to hoiſt their ſails, they ſteered for Melinda; a port, they had been told, where many merchants from India reſorted. In their way thither they took a Mooriſh veſſel, out of which Gama ſelected fourteen priſoners, one of whom he perceived by his mien to be a perſon of diſtinction. By this Saracen Gama was informed, that he was near Melinda, that the king was hoſpitable, and celebrated for his faith, and that four ſhips from India, commanded by Chriſtian maſters, were in that harbour. The Saracen alſo offered to go as Gama's meſſenger to the king, and promiſed to procure him an able pilot to conduct him to Calicut, the chief port of India.

As the coaſt of Melinda appeared to be dangerous, Gama anchored at ſome diſtance from the city, and unwilling to hazard any of his men, he landed the Saracen on an iſland oppoſite

* It afterwards appeared, that the Mooriſh king of Mombaza had been informed of what happened at Mozambic, and intended to revenge it by the total deſtruction of the fleet.

to the town. This was obſerved, and the ſtranger was brought before the king, to whom he gave ſo favourable an account of the politeneſs and humanity of Gama, that a preſent of ſeveral ſheep, and fruits of all ſorts, was ſent by his majeſty to the admiral, who had the happineſs to find the truth of what his priſoner had told him, confirmed by the maſters of the four ſhips from India. Theſe were Chriſtians from Cambaya. They were tranſported with joy on the arrival of the Portugueſe, and gave ſeveral uſeful inſtructions to the admiral.

The city of Melinda was ſituated in a fertile plain, ſurrounded with gardens and groves of orange-trees, whoſe flowers diffuſed a moſt grateful odour. The paſtures were covered with herds, and the houſes built of ſquare ſtones, were both elegant and magnificent. Deſirous to make an alliance with ſuch a ſtate, Gama requited the civility of the king with the moſt grateful acknowledgments. He drew nearer the ſhore, and urged his inſtructions as apology for not landing to wait upon his majeſty in perſon. The apology was accepted; and the king, whoſe age and infirmities prevented himſelf, ſent his ſon to congratulate Gama, and enter into a treaty of friendſhip. The prince, who had ſometime governed under the direction of his father, came in great pomp. His dreſs was royally magnificent, the nobles who attended him diſplayed all the riches of ſilk and embroidery, and the muſic of Melinda reſounded all over the bay. Gama, to expreſs his regard, met him in the admiral's barge. The prince, as ſoon as he came up, leapt into it, and diſtinguiſhing the admiral by his habit, embraced him with all the intimacy of old friendſhip. In their converſation, which was long and ſprightly, he diſcovered nothing of the barbarian, ſays Oſorius, but in every thing ſhewed an intelligence and politeneſs worthy of his high rank. He accepted the fourteen Moors, whom Gama gave to him, with great pleaſure. He ſeemed to view Gama with enthuſiaſm, and confeſſed that the make of the Portugueſe ſhips, ſo much ſuperior to what he had ſeen, convinced him of the greatneſs of that people. He gave Gama an able pilot,

pilot, named Melemo Cana, to conduct him to Calicut; and requeſted, that on his return to Europe, he would carry an ambaſſador with him to the court of Liſbon. During the few days the fleet ſtayed at Melinda, the mutual friendſhip increaſed, and a treaty of alliance was concluded. And now, on April 22, reſigning the helm to his ſkilful and honeſt pilot, Gama hoiſted ſail and ſteered to the north. In a few days they paſſed the line, and the Portugueſe with extacy beheld the appearance of their native ſky. Orion, Urſa major and minor, and the other ſtars about the northern pole, were now a more joyful diſcovery than the ſouth * pole had formerly been to them. Having paſſed the meridian, the pilot now ſtood directly to the eaſt, through the Indian ocean; and after ſailing about three weeks, he had the happineſs to congratulate Gama on the view of the mountains of India. Gama, tranſported with extacy, returned thanks to heaven, and ordered all his priſoners to be ſet at liberty, that every heart might taſte of the joy of his ſucceſsful voyage.

About two leagues from Calicut Gama ordered the ſhips to anchor, and was ſoon ſurrounded by a number of boats. By one of theſe he ſent one of the pardoned criminals to the city. The appearance of unknown veſſels on their coaſt brought immenſe crowds around the ſtranger, who no ſooner entered Calicut, than he was lifted from his feet and carried hither and thither by the concourſe. Though the populace and the

* A circumſtance in the letters of Amerigo Veſpucci deſerves remark. Deſcribing his voyage to America, having paſt the line, ſays he, "*e come deſideroſo d'eſſere Autore che ſegnaſſi la ſtella*——deſirous to be the namer and diſcoverer of the pole ſtar of the other hemiſphere, I loſt my ſleep many nights in contemplating the ſtars of the other pole." He then laments, that as his inſtruments could not diſcover any ſtar of leſs motion than ten degrees, he had not the ſatisfaction to give *a name* to any one. But as he obſerved four ſtars, in form of an almond, which had but little motion, he hoped in his next voyage he ſhould be able to mark them out. — All this is truly curious, and affords a good comment on the temper of the man who had the art to defraud Columbus, by giving his own name to America, of which he challenged the diſcovery. Near fifty years before the voyage of Amerigo Veſpucci the Portugueſe had croſſed the line, and Diaz fourteen, and Gama near three years before, had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, had diſcovered ſeven ſtars in the conſtellation of the ſouth pole, and from the appearance of the four moſt luminous, had given it the name of *The Croſs*, a figure which it better reſembles than that of an almond.

ſtranger

ſtranger were alike earneſt to be underſtood, their language was unintelligible to each other, till, happy for Gama in the event, a Mooriſh merchant accoſted his meſſenger in the Spaniſh tongue. The next day this Moor, who was named Monzaida, waited upon Gama on board his ſhip. He was a native of Tunis, and the chief perſon, he ſaid, with whom John II. had at that port contracted for military ſtores. He was a man of abilities and great intelligence of the world, and an admirer of the Portugueſe valour and honour. The engaging behaviour of Gama heightened his eſteem into the ſincereſt attachment. He offered to be interpreter for the admiral, and to ſerve him in whatever beſides he could poſſibly befriend him. And thus, by one of thoſe unforeſeen circumſtances which often decide the greateſt events, Gama received a friend, who ſoon rendered him the moſt critical and important ſervice.

At the firſt interview, Monzaida gave Gama the fulleſt information of the clime, extent, cuſtoms, religions, and various riches of India, the commerce of the Moors, and the character of the ſovereign. Calicut was not only the imperial city, but the greateſt port. The king or Zamorim, who reſided here, was acknowledged as emperor by the neighbouring princes; and as his revenue conſiſted chiefly of duties on merchandiſe, he had always encouraged the reſort of foreigners to his harbours.

Pleaſed with this promiſing proſpect, Gama ſent two of his officers with Monzaida to wait on the Zamorim at his palace of Pandarene, a few miles from the city. They were admitted to the royal apartment, and delivered their embaſſy; to which the Zamorim replied, that the arrival of the admiral of ſo great a prince as Emmanuel, gave him inexpreſſible pleaſure, and that he would willingly embrace the offered alliance. In the meanwhile, as their preſent ſtation was extreamly dangerous, he adviſed them to bring the ſhips nearer to Pandarene, and for this purpoſe he ſent a pilot to the fleet.

A few days after, the Zamorim ſent his firſt miniſter, or Catual, attended by ſeveral of the Nayres, or nobility, to con-

duct Gama to the royal palace. As an interview with the Zamorim was abſolutely neceſſary to compleat the purpoſe of his voyage, Gama immediately agreed to it, though the treachery he had already experienced, ſince his arrival in the eaſtern ſeas, ſhewed him the perſonal danger which he thus hazarded. He gave the command of the ſhips during his abſence to his brother Paulus and his friend Coello; and in the orders he left them he diſplayed a heroiſm, ſuperior to that of Alexander when he croſſed the Granicus. That of the Macedonian was ferocious and frantic, the offspring of vicious ambition; that of Gama was the child of the ſtrongeſt reaſon, and the moſt valorous mental dignity: It was the high pride of honour, a pride, which the man, who in the fury of battle may be able to ruſh on to the mouth of a cannon, may be utterly incapable of, even in idea.

The revenue of the Zamorim aroſe chiefly from the traffic of the Moors; the various colonies of theſe people were combined in one intereſt, and the jealouſy and conſternation which his arrival in the eaſtern ſeas had ſpread among them, were circumſtances well known to Gama: And he knew alſo what he had to expect both from their force and their fraud. But duty and honour required him to compleat the purpoſe of his voyage. He left peremptory command, that if he was detained a priſoner, or any attempt made upon his life, they ſhould take no ſtep to ſave him, to give ear to no meſſage which might come in his name for ſuch purpoſe, and to enter into no negociation on his behalf. Though they were to keep ſome boats near the ſhore, to favour his eſcape if he perceived treachery ere detained by force; yet the moment that force rendered his eſcape impracticable, they were to ſet ſail, and to carry the tidings of the diſcovery of India to the king of Portugal. For as this was his only concern, he would ſuffer no riſk that might loſe a man, or endanger the homeward voyage. Having left theſe unalterable orders, he went aſhore with the Catual, attended only by twelve of his own men, for he would not weaken the naval force, though he knew that the pomp of

attendance would have been greatly in his favour at the court of India.

As ſoon as landed, he and the Catual were carried in great pomp, in ſofas, upon mens ſhoulders, to the chief temple; and from thence, amid immenſe crouds, to the royal palace. The apartment and dreſs of the Zamorim were ſuch as might be expected from the luxury and wealth of India. The emperor lay reclined on a magnificent couch, ſurrounded with his nobility and miniſters of ſtate. Gama was introduced to him by a venerable old man, the chief Bramin. His majeſty, by a gentle nod, appointed the Admiral to ſit on one of the ſteps of his ſofa, and then demanded his embaſſy. It was againſt the cuſtom of his country, Gama replied, to deliver his inſtructions in a public aſſembly, he therefore deſired that the king and a few of his miniſters would grant him a private audience. This was complied with, and Gama, in a manly ſpeech, ſet forth the greatneſs of his ſovereign Emmanuel, the fame he had heard of the Zamorim, and the deſire he had to enter into an alliance with ſo great a prince; nor were the mutual advantages of ſuch a treaty omitted by the Admiral. The Zamorim, in reply, profeſſed great eſteem for the friendſhip of the king of Portugal, and declared his readineſs to enter into a friendly alliance. He then ordered the Catual to provide proper apartments for Gama in his houſe; and having promiſed another conference, he diſmiſſed the Admiral with all the appearance of ſincerity.

The character of this monarch is ſtrongly marked in the hiſtory of Portugueſe Aſia. Avarice was his ruling paſſion; he was haughty or mean, bold or timorous, as his intereſt roſe or fell in the balance of his judgment; wavering and irreſolute whenever the ſcales ſeemed doubtful which to preponderate. He was pleaſed with the proſpect of bringing the commerce of Europe to his harbours, but he was alſo influenced by the threats of the Moors.

Three days elapſed ere Gama was again permitted to ſee the Zamorim. At this ſecond audience he preſented the letter

and preſents of Emmanuel. The letter was received with politeneſs, but the preſents were viewed with an eye of contempt. Gama beheld it, and ſaid he only came to diſcover the route to India, and therefore was not charged with valuable gifts, ere the friendſhip of the ſtate, where they might chuſe to traffic, was known. Yet that indeed he brought the moſt valuable of all gifts, the offer of the friendſhip of his ſovereign, and the commerce of his country. He then entreated the king not to reveal the contents of Emmanuel's letter to the Moors, and the king with great ſeeming friendſhip deſired Gama to guard againſt the perfidy of that people. And at this time, it is highly probable, the Zamorini was ſincere.

Every hour ſince the arrival of Gama, the Moors had held ſecret conferences. That one man might not return was their purpoſe; and every method to accompliſh this was meditated. To influence the king againſt the Portugueſe, to aſſaſſinate Gama, to raiſe a general inſurrection, to deſtroy the foreign navy, and to bribe the Catual, were determined. And the Catual, the maſter of the houſe where Gama lodged, accepted the bribe, and entered into their intereſt. Gama, however, was appriſed of all theſe circumſtances, by his faithful interpreter Monzaida, whoſe affection to the foreign Admiral the Moors hitherto had not ſuſpected. Thus informed, and having obtained the faith of an alliance from the ſovereign of the firſt port of India, Gama reſolved to elude the plots of the Moors; and accordingly, before the dawn, he ſet out for the ſea ſhore, in hope to eſcape by ſome of the boats which he had ordered to hover about the coaſt.

But the Moors were vigilant. His abſence was immediately known; and the Catual, by the king's order, purſued and brought him back by force. The Catual, however, for it was neceſſary for their ſchemes to have the ſhips in their power, behaved with great politeneſs to the Admiral, though now detained as a priſoner, and ſtill continued his ſpecious promiſes to uſe all his intereſt in his behalf.

The

The eagerneſs of the Moors now contributed to the ſafety of Gama. Their principal merchants were admitted to a formal audience, when one of their orators accuſed the Portugueſe as a nation of faithleſs plunderers: Gama, he ſaid, was an exiled pirate, who had marked his courſe with depredation and blood. If he were not a pirate, ſtill there was no excuſe for giving ſuch warlike foreigners any footing in a country already ſupplied with all that nature and commerce could give. He expatiated on the great ſervices which the Mooriſh traders had rendered to Calicut, or wherever they ſettled; and ended with a threat, that all the Moors would leave the Zamorim's ports, and find ſome other ſettlement, if he permitted theſe foreigners to have any ſhare in the commerce of his dominions.

However ſtaggered with theſe arguments and threats, the Zamorim was not blind to the ſelf-intereſt and malice of the Moors. He therefore ordered, that the Admiral ſhould once more be brought before him. In the meanwhile the Catual tried many ſtratagems to get the ſhips into the harbour; and at laſt, in the name of his maſter, made an abſolute demand that the ſails and rudders ſhould be delivered up, as the pledge of Gama's honeſty. But theſe demands were as abſolutely refuſed by Gama, who ſent a letter to his brother by Monzaida, enforcing his former orders in the ſtrongeſt manner, declaring that his fate gave him no concern, that he was only unhappy leſt the fruits of all their labours and dangers ſhould be loſt. After two days ſpent in vain altercation with the Catual, Gama was brought as a priſoner before the king. The king repeated his accuſation, upbraided him with non-compliance to the requeſts of his miniſter; yet urged him, if he were an exile or pirate, to confeſs freely, in which caſe he promiſed to take him into his ſervice, and highly promote him on account of his abilities. But Gama, who with great ſpirit had baffled all the ſtratagems of the Catual, behaved with the ſame undaunted bravery before the king. He aſſerted his innocence, pointed out the malice of the Moors, and the improbability

of

of his piracy; boaſted of the ſafety of his fleet, offered his life rather than his ſails and rudders, and concluded with threats in the name of his ſovereign. The Zamorim, during the whole conference, eyed Gama with the keeneſt attention, and clearly perceived in his unfaultering mien the dignity of truth, and the conſciouſneſs that he was the Admiral of a great Monarch. In their late addreſs, the Moors had treated the Zamorim as ſomewhat dependant upon them, and he ſaw that a commerce with other nations would certainly leſſen their dangerous importance. His avarice ſtrongly deſired the commerce of Portugal; and his pride was flattered in humbling the Moors. After many propoſals, it was at laſt agreed, that of Gama's twelve attendants, he ſhould leave ſeven as hoſtages; that what goods were aboard his veſſels ſhould be landed, and that Gama ſhould be ſafely conducted to his ſhip; after which the treaty of commerce and alliance was to be finally ſettled. And thus, when the aſſaſſination of Gama ſeemed inevitable, the Zamorim ſuddenly dropt the demand of the ſails and the rudders, reſcued him from his determined enemies, and reſtored him to liberty and the command of his ſhips.

As ſoon as he was aboard * the goods were landed, accompanied by a letter from Gama to the Zamorim, wherein he boldly complained of the treachery of the Catual. The Zamorim, in anſwer, promiſed to make enquiry, and to puniſh him if guilty; but did nothing in the affair. Gama, who had now anchored nearer to the city, every day ſent two or three different perſons on ſome buſineſs to Calicut, that as many of his men as poſſible might be able to give ſome account of India. The Moors, in the meanwhile, every day aſſaulted the ears of the king, who now began to waver; when Gama, who had given every proof of his deſire of peace and friendſhip, ſent another letter, in which he requeſted the Zamorim to permit him to leave a conſul at Calicut, to manage the affairs of king Emmanuel. But to this requeſt, the moſt reaſonable re-

* Faria y Souſa.

ſult

ſult of a commercial treaty, the Zamorim returned a refuſal full of rage and indignation. Gama, now fully maſter of the character of the Zamorim, reſolved to treat a man of ſuch an inconſtant diſhonourable diſpoſition with a contemptuous ſilence. This contempt was felt by the king, who yielding to the advice of the Catual and the entreaties of the Moors, ſeized the Portugueſe goods, and ordered two of the ſeven hoſtages, the two who had the charge of the cargo, to be put in irons. The Admiral remonſtrated by the means of Monzaida; but the king ſtill perſiſted in his treacherous breach of royal faith. Repeated ſolicitations made him more haughty; and it was now the duty and intereſt of Gama to uſe force. He took a veſſel in which were ſix Nayres or noblemen, and nineteen of their ſervants. The ſervants he ſet aſhore to relate the tidings, the noblemen he detained. As ſoon as the news had time to ſpread through the city, he hoiſted his ſails, and though with a ſlow motion, ſeemed to proceed on his homeward voyage. The city was now in an uproar; the friends of the captive noblemen ſurrounded the palace, and loudly accuſed the policy of the Moors. The king, in all the perplexed diſtreſs of a haughty, avaritious, weak prince, ſent after Gama, delivered up all the hoſtages, and ſubmitted to his propoſals; nay, even ſolicited that an agent ſhould be left, and even deſcended to the meanneſs of a palpable lie. The two factors, he ſaid, he had put in irons, only to detain them till he might write letters to his brother Emmanuel, and the goods he had kept on ſhore that an agent might be ſent to diſpoſe of them. Gama, however, perceived a myſterious trifling, and, previous to any treaty, inſiſted upon the reſtoration of the goods.

The day after this altercation, Monzaida came aboard the Admiral's ſhip in great perturbation. The Moors, he ſaid, had raiſed great commotions, and had enraged the king againſt the Portugueſe. The king's ſhips were getting ready, and a numerous Mooriſh fleet from Mecca was daily expected. To delay Gama till this force arrived, was the purpoſe of the court

court and of the Moors, who were now confident of ſucceſs. To this information Monzaida added, that the Moors, ſuſpecting his attachment to Gama, had determined to aſſaſſinate him. That he had narrowly eſcaped from them; that it was impoſſible for him to recover his effects, and that his only hope was in the protection of Gama. Gama rewarded him with the friendſhip he merited, took him with him, as he deſired, to Liſbon, and procured him a recompence for his ſervices.

Almoſt immediately after Monzaida, ſeven boats arrived, loaded with the goods, and demanded the reſtoration of the captive noblemen. Gama took the goods on board, but refuſed to examine if they were entire, and alſo refuſed to deliver the priſoners. He had been promiſed an ambaſſador to his ſovereign, he ſaid, but had been ſo often deluded, he could truſt ſuch a faithleſs people no longer, and would therefore carry the captives in his power, to convince the king of Portugal what inſults and injuſtice his Ambaſſador and Admiral had ſuffered from the Zamorim of Calicut. Having thus diſmiſſed the Indians, he fired his cannon and hoiſted his ſails. A calm, however, detained him on the coaſt ſome days, and the Zamorim ſeizing the opportunity, ſent what veſſels he could fit out, twenty of a larger ſize, ſixty in all, full of armed men, to attack him. Though Gama's cannon were well played, confident of their numbers, they preſſed on to board him, when a ſudden tempeſt, which Gama's ſhips rode out in ſafety, miſerably diſperſed the Indian fleet, and compleated their ruin.

After this victory, the Admiral made a halt at a little iſland near the ſhore, where he erected a croſs *, bearing the name and arms of his Portugueſe majeſty. And from this place, by the hand of Monzaida, he wrote a letter to the Zamorim, wherein he gave a full and circumſtantial account of all the plots of the Catual and the Moors. Still, however, he pro-

* It was the cuſtom of the firſt diſcoverers to erect croſſes on places remarkable in their voyage. Gama erected ſix; one, dedicated to St. Raphael, at the river of Good Signs, one to St. George, at Mozambic, one to St. Stephen, at Melinda, one to St. Gabriel, at Calicut, and one to St. Mary, at the iſland thence named, near Anchediva.

feſſed

feſſed his deſire of a commercial treaty, and promiſed to repreſent the Zamorim in the beſt light to Emmanuel. The priſoners, he ſaid, ſhould be kindly uſed, were only kept as ambaſſadors to his ſovereign, and ſhould be returned to India when they were enabled from experience to give an account of Portugal. The letter he ſent by one of the captives, who by this means obtained his liberty.

The fame of Gama had now ſpread over the Indian ſeas, and the Moors were every where intent on his deſtruction. As he was near the ſhore of Anchediva, he beheld the appearance of a floating iſle, covered with trees, advance towards him. But his prudence was not to be thus deceived. A bold pirate, named Timoja, by linking together eight veſſels full of men, and covered with green boughs, thought to board him by ſurprize. But Gama's cannon made ſeven of them fly; the eighth, loaded with fruits and proviſions, he took. The beautiful iſland of Anchediva now offered a convenient place to careen his ſhips and refreſh his men. While he ſtaid here, the firſt miniſter of Zabajo king of Goa, one of the moſt powerful princes of India, came on board, and in the name of his maſter, congratulated the Admiral in the Italian tongue. Proviſions, arms, and money were offered to Gama, and he was entreated to accept the friendſhip of Zabajo. The Admiral was ſtruck with admiration, the addreſs and abilities of the miniſter appeared ſo conſpicuous. He ſaid he was an Italian by birth, but in ſailing to Greece, had been taken by pirates, and after various misfortunes, had been neceſſitated to enter into the ſervice of a Mohammedan prince, the nobleneſs of whoſe diſpoſition he commended in the higheſt terms. Yet, with all his abilities, Gama perceived an artful inquiſitiveneſs, that nameleſs ſomething which does not accompany ſimple honeſty. After a long conference, Gama abruptly upbraided him as a ſpy, and ordered him to be put to the torture — And this ſoon brought a confeſſion, that he was a Polonian Jew by birth, and was ſent to examine the ſtrength of the Portugueſe by Zabajo, who was muſtering all his power to attack them.

Gama on this immediately ſet ſail, and took the ſpy along with him, who ſoon after was baptized, and named Jaſper de Gama, the Admiral being his godfather. He afterwards became of great ſervice to Emmanuel.

Gama now ſtood weſtward through the Indian ocean, and after being long delayed by calms, arrived off Magadoxa, on the coaſt of Africa. This place was a principal port of the Moors; he therefore levelled the walls of the city with his cannon, and burned and deſtroyed all the ſhips in the harbour. Soon after this he deſcried eight Mooriſh veſſels bearing down upon him; his artillery, however, ſoon made them uſe their oars in flight, nor could Gama overtake any of them for want of wind. He now reached the hoſpitable harbour of Melinda. His men, almoſt worn out with fatigue and ſickneſs, here received, a ſecond time, every aſſiſtance which an accompliſhed and generous prince could beſtow. And having taken an ambaſſador on board, he again gave his ſails to the wind, in truſt that he might paſs the Cape of Good Hope while the favourable weather continued, for his acquaintance with the eaſtern ſeas now ſuggeſted to him, that the tempeſtuous ſeaſon was periodical. Soon after he ſet ſail, his brother's ſhip ſtruck on a ſand bank, and was burnt by order of the admiral. His brother and part of the crew he took into his own ſhip, the reſt he ſent on board of Coello; nor were more hands now alive than were neceſſary to man the two veſſels which remained. Having taken in proviſions at the iſland of Zanzibar, where they were kindly entertained by a Mohammedan prince of the ſame ſect with the king of Melinda, they ſafely doubled the Cape of Good Hope on April 26, 1499, and continued till they reached the iſland of St. Iago in favourable weather. But a tempeſt here ſeparated the two ſhips, and gave Gama and Coello an opportunity to ſhew the goodneſs of their hearts, in a manner which does honour to human nature.

The Admiral was now near the Azores, when Paulus de Gama, long worn with fatigue and ſickneſs, was unable to endure the motion of the ſhip. Vaſco, therefore, put into the iſland

iſland of Tercera, in hope of his brother's recovery. And ſuch was his affection, that rather than leave him, he gave the command of his ſhip to one of his officers. But the hope of recovery was vain. John de Sa proceeded to Liſbon with the flag ſhip, while the admiral remained behind to ſoothe the death bed of his brother, and perform his funeral rites. Coello, in the mean while, landed at Liſbon, and hearing that Gama was not arrived, imagined he might either be ſhipwrecked, or beating about in diſtreſs. Without ſeeing one of his family, he immediately ſet ſail, on purpoſe to bring relief to his friend and admiral. But this generous deſign, more the effect of friendſhip than of juſt conſideration, was prevented by an order from the king, ere his ſhip got out of the Tagus.

The particulars of the voyage were now diffuſed by Coello, and the joy of the king was only equalled by the admiration of the people. Yet while all the nation was fired with zeal to expreſs their eſteem of the happy Admiral, he himſelf, the man who was ſuch an enthuſiaſt to the ſucceſs of his voyage, that he would willingly have ſacrificed his life in India to ſecure that ſucceſs, was now, in the completion of it, a dejected mourner. The compliments of the court and the ſhouts of the ſtreet were irkſome to him, for his brother, the companion of his toils and dangers, was not there to ſhare the joy. As ſoon as he had waited on the king, he ſhut himſelf up in a lonely houſe near the ſea ſide at Bethlehem, from whence it was ſometime ere he was drawn to mingle in public life.

During this important expedition, two years and almoſt two months elapſed. Of 160 men who went out, only 55 returned. Theſe were all rewarded by the king. Coello was penſioned with 100 ducats a year, and made a fidalgo, or gentleman of the king's houſhold, a degree of nobility in Portugal. The title of Don was annexed to the family of Vaſco de Gama; he was appointed admiral of the eaſtern ſeas, with an annual ſalary of 3000 ducats, and a part of the king's arms was added to his. Public thankſgivings to heaven were celebrated throughout the churches of the kingdom, and

feaſts, interludes, and chivalrous entertainments, the taſte of that age, demonſtrated the joy of Portugal.

As the prophetic Song in the tenth Luſiad requires a commentary, we ſhall now proceed to a compendious hiſtory of the negociations and wars of the Portugueſe in India; a hiſtory, though very little known, yet of the utmoſt importance to every commercial ſtate, particularly to that nation which now commands the trade of the Eaſtern World.

THE HISTORY OF THE RISE and FALL OF THE PORTUGUESE EMPIRE in the EAST.

THE power, intereſt, and diſpoſition of the Moors, the maſters of the eaſtern ſeas, pointed out to Emmanuel what courſe he ought to follow, if he intended to reap either honour or advantage from the diſcovery of India. The accumulated treachery of the Moors had kindled a war; force was now neceſſary; a fleet therefore of thirteen ſail and 1500 men was fitted out for India, and the command of it given to an experienced officer, Pedro Alvarez de Cabral.

The chief inſtructions of Cabral, were to enter into a treaty of friendſhip with the Zamorim, and to obtain leave to build a fort and factory near Calicut. But if he found that prince ſtill perfidious, and averſe to an alliance, he was to proceed to hoſtilities on the firſt inſtance of treachery.

Cabral, in this voyage, was driven to America by a tempeſt, and was the firſt who diſcovered the Brazils. As he doubled the ſouth of Africa, he encountered a moſt dreadful ſtorm; the heavens were covered with pitchy darkneſs for many days, and the waves and winds vied with each other in noiſe and fury. Four ſhips were loſt, and all their crews periſhed; among whom was the celebrated Bartholomew Diaz, the diſcoverer of the Cape of Good Hope, which, as if prophetic of his fate, he had named the Cape of Tempeſts.

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When Cabral reached the coaſt of Zofala, he had only ſix ſhips. Here he engaged and took two Mooriſh veſſels, laden moſtly with gold duſt. But finding they belonged to the Xeque Foteyma, an uncle of the king of Melinda, he not only reſtored the prizes, but treated the Xeque with the greateſt courteſy. At Mozambique he agreed with a pilot to conduct him to Quiloa. The king of this place and the admiral had a pompous interview. An alliance was ſolemnly concluded. But Homeris, brother to the king of Melinda, was at Quiloa; and by him Cabral was informed of a treacherous preparation to attack him. As his deſtination was for Calicut, he delayed revenge, and proceeded to Melinda. Here he landed the Melindian ambaſſador, who had been ſent to Portugal; and here his generous treatment of Foteyma ſtrengthened the friendſhip and good offices which had begun with Gama.

When he arrived at Calicut, whither he was conducted by two Melindian pilots, he ſent Ayres Correa on ſhore to ſettle the manner how the Zamorim and the admiral were to meet. Six principal Bramins, whoſe names were brought from Portugal by the advice of Monzaida, were given as hoſtages for the ſafety of the admiral; and the Indian noblemen, who had been carried away by Gama, were returned. After much delay with the wavering Zamorim, a commercial alliance, by which the Portugueſe veſſels were to receive their lading before thoſe of any other nation, was ſolemnly confirmed by oath, and a houſe was appointed as a factory for the Portugueſe. Of this, Correa, with ſeventy men under his command, in the name of the king his maſter, took immediate poſſeſſion.

If the ſmalleſt circumſtances in the hiſtory of an infant colony are not attended to, the ſecret ſprings and principles of action eſcape us, and we are ſure to be led into error. Cabral's fleet was to be laded with ſpicery; but the Mooriſh merchants, ſtill intent on the ruin of their rivals the Portugueſe, did every thing in their power to retard it, in hope of another rupture. While promiſes to Cabral trifled away the time, the Zamorim

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deſired his aſſiſtance to take a large ſhip belonging to the king of Cochin, who not only intended to invade his dominions, he ſaid, but had alſo refuſed to ſell him an elephant, which was now aboard that ſhip. There were two Mooriſh agents with whom Cabral was obliged to tranſact buſineſs. One of theſe named Cemireci, pretending great friendſhip to the admiral, adviſed him by all means to gratify the Zamorim by taking the ſhip of Cochin. This veſſel was large and full of ſoldiers, but Cabral appointed one of his ſmalleſt, commanded by Pedro Ataide, not a ſixth part of her ſize, to attack her. When Ataide firſt made towards the enemy, the Indian inſulted him with every ſign of reproach; but the Portugueſe cannon drove her into the port of Cananor, a place forty miles to the north of Calicut. Here ſhe lay all the night, while Ataide watched the mouth of the harbour; and fearing to be burnt in the port, in the morning ſhe again took to ſea. But Ataide ſoon came up with her, and by the dexterous uſe of his artillery made her ſteer what courſe he pleaſed, and at laſt drove her in triumph before him into the harbour of Calicut.

This encounter was of great conſequence to the Portugueſe. It not only raiſed a high idea of their valour and art of war, but it diſcovered a ſcene of treachery, and gave them a moſt beneficial opportunity to diſplay their integrity and honour. When Cabral converſed with the captives, he found that the ſtory of the elephant and the invaſion were falſe, and that they had been warned by Cemireci, that the Portugueſe, a ſet of lawleſs pirates, intended to attack them. On this, Cabral not only reſtored the ſhip to the king of Cochin, but paid for what damage ſhe had ſuſtained, and aſſured him he had been abuſed by the villainy of the Moors.

The Zamorim profeſſed the greateſt admiration of the Portugueſe valour, yet while he pretended to value their friendſhip at the higheſt rate, he uſed every art to delay the lading of their ſhips. Twenty days was the time ſtipulated for this purpoſe; but three months were now elapſed, and nothing done.

done. Cabral ſeveral times complained to the Zamorim of the infringement of treaty, that many Mooriſh veſſels had been ſuffered to lade, while he could obtain no cargo. The Zamorim complained of the arts of the Moors, and gave Cabral an order, on paying for the goods, to unlade whatever Mooriſh veſſels he pleaſed, and to ſupply his own. Cabral, however, was apprehenſive of ſome deep deſign, and delayed to put this order in execution. Correa, upon this, ſeverely upbraided him with neglect of duty, and he at laſt ſeized a veſſel which happened to belong to one of the richeſt of the Moors. A tumult was immediately raiſed, the Portugueſe factory was ſuddenly beſet by four thouſand of that people, and before any aſſiſtance could come from the ſhips, Correa, and the greateſt part of his companions, were maſſacred. Cabral, though greatly enraged, waited ſufficient time to hear the excuſe of the Zamorim; but he waited in vain. Ten large Mooriſh veſſels burnt in the harbour, the city of Calicut bombarded one day, and 600 of its inhabitants ſlain, revenged the death of Correa.

The king of Cochin, when Cabral returned the ſhip which he had taken, highly pleaſed with his honour, invited him to traffic in his port. Cabral now ſailed thither, and was treated in the moſt friendly manner. A ſtrong houſe was appointed for a factory, and a treaty of commerce ſolemnly concluded. Ambaſſadors alſo arrived from the kings of Cananor, Caulan, and other places, intreating the alliance of the Portugueſe, whom they invited to their harbours.

About eight hundred years before this period, according to tradition, Perimal, the ſovereign of India, having embraced the religion of Mohammed, in which he had been inſtructed by ſome Arabian merchants, reſolved to end his days as a hermit at Mecca. He therefore divided his empire into different ſovereignties, but rendered them all tributary to the Zamorim of Calicut. From this port Perimal ſet ſail, and the Arab merchants conceived ſuch a ſuperſtitious affection for this harbour, though not ſo commodious as many others around, that

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on the arrival of Gama it was the great centre of the Mooriſh commerce in India. A deſire to throw off their dependence on the Zamorim, without doubt had its influence in prompting the tributary kings to invite the Portugueſe to their harbours. But it was impoſſible they ſhould have ſo acted, unleſs they had conceived a high idea of the Portugueſe virtue and valour, which was thus rewarded by the friendſhip of ſome powerful princes, who ever after remained true to the cauſe of Emmanuel.

When Cabral was about to ſail from Cochin, he received information from the king, that the Zamorim, with a large fleet, containing 15,000 ſoldiers, intended to attack him. Cabral prepared for battle, and the Indian fleet fled. He afterwards touched at Cananor, where he entered into a friendly alliance. The king, ſuſpecting from the ſmall quantity of ſpicery which he bought, that the Admiral was in want of money, intreated him to give a mark of his friendſhip by accepting, upon credit, of what goods he pleaſed. But Cabral ſhewed a conſiderable quantity of gold to the king's meſſengers, politely thanked him, and ſaid he was already ſufficiently loaded. Having left factors on ſhore, and received ambaſſadors on board, he proceeded on his homeward voyage. Near Melinda he took a large ſhip, but finding ſhe belonged to a merchant of Cananor, he ſet her at liberty, and told the commander, "that the Portugueſe monarch was only at war with the Zamorim and the Moors of Mecca, from whom he had received the greateſt injuries and indignities." The king of Melinda, and other Mohammedan princes, who had entered into alliances with Gama and Cabral, were not of the tribe or confederacy of thoſe who had in different parts attempted the ruin of the Portugueſe. That people were now diſtinguiſhed by the name of the Moors of Mecca, their principal harbour; and therefore to diſtreſs that port became now a principal object of the Portugueſe.

Emmanuel, now fully informed by Cabral of the ſtates and traffic of the Indian ſeas, perceiving that the reinforcement of

three veſſels, which he had ſent under John de Nova*, could little avail, fitted out twenty ſhips, the command of which warlike fleet was given to the celebrated Vaſco de Gama. At the ſame time the Pope iſſued a Bull, in which he ſtyled Emmanuel, Lord of the Navigation, Conqueſts and Trade, of Æthiopia, Arabia, Perſia, and India.

Gama, having doubled the Cape of Good Hope, touched at Sofala, and made a treaty with the Mohammedan ſovereign of that rich country. Mozambic was now governed by a new monarch, who entreated an alliance with the Portugueſe, which was granted; and the iſle where Gama had the battle with the Moors‡, became, for long after, a moſt convenient watering-place for the Portugueſe navies. In revenge of the plots againſt himſelf, and the injuries received by Cabral, he battered the city of Quiloa with his cannon, and made the king ſubmit to pay tribute to Emmanuel. As he proceeded for Calicut, he met a large ſhip of Mecca, which, with many people of diſtinction who were going on a pilgrimage to the tomb of their prophet, had lately left that harbour. This veſſel, after an obſtinate ſtruggle, in which 300 Moors were killed†, he took and burnt. And from ſome veſſels of Calicut, as he approached that port, he took about thirty priſoners. As ſoon as he anchored near the city, the Zamorim ſent a meſſage to offer terms of friendſhip, to excuſe the maſſacre of the Portugueſe under Correa, as the ſole action of an enraged populace, with which government had no concern; and added, that the fate of the ſhip of Mecca he hoped would ſuffice for revenge. Gama, previous to any new treaty, de-

* This officer defeated a large fleet of the Zamorim, but could not be ſuppoſed to effect any thing of permanency. On his return to Europe, Nova diſcovered the iſle of St. Helena. A Portugueſe, who in India had embraced Mohammediſm, in contrition for his apoſtacy became its firſt inhabitant. He deſired to be left aſhore to do penance for his crime. Here he continued four years, and by his knowledge of the ſprings, and the vegetables and fruit-trees which he planted, rendered that iſle an uſeful place of watering and rendezvous. He was named Fernando Lopez.

‡ See the firſt Luſiad.

† Twenty children were ſaved. Theſe were ſent to Liſbon, where they were baptized, and educated in the ſervice of Emmanuel. The Portugueſe writers mention their capture, and the care taken of them, as the happieſt fortune which could poſſibly have attended them.

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manded a reſtitution of the goods of which the Portugueſe factory had been plundered, and threatened to put his priſoners to death and batter the city in caſe of refuſal. After waiting ſome time in vain for an anſwer, Gama ordered his thirty priſoners to be hanged, and their bodies to be ſent aſhore, together with a letter, declaring war againſt the Zamorim, in the name of the king of Portugal. And next day, having for ſeveral hours played his cannon upon the city, he ſteered his courſe for the more friendly port of Cochin.

Here the factors who had been left by Cabral gave Gama the higheſt character of the faith of the king, and his earneſt deſire to cultivate the friendſhip of the Portugueſe; and the former alliance was mutually confirmed by the king and the Admiral. The Zamorim, who with rage and regret beheld the commerce of Europe carried to other harbours, ſent a Bramin to Gama, while he was lading at Cochin, intreating an oblivion of paſt injuries, and a renewal of the league of amity. The Admiral, ſtill deſirous to cultivate friendſhip, gave the command of the fleet to his couſin Stephen de Gama, and with two ſhips only, in order to try the Zamorim's ſincerity, ſailed for Calicut; yet, leſt treachery ſhould be intended, he ordered Vincent Sodre with five ſhips to follow him. On his arrival at the city, he found that diſſimulation was ſtill the character of the ſovereign. Four and thirty veſſels, full of armed men, attacked Gama's ſhip with great fury; for the other veſſel he had ſent to haſten the ſquadron of Sodre. In this ſituation nothing but a briſk wind could poſſibly have ſaved Gama; and a briſk gale in this extremity aroſe and carried him beyond the reach of the fleet of Calicut. But having met the reinforcement of Sodre, he immediately returned, and totally deſtroyed the fleet of the enemy.

Diſappointed in war, the Zamorim now by intreaties and threats endeavoured to bring the king of Cochin into his intereſt. But that prince, with the greateſt honour, refuſed to betray the Portugueſe; and Gama having promiſed to leave a ſquadron to protect his harbour, ſailed with thirteen loaded

ſhips for the port of Cananor. On his way thither, as he paſt within a few miles of Calicut, he was again vigorouſly attacked by twenty-nine veſſels, fitted out by the Zamorim, on purpoſe to intercept him. Gama ordered three ſhips, which had the leaſt loading, to begin the engagement, and victory ſoon declared in his favour. He then proceeded to Cananor, where he entered into a treaty with the ſovereign, who bound himſelf never to make war on the king of Cochin, or to aſſiſt the Zamorim. And Gama, having left ſix ſhips under the command of Sodre, for the protection of Cochin and Cananor, ſailed for Portugal, where, after a proſperous voyage, he arrived with twelve ſhips, loaded with the riches of the Eaſt.

As ſoon as Gama's departure was known, the Zamorim made great preparations to attack Cochin. It was the purpoſe of Emmanuel, that Sodre ſhould be left with a ſquadron to cruiſe about the mouth of the Red Sea, and annoy the Moors of Mecca; but Gama, whoſe power was diſcretionary, ordered him not to leave Cochin, unleſs every thing bore the appearance of peace with the Zamorim. Sodre, however, though hoſtility was every day expected, prepared to depart. Diego Correa, the Portugueſe agent left at Cochin, urged him in the ſtrongeſt manner to do his duty and continue at that port; but in vain. While the king of Cochin reſolutely refuſed, though adviſed by many of his council, to deliver up the Portugueſe reſidents to the Zamorim, Sodre, contrary to the orders of Gama, ſailed for the Red Sea, in hope of the rich prizes of Mecca; and thus baſely deſerted his countrymen, and a prince, whoſe faith to the Portugueſe had involved him in a war which threatened deſtruction to his kingdom.

The city of Cochin is ſituated on an iſland, divided from the continent by an arm of the ſea, one part of which, at low water, is fordable. At this paſs the Zamorim began the war, and met ſome defeats. At laſt, by the force of numbers and the power of bribery, he took the city, and the king of Cochin fled to the iſland of Viopia. Yet, though ſtript of his dominions, he ſtill retained his faith to the Portugueſe. He took them

them with him to this place, where a few men could defend themſelves; and though the Zamorim offered to reſtore him to his throne if he would deliver them up, he replied, *that his enemy might ſtrip him of his dominions and his life, but it was not in his power to deprive him of his fidelity.*

While Trimumpara, king of Cochin, was thus ſhut up on a little rock, Sodre ſuffered a puniſhment worthy of his perfidy. His ſhip was beaten to pieces by a tempeſt, and he and his brother loſt their lives. The other commanders conſidered this as the judgment of heaven, and haſtened back to the relief of Cochin: by ſtreſs of weather, however, they were obliged to put into one of the Anchidivian iſlands. Here they were joined by Francis Albuquerque, who, on hearing the fate of Cochin, though in the rigour of the tempeſtuous ſeaſon, immediately ſet ſail for that port. When the fleet appeared in ſight of Viopia, Trimumpara exclaiming *Portugal, Portugal,* ran in an extacy to the Portugueſe; and they, in return, with ſhouts of triumph, announced the reſtoration of his crown. The garriſon left in Cochin by the Zamorim immediately fled. Trimumpara was reſtored to his throne without a battle, and Albuquerque gave an inſtance of his maſterly policy. Together with the aſſurances of the friendſhip of Emmanuel, he made the king of Cochin a preſent of 10,000 ducats. An act which wonderfully excited the admiration of the princes of India, and was a ſevere wound to the Zamorim.

Francis and Alonzo Albuquerque and Duarte Pacheco were now at Cochin. The princes, tributary to Trimumpara, who had deſerted to the Zamorim, were ſeverely puniſhed by the troops of Cochin, headed by the Portugueſe, and their depredations were carried into the Zamorim's own dominions. A treaty of peace was at laſt concluded, on terms greatly advantageous to the Portugueſe commerce. But that honour which had been of the greateſt benefit to their affairs, was now ſtained. A ſhip of Calicut was unjuſtly ſeized by the Portugueſe agent at Cochin; nor would Francis Albuquerque make reſtitution,

reſtitution, though required by the Zamorim. Soon after this, Francis ſailed for Europe, but gave another inſtance of his infamy ere he left India. The Zamorim had again declared war againſt the king of Cochin, and Francis Albuquerque left only one ſhip, three barges, and about one hundred and fifty men, for the defence of Trimumpara; but this ſmall body was commanded by Pacheco. Francis Albuquerque, and Nicholas Coello celebrated in the Luſiad, ſailed for Europe, but were heard of no more.

Anthony Saldanna and Roderic Ravaſco were at this time ſent from Liſbon on purpoſe to cruiſe about the mouth of the Red Sea. The king of Melinda was engaged in a dangerons war with the king of Mombaſſa, and Saldanna procured him an honourable peace. But Ravaſco acted as a lawleſs pirate on the coaſt of Zanzibar. Though the innocent inhabitants were in a treaty of peace with Gama, he took many of their ſhips, for which he extorted large ranſoms, and compelled the prince of Zanzibar to pay an annual tribute and own himſelf the vaſſal of Emmanuel. The Pope's Bull, which gave all the Eaſt to the king of Portugal, began now to operate. The Portugueſe eſteemed it as a ſacred charter; the natives of the Eaſt felt the conſequence of it, and conceived a ſecret jealouſy and diſlike of their new maſters. The exalted policy and honour of many of the Portugueſe governors delayed the evil operation of this jealouſy, but the remedy was only temporary. The Portugueſe believed they had a right to demand the vaſſallage of the princes of the Eaſt, and to prohibit them the navigation of their own ſeas. When the uſurpation of dominion proceeds from a fixed principle, the wiſdom of the ableſt Governor can only ſkin over the mortal wound; for even the groſſeſt barbarians are moſt acutely ſenſible of injuſtice, and carefully remember the breaches of honour.

Along with theſe ideas of their right to claim dominion and to conquer, the Portugueſe brought to India an image of the degenerated conſtitution of Liſbon. The Governor acted under a few general inſtructions, which contained rather advices

vices * than orders, againſt what countries he ſhould direct the force of his arms. And in the executive power he was arbitrary. The revenue and regulations of commerce were alſo left to his diſcretion; ſuch was the inſecure and capricious plan of the Portugueſe commercial eſtabliſhment in India. It was (of all, the moſt liable to abuſe) the worſt of all MONOPOLIES, a *Regal* ONE. Every ſhip which ſailed from Portugal to India was the king's property. Their Indian cargoes were depoſited in the cuſtom-houſe of Liſbon, and managed, for the uſe of the crown, by the revenue officers. The tribute paid by the vaſſal princes of Aſia was the king's; and the factories and forts were built and ſupported at his charge ‡. In a word, a military government was eſtabliſhed in India, and it was the duty of the Governor to ſuperintend his majeſty's revenues and commercial monopoly.

The Zamorim had now collected a formidable power for the deſtruction of Cochin. But before we mention the wonderful victories of Pacheco, it will be neceſſary to give ſome account of the land and maritime forces of the Eaſt. And here it is to be lamented, that the Portugueſe authors have given us but very imperfect accounts of the military arts of India. Yet it is to be gathered from them, that though fire arms were not unknown, they were but very little uſed before the arrival of the Portugueſe. Two natives of Milan, who were brought to India by Gama on his ſecond voyage, deſerted to the Zamorim, and were of great ſervice to him in making of powder and caſting of cannon. The Perſians deſpiſed the uſe of fire arms, as unmanly; and the uſe of artillery on board of a fleet is ſeveral times mentioned as peculiar to the Moors of Mecca. The veſſels of the Zamorim were large barges rowed with oars, and crouded with men, who fought with darts and other miſſile weapons. We are told by Oſorius, that the pilot of Melinda,

* See the Commiſſion of the Portugueſe Viceroys and the *Noticias*, in the Appendix. See alſo the letters of the king, queen, and prince of Portugal to John de Caſtro, in Andrada's life of that Governor.

‡ See Oſorius, Faria, Barros, Caſtanneda, Commentaries written by Albuquerque's ſon, Andrada's life of John de Caſtro, &c. &c. *paſſim in locis.*

who

who conducted Gama to Calicut, deſpiſed the Aſtrolabe, as if uſed to ſuperior inſtruments. We doubt, however, of his ſuperior knowledge, for we know that he coaſted northward to a particular limit, and then ſtood directly for the riſing ſun. We are alſo told by the Jeſuits of the perfection of the Chineſe navigation, and that they have had the uſe of the compaſs for 3000 years; but this is alſo doubtful. Some have even ſuppoſed, that Marco Paolo, or ſome of the earlieſt mercantile pilgrims, carried the loadſtone to China ere its uſe in navigation was fully known in Europe. Certain it is, that at this day the Chineſe cannot arm the needle with the virtues of the loadſtone, and of conſequence have the compaſs in great imperfection. In place of hanging the needle, they lay the loadſtone upon cork, and ſwim it in water. Vertomannus relates, that travelling to Mecca, he ſaw the Arabs uſe the compaſs to direct them through the ſandy deſarts of Arabia. But of this alſo we doubt; for there is not a name in any eaſtern language, except the Chineſe, for that inſtrument; nor do the Arabs know how to make one. They purchaſe them of Europeans, and the Italian word *Buſſola* is the name of the compaſs among the Turks, and all the natives of the Eaſt, on this ſide of China.

While the Zamorim was preparing his formidable armament againſt Cochin, the ſecurity which appeared on the mien of Pacheco, prompted Trimumpara to ſuſpect ſome fraud: and he entreated that captain to confeſs what he intended. Pacheco felt all the reſentment of honour, and aſſured him of victory. He called a meeting of the principal inhabitants, and uttered the ſevereſt threats againſt any perſon who ſhould dare to deſert to the Zamorim, or to leave the iſland *. Every

* Soon after this order, two fiſhermen were brought before him, who had been following their employment beyond the limits he had preſcribed. Pacheco ordered them to be hanged in priſon. The king pleaded for their lives, but Pacheco in public was inexorable. In the night, however, he ſent the two fiſhermen to the king's palace, where he deſired they might be concealed with the greateſt ſecreſy; and the ſeverity of their fate was publickly believed. Such was the humanity and ſtrict diſcipline of this brave officer.

precaution,

precaution, by which the paſſage to the iſland of Cochin might be ſecured, was taken by Pacheco. The Portugueſe took the ſacrament, and devoted themſelves to death. The king of Cochin's troops amounted only to 5000; the fleet and army of the Zamorim conſiſted of 57,000 men. Yet this great army, though provided with braſs cannon, and otherwiſe aſſiſted by the two Milaneſe engineers, was defeated by Pacheco. Seven times the Zamorim raiſed new armies, ſome of them more numerous than the firſt, but all of them were defeated at the fords of Cochin, by the ſtratagems and intrepidity of Pacheco. Though the Zamorim in the latter battles expoſed his own perſon to the greateſt danger, and was ſometimes ſprinkled with the blood of his attendants; though he had recourſe to poiſon and every art of fraud, all his attempts, open and private, were baffled. At laſt, in deſpair of revenge, he reſigned his crown, and ſhut himſelf up for the remainder of his days in one of his idol temples. Soon after the kingdom of Cochin was thus reſtored to proſperity, Pacheco was recalled to Europe. The king of Portugal paid the higheſt compliments to his valour; and as he had acquired no fortune in India, in reward of his ſervices he gave him a lucrative government in Africa. But merit always has enemies. Pacheco was accuſed, and by the king's order brought to Liſbon in irons: and thoſe hands which preſerved the intereſt of Portugal in India, were in Portugal chained in a dungeon a conſiderable time, ere a legal trial determined the juſtice of this ſeverity. He was at laſt tried, and honourably acquitted; but his merit was thought of no more, and he died in an almshouſe. Merit thus repaid, is a ſevere wound to an empire. The generous ardour of military ſpirit cannot receive a colder check than ſuch examples are ſure to give it.

Before the departure of Pacheco, a fleet of thirteen ſhips, commanded by Lopez Soarez, arrived in India. The new Zamorim beheld with regret the ruined condition of his kingdom, his tributary princes not only now independent, but poſſeſſed of the commerce which formerly enriched Calicut,

the fatal conſequence of his uncle and predeceſſor's obſtinacy. Taught by theſe examples, he deſired a peace with the Portugueſe; but Soarez would hear nothing till the two Milaneſe deſerters were delivered up. This the Zamorim reſolutely refuſed. And Soarez, regardleſs of the fate of ſome Portugueſe who had been left at Calicut by Cabral, battered the city two days, in place of granting an honourable and commercial peace. Nor was this his only political error. By ſhewing ſuch eagerneſs to ſecure the Milaneſe engineers, he told the Zamorim the value of theſe European artiſts. And that prince ſoon after applied to the Soldan of Egypt, who ſent him four Venetians, able engineers, and maſters of the art of the foundery of cannon.

In the ſtately ſpirit of conqueſt Soarez traverſed the Indian ſeas, deſtroyed many Calicutian and Mooriſh veſſels, and made various princes pay tribute and confeſs themſelves the vaſſals of Emmanuel. But the Soldan of Egypt began now to threaten hoſtilities, and a ſtronger force of the Portugueſe was neceſſary. Franciſco d'Almeyda, an officer of diſtinguiſhed merit, was therefore appointed Viceroy of India, and was ſent with two and twenty ſhips to aſſert his juriſdiction. And according to the uncommercial ideas of Gothic conqueſt with which he ſet out, he continued to act. On his arrival at Quiloa, a meeting between him and the king was appointed. Almeyda attended, but the king did not, for a black cat, as he ſet out, happened to croſs his way, and intimidated by this evil omen, he declined the interview. On this, Almeyda levelled his city with the ground, and appointed another king, tributary to Emmanuel. Some late treacheries of Mombaſſa were alſo revenged by the deſtruction of that city and the vaſſallage of its monarch. When the Viceroy arrived in India, he defeated the king of Onor, built forts and left garriſons in various places. Trimumpara, king of Cochin, had now retired to ſpend the evening of his life in a Brahmin temple, and his nephew, who with great pomp was crowned by Almeyda, acknowledged himſelf the tributary of the king of Portugal.

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The Soldan of Egypt was at this time one of the greateſt princes of the world. Much of the lucrative commerce of the Eaſt had long flowed to the Weſt through his dominions. His fleets and his armies were thus rendered numerous and powerful, and bound by their political religion, every Mohammedan prince, in a war with the Chriſtians, was his ally. A heavy revenge of the Cruſades was in meditation, and Europe miſerably divided in itſelf, invited its own ruin; when, as it is expreſſed by the Abbé Reynal, the liberties of mankind were ſaved by the voyage of Vaſco de Gama. The arrival of the Portugueſe in the eaſtern ſeas entirely unhinged the ſtrongeſt fences of the Mohammedan power; and the ſinews of the Egyptian and Turkiſh ſtrength were cut aſunder by that deſtruction of their commerce which followed the preſence of the Europeans. And thus alſo Europe is taught the means which will for ever ſecure her againſt the ravages of the Saracens, and other eaſtern barbarians, whom ſhe has already experienced as more cruel invaders, and whom Greece ſtill feels as more dreadful tyrants, than the Goths and the Vandals *.

Enraged with the interruption which his trade had already received, the Soldan reſolved to prevent its utter ruin. He

* A view of the commerce of the Eaſtern world, and the channels in which it flowed, before the arrival of the Portugueſe, is thus accurately given by *Faria y Souſa*. "Before theſe our diſcoveries, the ſpicery and riches of the Eaſtern world were brought to Europe with great charge and immenſe trouble. The merchandiſe of the clove of Malucca, the mace and nutmeg of Banda, the Sandal-wood of Timor, the camfire of Borneo, the gold and ſilver of Luconia, the ſpices, drugs, dyes and perfumes, and all the various riches of China, Java, Siam, and the adjacent kingdoms, centered in the city of Malaca, in the golden Cherſoneſus. Hither all the traders of the countries as far weſt as Ethiopia and the Red Sea, reſorted, and bartered their own commodities for thoſe they received; for ſilver and gold were eſteemed as the leaſt valuable articles. By this trade the great cities of Calicut, Cambaya, Ormuz, and Aden, were enriched; nor was Malaca the only ſource of their wealth. The weſtern regions of Aſia had full poſſeſſion of the commerce of the rubies of Pegu, the ſilks of Bengal, the pearls of Calicare, the diamonds of Narſinga, the cinnamon and rubies of Ceylon, the pepper and every ſpicery of Malabar, and whereever in the eaſtern iſlands and ſhores Nature had laviſhed her various riches. Of the more weſtern commerce Ormuz was the great mart, for from thence the eaſtern commodities were conveyed up the Perſian gulph to Baſſora on the mouth of the Euphrates, and from thence diſtributed in caravans to Armenia, Trebiſond, Tartary, Aleppo, Damaſcus, and the port of Barut on the Mediterranean. Suez on the Red Sea was alſo a moſt important mart. Here the caravans loaded and proceeded to Grand Cairo, from whence the Nile conveyed their riches to Alexandria; at which city and at Barut ſome Europeans, the Venetians in

threatened the extirpation of all the Chriſtians in his dominions, if the court of Rome would not order the king of Portugal to withdraw his fleets for ever from the eaſtern ſeas. One Maurus, a monk, was his ambaſſador to Rome and Liſbon, but in place of promiſes of compliance, he returned with the ſeverer threats of Emmanuel. War was now determined by the Soldan, and a moſt formidable fleet, ſixty veſſels of which were larger than the Portugueſe, manned with Turks experienced in war, were ſent to the aſſiſtance of the Zamorim. But by the ſuperior naval ſkill and romantic bravery of Almeyda and his ſon Lorenzo, this mighty armament was defeated.

At this time Triſtan de Cugna, and the celebrated Alphonſo Albuquerque, arrived in the Eaſt, and carried war and victory from Sofala to India. Allured by the honour and commercial treaties of Gama and Cabral, ſeveral princes of India invited theſe ſtrangers to their harbours. But the alteration of the behaviour and claims of the Portugueſe, had altered the ſentiments of the natives. Almoſt every port now oppoſed the entrance of the Portugueſe, and the cargo of almoſt every ſhip they loaded was purchaſed with blood. At the ſack of the city of Lamo, ſome of the ſoldiers under Cugna cut off the hands and ears of the women, to get their bracelets and ear-rings with more expedition. But though theſe miſcreants, by overloading their boat with their plunder, were all drowned, this ſtain on the Portugueſe character made deſtructive war againſt the Portugueſe name and intereſt. When Albuquerque arrived before Ormuz, he ſummoned the king to become the vaſſal of Emmanuel, and to be happy under the protection of ſo great a prince. The king of Ormuz, who expected ſuch a viſit, had provided an army of 33,000 men, 6000 of whom were expert archers, auxiliaries of Perſia. Yet theſe were de-

particular, loaded their veſſels with the riches of the eaſtern world, which at immenſe prices they diſtributed throughout Europe." While the eaſtern commerce flowed through theſe channels, the eaſtern kingdoms were wonderfully ſtrengthened and enriched by it. By the arrival of the Portugueſe every thing was reverſed, and the ſafety of Europe ſecured.

feated.

feated by 460 diſciplined men, well played cannon, and the dauntleſs valour of Albuquerque. And the king of Ormuz ſubmitted to vaſſalage. Lords of the ſeas alſo, the Portugueſe permitted no ſhip to ſail without a Portugueſe paſſport. Nor was this regarded, when avarice prompted that the paſſport was forged *. A rich ſhip of Cananor was on this pretence taken and plundered, and the unhappy crew, to conceal the villainy, were ſewed up in the ſail cloths and drowned. Vaz, it is true, the commander of this horrid deed, was broken. But the bodies of the Moors were thrown on ſhore by the tide, and the king of Cananor, the valuable ally of Portugal, in revenge of this treachery, joined the Zamorim, and declared war againſt the Portugueſe. Another powerful armament, commanded by Mir Hocem, a chief of great valour, was ſent by the Soldan. Perſia alſo aſſiſted. And even the mountains of Dalmatia ‡, by the connivance of Venice, were robbed of their foreſts, to build navies in Arabia to militate againſt the Portugueſe.

Almeyda ſent his brave ſon Lorenzo to give battle to Mir Hocem, but Lorenzo fell the victim of his romantic bravery. While the father prepared to revenge the death of his ſon, his recall, and the appointment of Albuquerque to ſucceed him, arrived from Europe; but Almeyda refuſed to reſign till he had revenged his ſon's defeat. On this, a diſpute between the two governors aroſe, of fatal conſequence to the Portugueſe intereſt in Aſia. Albuquerque was impriſoned, and future governors often urged this example on both ſides of the queſtion, both to protract the continuance, and preſs the inſtant ſurrender of office. Almeyda, having defeated the Zamorim and his Egyptian allies, ſailed for Europe ‖, crowned with military laurels. But though thus plumed in the vulgar eye, his eſtabliſhments were contrary to the ſpirit of commerce.

* Sometimes, in place of a paſs, the Mooriſh veſſels carried their own letters of condemnation. As thus, *The owner of this ſhip is a very wicked Moor. I deſire the firſt Portugueſe Captain to whom this is ſhewn may make prize of her.* Vid. Faria.

‡ The timber was brought through the Mediterranean to Cairo, and from thence was carried by camels to the port of Suez.

‖ See his fate, p. 202.

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He fought, indeed, and conquered; but he left more enemies of the Portugueſe in the Eaſt than he found there. The honours he attained were like his, who having extinguiſhed a few houſes on fire, marches out of a city in triumph, forgetful of the glowing embers left in every corner, ready to burſt forth in a general flame. It was left for the great Albuquerque to eſtabliſh the Portugueſe empire in Aſia on a ſurer baſis, on acts of mutual benefit to the foreign coloniſts and native princes.

Albuquerque, as ſoon as he entered upon his government, turned his thoughts to the ſolid eſtabliſhment of the Portugueſe empire. To extinguiſh the power of Calicut, and to erect a fortified capital for the ſeat of government, were his firſt deſigns; and in theſe he was greatly aſſiſted, both by the arms and the counſel of Timoja the pirate, who, very much injured by the Indian princes, was glad to enter into alliance with the Portugueſe. Don Fernando Coutinho, previous to the advancement of Albuquerque, had arrived in India, veſted with a diſcretionary power independent of the will of the governor. The natural conſequences of this extraordinary policy ſoon appeared. With thirty veſſels and 2400 men, Albuquerque and Coutinho ſailed from Cochin to beſiege Calicut. It was agreed, that the troops under Coutinho ſhould have the honour to land firſt. Thoſe under Albuquerque, however, galled by the enemy, leapt firſt aſhore. Coutinho, on this, roughly upbraided him: *To conquer the feeble Indians*, he ſaid, *was no ſuch honour as ſome boaſted. And I will tell the king of Portugal*, he added, *that I entered the palace of the Zamorim with only my cane in my hand.* Albuquerque remonſtrated the danger of raſhneſs in vain. Coutinho ordered Jaſper de Gama, the Polonian Jew, to conduct him to the palace; to which, with 800 men, he marched in confuſed ſpeed. Albuquerque, whoſe magnanimity could revenge no inſult when his country's intereſt was at ſtake in the hour of battle, followed in good order with 600 men, and left others properly ſtationed, to ſecure a retreat; for he foreſaw deſtruction. Coutinho, after ſeveral attacks,

attacks, at laſt, with the loſs of many men, entered the palace, and gave his ſoldiers liberty to plunder. All was now diſorder among them. And Albuquerque, who perceived it, entreated Coutinho, by meſſage, to beware of a fiercer attack. He was anſwered, *He might take care of the troops under his own command.* After two hours ſpent in plundering the palace, Coutinho ſet fire to it, and marched out. But ere he could join Albuquerque, both parties were ſurrounded by enraged multitudes. Coutinho and his braveſt officers fell; Albuquerque was wounded by arrows in the neck and left arm. At laſt, ſtruck on the breaſt by a large ſtone, he dropped down, to appearance dead. On his ſhield he was carried off with great difficulty. All was confuſion in the retreat, till the body of reſerve, placed by Albuquerque, came up, and repulſed the enemy. Albuquerque was carried on board without hope of recovery. His health, however, was reſtored at Cochin, and the Zamorim allowed a fort to be built near Calicut, and ſubmitted to the terms of peace propoſed by the Portugueſe governor.

The iſland of Goa, on the coaſt of Decan, a moſt commodious ſituation for the ſeat of empire, and whoſe prince had been treacherous to Gama, after various deſperate engagements, was at laſt yielded to Albuquerque. According to his deſign, he fortified it in the beſt manner, and rendered it of the utmoſt conſequence to the preſervation of the Portugueſe power. He now turned his thoughts to Malaca, the great mart of the eaſtern half of the oriental world. Under the government of Almeyda, Sequeira had ſailed thither, and while about ſettling a treaty with the natives, narrowly eſcaped a treacherous maſſacre, in which ſeveral of his men were ſlain. Albuquerque offered peace and commerce, but demanded atonement for this injury. His terms were rejected, and this important place, won by moſt aſtoniſhing victories, was now added to the Portugueſe dominion.

Albuquerque now devoted his attention to the grand object of his wiſhes, the permanent eſtabliſhment of the Portugueſe dominion in Aſia. His ideas were great and comprehenſive; and

and his plan, perhaps, the beſt ever produced under an arbitrary government. His predeceſſor Almeyda had the ſame object in view, but he thought the conqueſt and ſettlement of cities would weaken and divide the Portugueſe ſtrength. Superiority at ſea he eſteemed as the ſureſt method to command all India; and one ſafe ſtation, where the ſhips might winter, was all the eſtabliſhment he deſired. Albuquerque, on the contrary, deemed the poſſeſſion of many harbours, and adjoining territory, as the only effectual means to enſure the continuance of the naval ſuperiority. He eſteemed the ſupply of the regal monopoly, ſays Oſorius, as an inferior conſideration; to enlarge and render permanent the revenues of ſovereignty was his grand deſign. As one tempeſt might deſtroy the ſtrength of their navy, while there was only one harbour to afford refuge, he conſidered the Portugueſe dominion not only as very inſecure, but alſo as extremely precarious, while they depended upon military and naval ſupplies from Liſbon. To prevent and remedy theſe apparent evils was therefore his ambition; and for theſe purpoſes he extended his ſettlements from Ormuz in Perſia to the Chineſe ſea. He eſtabliſhed cuſtom-houſes in every port, to receive the king's duties on merchandiſe; and the vaſt revenue which aroſe from theſe and the tribute of the vaſſal princes, gave a ſanction to his ſyſtem. At Goa, the capital of this new empire, he coined money, inſtituted a council chamber for the government of the city, and here and at all his ſettlements he erected courts of juſtice*, and gave new regulations to ſuch as had been formerly eſtabliſhed. And that this empire might be able to levy armies and build fleets in its own defence, he encouraged the marriage of the Portugueſe with the natives ‡. His female cap-

* *Utimutirajah*, a native of Java, and one of the greateſt men of Malaca, was, together with his ſon, and ſon-in-law, detected in a conſpiracy againſt the Portugueſe. For this they were publickly tried in the court eſtabliſhed by Albuquerque; were condemned, and publickly executed. This is the firſt inſtance of the execution of natives under the authority of European courts.

‡ The deſcendants of theſe marriages people the coaſts of the Eaſt at this day. They are called *Meſticos* or *Meſtizes*, are become ſavages, ſpeak a broken Portugueſe, called *lingua Franca* by the ſailors. Many of the black ſervants brought to Europe are of this race.

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tives he treated with the utmoſt kindneſs, and having married them to his ſoldiers, gave them ſettlements in the iſland of Goa. And hence, during the regency of John de Caſtro, little more than thirty years after, the iſland of Goa itſelf was able to build the fleets and to levy the armies, which, by ſaving the important fort and city of Dio, preſerved the Portugueſe intereſt in India.

In conſequence of his plan of empire, Albuquerque conſtituted Malaca the capital of the eaſtern part of the Portugueſe dominion. Here, as at Goa, he coined money, and by his juſtice, and affable, generous manner, won the affection and eſteem of the people whom he had conquered. He received from, and ſent ambaſſadors to the king of Siam and other princes, to whom he offered the trade of Malaca on more advantageous conditions than it had hitherto been. And an immenſe commerce from China and all the adjacent regions ſoon filled that harbour. For here, as at Ormuz and Goa, the reduction which he made in the cuſtoms, gave an increaſe of trade which almoſt doubled the revenue of the king of Portugal. When Albuquerque returned to Goa, he was received, ſays Faria, as a father by his family. The iſland was at this time beſieged by 20,000 of Hydal Can, the lord of Decan's troops, yet victory declared for Albuquerque. But to diſplay the terror of the Portugueſe arms was only the ſecond motive of this great man. To convince the Indian princes of the value of his friendſhip was his firſt care, and treaties of commerce were with mutual ſatisfaction concluded with the king of Biſnagar, the king of Narſinga, and other powerful princes. The city of Aden, near the mouth of the Red Sea, was of great importance to the fleets of the Soldan. Albuquerque twice attacked this place, but could not carry it for want of military ſtores. By the veſſels, however, which he kept on theſe coaſts, he gave a ſevere wound to the Egyptian and Mooriſh commerce; and by the eſtabliſhments which he made in India, entirely ruined it. Mahomet, the expelled tyrant of Malaca, aſſiſted by 20,000 Javans, attempted to recover his throne; but the wiſh of the

people was fulfilled, and Albuquerque, who ſailed to its relief, was again victorious. The Perſians, to whom Ormuz had been tributary, endeavoured to bring it again under their yoke*; but Albuquerque haſtened from Malaca, and totally defeated them; to the ſincere joy of the inhabitants. Here he fell ſick, and being adviſed by his phyſicians to go to India for the recovery of his health, the king of Ormuz, who called him his father, parted from him with tears. On his way to India he received intelligence, that a fleet, arrived from Portugal, had brought his recall; that Lopez Soarez was appointed to ſucceed him, and that Iago Mendez was come to be governor of Cochin. When he heard this, he exclaimed, *Are theſe whom I ſent priſoners to Portugal for heinous crimes, are theſe returned to be governors! Old man, Oh, for thy grave! Thou haſt incurred the king's diſpleaſure for the ſake of the ſubjects, and the ſubjects for the ſake of the king! Old man, fly to thy grave, and retain that honour thou haſt ever preſerved!* A profound melancholy now ſeized him; but finding the certain approaches of death, he recovered his chearfulneſs, and with great fervor gave thanks to God, that a new governor was ready to ſucceed him. On the bar of Goa, in the ſixty-third year of his age, he breathed his laſt ||, after a regency of little more than five years. Yet, in this ſhort ſpace, he not only opened all the eaſtern world to the commerce of Portugal, but by the regu-

* When the Perſians ſent a demand of tribute, Albuquerque ſaid it ſhould be paid; and a large ſilver baſon, under cover, was preſented to the ambaſſador. When uncovered, leaden bullets and points of ſpears appeared. There, ſaid Albuquerque, is the tribute which the kings of Portugal pay. Admiration of the virtues of their enemies was the ancient character of the Peaſians. Iſmael the Sophi from whom Ormuz was rent, ſoon after profeſſed the higheſt idea of the valour of Albuquerque. He courted his friendſhip, and ſent ambaſſadors to Emmanuel. In this correſpondence the progreſs of fire-arms in the Eaſt may be traced. In 1515 he ſolicited that Portugueſe artiſts might be ſent to teach his ſubjects the art of caſting cannon. Vid. Oſor. l. x.

|| A little before he died he wrote this manly letter to the king of Portugal. "*Under the pangs of death, in the difficult breathing of the laſt hour, I write this my laſt letter to your Highneſs; the laſt of many I have written to you full of life, for I was then employed in your ſervice. I have a ſon, Blas de Albuquerque; I entreat your Highneſs to make him as great as my ſervices deſerve. The affairs of India will anſwer for themſelves, and for me.*" Oſorius ſays, the latter part of the Goſpel of John was, at his deſire, repeatedly read to him; and he expired with the greateſt compoſure. Long after his death his bones were brought to Portugal; but it was with great difficulty, and after long delays, ere the inhabitants of Goa would conſent to part with his remains.

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lations of his humane and exalted policy, by the ſtrict diſtribution of juſtice which he eſtabliſhed, ſecured its power on a baſis, which nothing but the diſcontinuance of his meaſures could ſubvert. Under Albuquerque the proud boaſt of the hiſtorian Faria was juſtified. *The trophies of our victories*, ſays he, *are not bruiſed helmets and warlike engines hung on the trees of the mountains; but cities, iſlands, and kingdoms, firſt humbled under our feet, and then joyfully worſhipping our government.* The princes of India, who viewed Albuquerque as their father, clothed themſelves in mourning on his death, for they had experienced the happineſs and protection which his friendſhip gave them. And the ſincerity of their grief ſhewed Emmanuel what a ſubject he had loſt. He was buried at Goa, and it became cuſtomary for the Mohammedan and Gentoo inhabitants of that city, when injured by the Portugueſe, to come and weep at his tomb, utter their complaints to his *manes*, and call upon his God to revenge their wrongs.

Accuſtomed to the affable manners of Albuquerque, the reſerved haughty dignity aſſumed by Soarez gave the Indian allies of Portugal the firſt proof that the mourning which they wore for his predeceſſor was not without cauſe. Now, ſay the Portugueſe authors, commenced the period when the ſoldier no more followed the dictates of honour, when thoſe who had been captains became traders, and rapacious plunderers of the innocent natives. Hitherto the loading of the king's veſſels had been the principal mercantile buſineſs of the Portugueſe. They now more particularly interfered with the commerce of the Moors and Indians. Many quitted the military ſervice, and became private adventurers; and many who yearly arrived from Portugal, in place of entering into the king's ſervice, followed this example. But their commerce was entirely confined to the harbours of the Eaſt, for it was the ſole prerogative of the king to ſend cargoes to Europe. This coaſting trade in the hands of the Portugueſe increaſed the revenue of the royal cuſtom-houſes. But the ſudden riches which it promiſed, drew into it many more adventurers than, it was feared, the

military government of India could afford to loſe. And thence the diſcouragement of this trade was eſteemed the duty, and became a principal object of the Portuguſe viceroys. And indeed in its beſt ſtate it was only worthy of tranſported felons. It was governed by no certain laws. The courts eſtabliſhed by Albuquerque were either corrupted or without power, and the petty governor of every petty fort was arbitrary in his harbour. Under theſe diſadvantages, ſo inauſpicious to honeſt induſtry, the Portugueſe adventurers in this coaſting trade became mere pyrates, and it was uſual for them to procure the loading of their ſhips, ſays Faria, in the military way, as if upon the forage in an enemy's country. Nor was this coaſting trade ſolely in the hands of private adventurers. The king had a large ſhare in it, and undoubtedly the moſt advantageous. This is confirmed by Faria (ſub. ann. 1540 and 1541) who mentions his majeſty's goods as carried from port to port, and committed from one officer to the charge of another. Such was the miſerable ſtate of the *free trade* of the Portugueſe in India, a trade, whoſe ſuperior advantages, (for *ſuperior advantages* muſt be implied in the argument) have lately been held forth * as an example and proof of the expediency of depriving the Engliſh Eaſt India Company of their charter. In the concluſion we ſhall cite the words of the philoſopher to whom we allude. And an attention to the facts of this hiſtory will prepare the reader for a diſcuſſion of that important queſtion.

Where there are no fixed laws of ſupreme authority, immediate confuſion muſt follow the removal of the beſt governor. Such confuſion conſtituted the political character of the regency of Soarez. His military expeditions do him as little honour. Having performed the parade of a new governor, in viſiting the forts, and in breaking and raiſing officers, Soarez prepared, according to his orders, to reduce the coaſts of the Red Sea to the obedience of Portugal. Another great Egyp-

* In Smith's *Inquiry into the Nature and Cauſes of the Wealth of Nations.*

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tian fleet, commanded by a Turk, named Raez Solyman, had ſailed from Suez; and Soarez, with twenty-ſeven ſhips, ſet ſail in ſearch of it. When he came before Aden, he found that ſtrong city defenceleſs. The governor had offended the court of Egypt, and Solyman, by order of the Soldan, had levelled a part of the wall. The governor of Aden, thus at his mercy, artfully offered the keys to Soarez, and intreated his friendſhip. Secure of the Moor's honeſty, Soarez delayed to take poſſeſſion, till he had given battle to the Soldan's fleet. This he found in the port of Gidda or Jodda, under protection of the cannon of the walls. He therefore did not engage it; and after burning a few defenceleſs towns, he returned to Aden. But the breaches of the fort were now repaired, and his own force, which had ſuffered greatly by tempeſtuous weather in the Red Sea, was, he deemed, unable to take that city, which now refuſed to ſurrender. While Soarez was employed in this inglorious expedition, Goa was reduced to the greateſt danger. A quarrel about a Portugueſe deſerter had kindled a war, and Hydal Can, with an army of 30,000 men, laid ſiege to that important city. But the arrival of three Portugueſe ſhips raiſed the ſiege, at a time when famine had almoſt brought the garriſon to deſpair. Nor was Malaca happier than Goa. The uncurbed tyranny of the Portugueſe had almoſt driven trade from that harbour, and the dethroned king once more invaded the iſland with a great army. But Alexis de Menezes, appointed governor of that place, arrived, in the moſt critical time, with 300 men, and ſaved Malaca. The trade with China after this greatly increaſed, and the king of Ceylon, with whom Albuquerque had eſtabliſhed a valuable commerce, was compelled by Soarez to pay tribute to the king of Portugal. A ſurveyor of the king's revenue about this time arrived in India, veſted with a power, which interfered with, and leſſened that of the governor. Hence complaints and appeals were by every fleet carried to Europe, and by every fleet that returned the removal of officers was brought. Integrity now afforded no protection, and to amaſs wealth with the

the utmoſt expedition, was now the beſt way to ſecure its poſſeſſion. Rapacity prevailed among the Portugueſe, and all was diſcontent among the natives, when in 1518, after a regency of about three years, Soarez was recalled, and in power and title of governor ſucceeded by Iago Lopez de Sequeyra. Albuquerque left Portugueſe Aſia in the moſt flouriſhing condition. Soarez left every thing embarraſſed, and in the decline. Albuquerque was dreadful to his enemies in war, and to his ſoldiers on the leaſt appearance of diſobedience: but at other times, his engaging manners won the hearts of all. And his knowledge of human nature, which formed his political conduct, was of the firſt rate. Soarez, on the contrary, the man who refuſed an equitable treaty offered by the Zamorim, and was for ſuch acts of incapacity ſent priſoner to Liſbon by Albuquerque, betrayed in all his tranſactions the meaneſt abilities. All his capacity ſeemed to reach no farther than to preſerve that ſolemn face of dignity, that haughty reſerved importance with which men of ſlender abilities tranſact the moſt trifling affairs; a ſolemnity of which heavy intellects are extremely jealous and careful, which the ignorant revere, and which the intelligent deſpiſe.

Sequeyra, the diſcoverer of Malaca, began his regency with the relief of that important mart; and the king of Bintam, the beſieger, after ſeveral attempts, was compelled to ſubmit to a treaty dictated by the Portugueſe. Forty-eight ſhips, under the command of the govenor, failed to reduce the ſtrong fort and harbour of Diu or Dio, on the coaſt of Cambaya, an object of great importance to the Portugueſe, but nothing was attempted. Continual Skirmiſhes, however, dyed every ſhore with blood, while no method of cultivating the friendſhip of the hoſtile natives was even in view. Every thing on the contrary tended to inflame them. John de Borba, ſhipwrecked on the coaſt of Achem, was generouſly relieved by the ſovereign. George de Brito arrived ſoon after, and Borba informed him, that in the ſepulchres of the kings were immenſe treaſures of gold; and that the preſent king, his benefactor, had formerly

formerly robbed ſome Portugueſe veſſels. Brito, at the head of 200 men, immediately began hoſtilities, but was defeated and killed, and the kings of Achem became the inveterate enemies of the Portugueſe, and often gave them infinite trouble. The Malucco iſlands were now diſcovered. The kings of theſe, at ſtrife with each other, were each earneſt for the alliance of the Portugueſe. But they, led by their uſual ideas, ſoon involved themſelves in war and ſlaughter. Ormuz, where Albuquerque was beloved as a father, was now unable to bear the Portugueſe yoke. The tribute was raiſed, and the king complained that his revenues could not afford to pay it. Sequeyra on this ſent Portugueſe officers to impoſe and collect the king's cuſtoms. This impolitical ſtep was ſoon followed by its natural conſequence. The inſolence and oppreſſion of the officers produced a revolt. Sequeyra, however, defeated the people of Ormuz, and almoſt doubled the tribute which before they were unable to pay. It is truly aſtoniſhing how men ſhould expect that dominion thus ſupported ſhould continue long; that they could not ſee that ſuch victories both ſowed and nouriſhed the ſeeds of future war. Even the Portugueſe hiſtorians adopted the impolitical uncommercial ideas of their governors. Faria y Souſa makes an apology for mentioning the fate of the firſt Portugueſe who traded to China, calls it a matter of commerce, a ſubject unworthy of grave hiſtory. The political philoſopher, however, will eſteem it of more importance, and will draw the beſt of precepts from it. The king of Portugal deſirous of the trade of China, ſent an ambaſſador and one of his captains to propoſe a commercial alliance. The ambaſſador was gladly received, and ſent by land to Nankin, and the honourable behaviour of Pedro de Andrade gained the important traffic of the harbour of Canton. On this officer's return to India, Sequeyra the governor ſent Simon de Andrade, brother to Pedro, with five ſhips to China; and whatever were his inſtructions, the abſurdity of his actions was only equalled by his groſs inſolence. As if he had arrived among beings of an inferior order, he aſſumed an authority like

like that which is claimed by man over the brute creation. He ſeized the iſland of Tamou, oppoſite to Canton. Here he erected a fort and a gallows; and while he plundered the merchants, the wives and daughters of the principal inhabitants were dragged from their friends to his garriſon, and the gibbet puniſhed reſiſtance. Nor did he ſtop even here. The Portugueſe in India wanted ſlaves, and Andrade thought he had found the proper nurſery. He publiſhed his deſign to buy the youth of both ſexes, and in this inhuman traffic he was ſupplied by the moſt profligate of the natives. Theſe proceedings, however, were ſoon known to the emperor of China, and the Portuguſe ambaſſador and his retinue died the death of ſpies. Andrade was attacked by the Chineſe Itao, or admiral, and eſcaped with much loſs, by the favour of a tempeſt, after being forty days harraſſed by a fleet greatly ſuperior to his own. Next year, Alonzo de Melo, ignorant of theſe tranſactions, entered the harbour of Canton with four veſſels. But his ſhips were inſtantly ſeized, and the crews maſſacred, as ſpies and robbers, by the enraged Chineſe. And though the Portugueſe afterwards were permitted to ſome trade with China, it was upon very reſtricted and diſgraceful * conditions, conditions which treated them as a nation of pyrates, as men who were not to be truſted unleſs fettered and watched.

While Sequeyra was engaged in a ſecond attempt upon Dio, Duarte de Menezes arrived in India, and ſucceeded him in office. Unmeaning ſlaughter on the coaſts of Madagaſcar, the

† The Chineſe had too much Dutch policy utterly to expel any merchandize from their harbours. A few years after this, the Portugueſe who brought gold from Africa and ſpicery from India were allowed to purchaſe the ſilks, porcelain, and tea of China, at the port of Sanciam. And an event, which refutes all the Jeſuitical accounts of the greatneſs of the power and perfection of the Chineſe government, ſoon gave them a better ſettlement. A pirate, named Tchang-ſi-lao, made himſelf maſter of the little iſland of Macao. Here he built fleets which blocked up the ports of China, and laid ſiege to Canton itſelf. In this criſis of diſtreſs the Chineſe implored the aſſiſtance of the Portugueſe, whom they had lately expelled as the worſt of mankind. Two or three Portugueſe ſloops effected what the potent empire of China could not do, and the iſland of Macao was given them by the emperor, in reward of this eminent ſervice. The porcelain of China is not ſo brittle, nor the figures upon it more awkward, than the Chineſe ſtrength and policy muſt appear in the light which this event throws upon them.

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Red Sea, India, and the Maluco iſlands, compriſe the whole hiſtory of his regency.

About this time died Emmanuel, king of Portugal. If this hiſtory ſeem to arraign his government, it will alſo prove how difficult it is for the moſt vigilant prince always to receive juſt intelligence. For Emmanuel was both a great and a good king. Of great vigilance in council, of great magnanimity in the execution of all his enterprizes: Of great capacity in diſtinguiſhing the abilities of men, and naturally liberal in the reward of merit. If ſuch a prince as Emmanuel erred, if his adminiſtration of Indian affairs in any inſtance arraign his policy, let it thence be inferred, what exactitude of intelligence is neceſſary to the happy government of a diſtant colony.

The maladminiſtration of Indian affairs was now the popular complaint at the court of Liſbon. The traffic of India, which had raiſed the Caliphs of Egypt to the height of their formidable power, and which had enriched Venice, was now found ſcarcely ſufficient to ſupport the military method of commanding it, practiſed by the Portugueſe. A General of the firſt abilities was wanted, and the celebrated Vaſco de Gama, old as he now was, honoured with the title of Count de Vidigueyra, was appointed Viceroy by John III. In 1524, Gama arrived the third time in India. Cochin, the faithful ally and chief trading port of the Portugueſe, was threatened by a powerful army of the Zamorim, and the Indian ſeas were infeſted by numberleſs fleets of the Moors, whom their enemies called pirates. To ſuppreſs theſe Gama ſent different ſquadrons, which were ſucceſsful in executing his orders. But while he meditated far greater deſigns, deſigns of the ſame exalted and liberal policy which had been begun by himſelf, and ſo glorioufly proſecuted by Albuquerque, death, at the end of three months, cloſed the regency of Gama. It was the cuſtom of the kings of Portugal to ſend commiſſions, or writs of ſucceſſion, ſealed up, to India, with orders, which ſhould be firſt opened when a ſucceſſor to government was wanted. Gama, who brought with him three of theſe, finding the approach of

diſſolution, opened the firſt writ of ſucceſſion. And as Henry de Menezes, therein named, was at Goa, he appointed Lopez Vaz de Sampayo, a man of great abilities, to take the command till Menezes arrived. When Menezes arrived at Cochin, he prohibited the uſual marks of public joy on his elevation, and ſaid, *it was more neceſſary to mourn for the loſs of their late Viceroy.* Nor did the public conduct of the new governor, the firſt, ſays Faria, who honoured the memory of his predeceſſor, deviate from this generous principle. A Portugueſe veſſel at this time committed ſeveral depredations on ſtates at peace with Portugal. This ſhip, by order of Menezes, was taken, and the crew were impaled. A noble inſtance of juſtice, of more political ſervice than all the victories of a Soarez. The danger of Cochin required war, and Menezes carried it into the territories of the Zamorim, whom he ſeverely humbled. The Portugueſe arms cleared the ſeas of pirates, took the ſtrong city of Dofar, and reduced ſome valuable iſlands on the Red Sea. Great preparations were alſo made for the reduction of Dio, when Menezes, after a regency of thirteen months, died of a mortification in his leg. That he left the military power of the Portugueſe much more formidable than he found it, is the leaſt of his praiſe. Every where, at Ormuz in particular, he curbed the inſolence and rapacity of his countrymen, and proved that time was only wanting for him to have reſtored the ſituation of India as left by Albuquerque. He convinced the Indian princes that rapacity was not the character of all the Portugueſe, for he accepted of no preſent, though many, as the cuſtom of the country, were offered to him. At his death, which happened in his thirtieth year, thirteen reals and an half, not a crown in the whole, was all the private property found in the poſſeſſion of this young governor.

Other tranſactions now ſucceed. The ſecond and third commiſſions, brought by Gama, were unopened, and leſt he who was firſt named ſhould be diſtaſt, Menezes, on his death-bed, appointed Francis de Sa to aſſume the command till the arrival of the proper governor. On opening the ſecond commiſſion,

miſſion, Pedro de Maſcarenhas was found named. As this officer was at Malaca, a council was held, wherein it was reſolved to ſet aſide Francis de Sa, and open the third commiſſion. Sampayo, who in this was appointed, took an oath to reſign on the arrival of Maſcarene, and immediately he aſſumed the power of government. Maſcarene about this time performed ſome actions of great military ſplendor in defence of Malaca. The king of Bintam, with ſeveral auxiliary princes, who with numerous armies threatened deſtruction to the Portugueſe ſettlement, were defeated by this brave officer. The Spaniards about this time took poſſeſſion of ſome of the Maluco iſlands, where the treachery of the Portugueſe had made their name odious. Don George de Menezes and Don Garcia Enriquez, two captains on this ſtation, put one another alternately in irons. They at laſt came to a civil war, wherein Garcia was worſted; and Menezes was defeated by the Spaniards, who publickly executed ſome of his officers, as traitors to Charles V. to whom they owed no allegiance. Oppreſſed by the tyranny of the Moors, the king of Sunda implored the protection of the Portugueſe, offered to pay a conſiderable tribute, and entreated them to build a fort in his dominions. Yet it was not in the power of Sampayo to reſtore the tranquillity of the Malucos, or to improve the offers of Sunda. He had engaged in a ſcheme of policy which fettered his operations. One villainy muſt be defended by another, and the public intereſt muſt be ſecondary in the politics of the moſt able Uſurper of power. Sampayo was reſolved to withhold the regency from Maſcarene, and therefore to ſtrengthen himſelf at Cochin was his firſt care. Where his own intereſt and that of the public were one, Sampayo behaved as a great commander; but where they were leſs immediately connected, that of the latter was even neceſſarily neglected, and even fell into ruin. It was his intereſt to cruſh the Zamorim, and he gained conſiderable victories over Cutial, admiral of the moſt formidable fleet which had hitherto been fitted out from the ports of Calicut. Sampayo then ſailed to Goa, where Francis de Sa refuſed to ac-

knowledge him as governor. This diſpute was ſubmitted to the council of the city, and the man in power was confirmed. Sa was then ſent to build a fort in Sunda, but the politics of Sampayo could not ſpare a force ſufficient to overawe the Moors, and Francis de Sa was unable to effect his deſign.

The artful Sampayo now wrote to the king of Portugal, that a moſt formidable hoſtile alliance was in meditation. The northern princes were ready to aſſiſt the king of Cambaya, and Solyman, the Turkiſh admiral, had promiſed the Sultan to drive the Portugueſe from India, if he would give him a competent armament. It was the intereſt of Sampayo to make every preparation for defence, and every excuſe for preparation. But he ſtill kept near Cochin. The brave Hector de Sylveyra was ſent to Dio and other places, and the reputation of the actions he performed ſtrengthened the authority of the Uſurper. A fleet of five ſhips now arrived from Portugal, and brought two new writs of ſucceſſion. Theſe, according to the royal authority, ought not to have been opened while an unrecalled governor was alive. But, conſcious undoubtedly of their contents*, theſe, in defiance of the eſtabliſhed rule, were opened by Mexia, inſpector of the revenue, and Lopez Vaz de Sampayo, contrary to the former commiſſions, was found in theſe new writs prior to Pedro de Maſcarene. The fraud of office is here evident; and from the reſentment of the king, if we ſuppoſe he had one idea of juſtice, it afterwards appeared that this new commiſſion was ſurreptitiouſly obtained. Sampayo, when he took the oath to reſign to Maſcarene, diſpatched a meſſage to Malaca with the tidings. Maſcarene immediately aſſumed his power there, and Sampayo, who now expected his arrival, held a council at Cochin. It is almoſt needleſs to name the reſult. He was preſent, and in power; and it was reſolved that Maſcarene ſhould not be acknowledged as governor. Sampayo then retired to Goa, and left Mexia at Cochin to give

* The hiſtorian Faria expreſsly ſays, that Mexia opened them on purpoſe to kindle ſtrife, and diſturb the public tranquillity.

Maſcarene the reception concerted between them. Immediately as Maſcarene landed, Mexia's ſpear run him through the arm, ſeveral of his company were wounded by the armed attendants of Mexia, and a retreat to the fleet ſaved the lives of Maſcarene and his friends.

When the tidings of this reached Goa, Henry Figuera, ſuppoſed the friend of the ejected governor, was diſpoſſeſſed of the command of Coulam, and Mexia was by Sampayo appointed to ſucceed. Anthony de Sylveyra was ſent to take Maſcarene at ſea, to put him in irons, and to deliver him priſoner to Simon de Menezes, commander of Conanor; all which was performed. This haughty tyranny, however, produced loud complaints. The murmur was general at Goa. Souza, commander of Chaul, remonſtrated, and the brave Hector de Sylveyra boldly upbraided Sampayo for his unworthy treatment of Maſcarene, to whom a trial had been refuſed. Sampayo, fierce, and reſolute to perſiſt, Hector retired, and ſummoned the council of Goa. A letter ſigned by three hundred, who promiſed to ſupport him as governor, was ſent to Maſcarene. It was alſo agreed to ſeize Sampayo, but he was no ſtranger to this deſign, and impriſonment was the fortune of the brave Hector. Menezes, governor of Cananor, as ſoon as he received information from Goa of the cauſe why Maſcarene was in chains, ſet him free, and, together with Souza, commandant of Chaul, and Anthony de Azevedo, admiral of the Indian ſeas, acknowledged him governor. The Portugueſe were now on the eve of a war among themſelves, when Azevedo and other leaders propoſed to accommodate diſputes by arbitration. Sampayo with great addreſs managed this affair. He delayed his conſent, though on the brink of ruin, till he knew who were named as judges, and till he had procured a pardon for Alonzo Mexia, his friend, who had attempted the life of Maſcarene. Yet, though the defenders of this brave officer had influence to remove one of the appointed judges, and to add five others of their own nomination, the arts of Sampayo prevailed. The chief inhabitants of Cochin attended, and conſcious of their former vote in council

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council againſt Maſcarene, declared, that if his title was preferred, they would revolt to the Moors. He who does a man an injury, generally becames the rancorous enemy of the injured man; and even the friends of him whoſe power is on the decline, cautiouſly withdraw from his intereſt. The council of Goa, who had promiſed to ſupport, now deſerted Maſcarene, forward to make their peace where they feared to oppoſe. Sampayo was declared lawful governor, and Maſcarene embarked for Liſbon, where he was honourably received by the king, and in reward of his merit, appointed governor of Azamor in Africa; on his return from whence he periſhed at ſea.

Sampayo, now undiſturbed by a rival, but conſcious of the accuſations which Maſcarene would lay againſt him, exerted all his abilities to recommend himſelf to his ſovereign. But Almeyda, not Albuquerque, was the pattern he imitated. The principal leaders of the Turkiſh fleet had been aſſaſſinated by the friends of each other, and their war ſhips were ſcattered in different places. Sampayo ſent Azevedo to deſtroy all he could find, and Alonzo de Melo was diſpatched with a proper force to erect a fort on the iſland of Sunda. What heavy accuſation of his former conduct, devoted to his private intereſt, was this late execution of theſe important deſigns! Other captains were ſent upon various expeditions. Hector de Sylveyra, one of the moſt gallant officers ever ſent from Portugal to India, greatly diſtinguiſhed himſelf; John Deza deſtroyed the remains of the Zamorim's fleets, commanded by Cutiale, a Chineſe admiral; and Sampayo himſelf ſpread ſlaughter and devaſtation over the ſeas and ſhores of India. Every where, ſays Faria, there was fire and ſword, ruin and deſtruction. In the midſt of this bloody career, Nunio de Cunha arrived with a commiſſion to ſucceed Sampayo. Sampayo pleaded to finiſh what he had begun, to clear the ſeas of pirates; and Nunio, according to the honour of that age, granted his requeſt, that it might not be ſaid he had reaped the laurels already graſped by another. Some time after this, Nunio, in his way to Cochin, put into the harbour of Cananor. Sampayo, who happened

pened to be there, ſent his brother-in-law, John Deza, to Nunio, inviting him to come aſhore and receive the reſignation of the governor. But Nunio perhaps feared a ſnare; he inſiſted that Sampayo ſhould come on board. He came, and having reſigned with the uſual ſolemnities, was ordered by Nunio to attend him to Cochin, where, by order of the new governor, his effects were ſeized, and his perſon impriſoned. And ſoon after, amid the inſults of the croud, he was put on board a ſhip, and ſent priſoner to Liſbon, where his life and his property were left to the determination of the ſovereign *, by whom he was condemned, and puniſhed for uſurpation.

The acts and character of this extraordinary man demand the attention of every country poſſeſſed of colonies. His abilities were certainly of the firſt rate, but having made one ſtep of villainy, the neceſſity of ſelf-defence rendered his talents of little benefit, rather of great prejudice to his country. The Portuguſe writers, indeed, talk in high terms of his eminent ſervices and military glory. But there is a ſurer teſt than their opinion. The Indian princes ſincerely mourned over the aſhes of Albuquerque, whom they called their father; but there was a general joy on the departure of their tyrant Sampayo; a certain proof that his conduct was of infinite prejudice to the intereſt of Portugal. However high and dreadful they may ſeem,

* When Sampayo was arreſted, "*Tell Nunio*, ſaid he, *I have impriſoned others, and am now impriſoned, and one will come to impriſon him.*" When this was reported, "*Tell Sampayo*, ſaid Nunio, *that I doubt it not; but there ſhall be this difference between us; he deſerves impriſonment, but I ſhall not deſerve it.*" When the ſhip which carried Sampayo arrived at the iſle of Tercera, an officer, who waited his arrival, put him in irons. When he landed at Liſbon, he was ſet upon a mule, loaded with chains, and amid the inſults of the populace, carried to the caſtle, and there confined in a dungeon, where not even his wife was permitted to ſee him. After two years, the Duke of Braganza, who admired his military exploits, procured his trial. When he was brought before the king, who was ſurrounded with his council and judges, his long white beard, which covered his face, and the other tokens of his ſufferings, ſays Faria, might have moved Maſcarene himſelf to forgiveneſs. He made a long maſterly ſpeech, wherein he enumerated his ſervices, pleaded the neceſſities of public affairs, and urged the examples of others, who had been rewarded. His defence ſtaggered the king's reſolution againſt him, but his uſurpation could not be forgiven. He was ſentenced to pay Maſcarene 10,000 ducats, to forfeit his allowance as governor, and to be baniſhed into Africa. But he was afterwards allowed to return in a private ſtation to Portugal. His friend, Alonzo Mexia, the inſpector of the revenue, was alſo ſeverely puniſhed, if leſs than his rapacity deſerved may be called ſevere.

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men in his ſituation never dare to puniſh without reſpect of the offender's connections. The tyranny of George de Menezes, governor of Maluco, under Sampayo, diſgraces human nature. He openly robbed the houſes of the Mooriſh merchants, cut off the hands of ſome, and looked on, while a magiſtrate, who had dared to complain, was, by his order, devoured by dogs*. If the embarraſſment of Sampayo was the only protection of this miſcreant, others, however, had his ſanction. Camoens, that enthuſiaſt of his nation's honour, in an apoſtrophe to Maſcarene, thus characteriſes the regency of the Uſurper: "Avarice and ambition now in India ſet their face openly againſt God and juſtice; a grief to thee, but not thy ſhame!" And Camoens is exceeding accurate in the facts of hiſtory, though with the reſt of his countrymen, he admired the military renown of Sampayo. But if Sampayo humbled the Moors, it ſhould alſo be remembered, that, according to Faria, theſe people had improved the diviſions made by his politics, greatly to the hurt of the Portugueſe ſettlements. And when he did conquer, puſhed on by the rage to do ſomething eminent, every victory was truly Gothic, and was in its conſequence uncommercial. Malaca, while governed by the injured Maſcarene, was the only diviſion of Portugueſe Aſia where commerce flouriſhed. After his departure, all was wretchedneſs; Portuguèſe againſt Portugueſe, piracy and rapine here and at the Malucos. In what condition the reſt were left by Sampayo will ſoon appear.

The king of Cochin, the valuable ally and auxiliary of the Portugueſe, was confined by the ſmall-pox when Nunio arrived. Nunio offered to wait upon him, but the king declined the interview on account of the infection, though a ſight of the new governor, he added, he was ſure would cure his fever. Nunio waited upon him, and heard a long liſt of the injuries and rapine committed by Sampayo and Mexia. Theſe, in true po-

* This tyrant, on his return to Liſbon, was baniſhed to the Brazils, where, in a rencounter with the natives, he was taken priſoner, and died the death of an American captive. A death proper to awake the remembrance of his own cruelties. See Introduction, p. v.

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licy, Nunio redreſſed; and the king, who complained that he had been kept as a ſlave in his own palace, was now made happy. Nunio viſited the other princes in alliance with Portugal, and at every court and harbour found oppreſſion and injuſtice. At Ormuz in particular, tyranny and extortion had defied reſiſtance. Nunio ſoothed, and relieved the wrongs of the various princes. Proclamation was every where made, inviting the injured Moors and Indians to appear before him, and receive redreſs. Many appeared, and to the aſtoniſhment of all India, juſtice was conſpicuouſly diſtributed. Raez Xarafo, the creature of Sampayo, prime miniſter, or rather tyrant of the king of Ormuz, ſtood accuſed of the moſt horrid crimes of office. His rapine had been defended by murder; and the ſpirit of induſtry, cruſhed to the ground, ſighed for ſupport amid the deſolate ſtreets. Innocence and induſtry were now protected by Nunio; and Xarafo, though a native of India, was ſent in irons to Liſbon to take his trial. Nor was Nunio forgetful of the enemies, while thus employed in reſtoring to proſperity the allies of Portugal*. Hector de Sylveyra, with a large fleet, made a line acroſs the gulph at the mouth of the Red Sea, and ſuffered not a Mooriſh or Egyptian veſſel to eſcape. Anthony Galvam, a very enthuſiaſt in honeſty, was ſent by Nunio to ſucceed Ataide, governor of the Malucos, a tyrant who trod in the ſteps of Menezes. All was confuſion when Galvam arrived; but he had infinitely more difficulty, ſays Faria, to ſuppreſs the villainy of the Portugueſe, than to quell the hoſtile natives. By his wiſdom, however, reſolution, and moſt ſcrupulous integrity, the Malucos once more became a flouriſhing ſettlement, and the neighbouring kings, ſome of whom he had vanquiſhed, entreated his continuance when he received his recall. Anthony de Sylveyra ſpread the terror of his arms along the hoſtile coaſt of

* Before his arrival, Nunio greatly diſtinguiſhed himſelf on the Ethiopian coaſt. The king of Mombaza, in hatred to the Portugueſe, had again reduced the kings of Melinda and Zanzibar to great diſtreſs. Nunio laid Mombaza in aſhes, and left a garriſon at Melinda, which afterwards rendered conſiderable ſervice to that city.

Cambaya, and from thence to Bengal. Stephen de Gama, ſon of the great Vaſco, was ſent to Malaca, which he effectually ſecured, by the repeated defeats of the neighbouring princes in hoſtility; and the governor himſelf attempted Dio. But while he was employed in the reduction of the ſtrongly fortified iſland of Beth, where the brave Hector de Sylveyra fell, a great reinforcement, commanded by Muſtapha, a Turk, entered Dio, and enabled that city to hold out againſt all the vigorous attacks of Nunio*.

While the governor was thus employed in reſtoring the ſtrength of the Portugueſe ſettlements, ſcenes, new to the Portugueſe, opened, and demanded the exertion of all his wiſdom and abilities. One of thoſe brutal wars, during which the eaſtern princes deſolate kingdoms and ſhed the blood of millions, now broke forth. Badur, king of Guzarat or Cambaya, one of thoſe horrid characters common in oriental hiſtory, aſcended the throne, through the blood of his father and elder brothers. Innumerable other murders, acts of perfidy, and unjuſt invaſion of his neighbours, increaſed his territories. The Mogul, or king of Delhi, ſent a demand of homage and tribute; but Badur flayed the ambaſſadors alive, and boaſted that thus he would always pay his tribute and homage. Armies of about 200,000 men were raiſed on each ſide, and alternately deſtroyed, ſometimes by the ſword, ſometimes by famine. New armies were repeatedly muſtered, inferior kingdoms were deſolated as they marched along, and Badur was at laſt reduced to the loweſt extremity. In his diſtreſs he implored the aſſiſtance of the Portugueſe, and the Mogul had alſo made large offers to the governor; but Badur's terms were accepted.

* During this ſiege Nunio diſcovered the greateſt perſonal bravery. One day, in attempting a moſt deſperate landing, as his boat haſtened from place to place, he was known by the enemy, for he was cloathed in red, and ſtood up in the poſture of command. All their artillery was now directed againſt him, and D. Vaſco de Lima's head was ſevered from his ſhoulders by a cannon ball. A gentleman who had entreated to accompany him, ſhocked with ſuch danger, exclaimed, *Alas! was it for this I came hither*——. To whom, and the others, Nunio replied, with a ſmile of unconcern, *Humilitate capita veſtra.*—This alluſion to a part of the Romiſh ſervice, amid ſuch imminent danger, was a handſome rebuke of their fears, and in the true high military ſpirit of Luſian heroiſm.

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His territory lay neareſt to Goa, and he not only yielded Dio, a city among almoſt inacceſſible rocks, the great object of the Portugueſe plan of empire, but gave permiſſion to Nunio to fortify it as he pleaſed *. And the king of Delhi's army ſoon after withdrew from Cambaya. The king of Decan, entitled Hydal Can, had about this time laid ſiege to Golconda with an army of near half a million, but Cotamaluco, the prince whom he beſieged, found means to defeat him by ‡ famine. The Hydal Can died ſuddenly, and Abraham, his ſon by a ſlave, one of his principal officers, uſurped the throne, and thruſt out the eyes of his legitimate ſon Mulacham, or Mealecan, who was yet in his nonage. Abraham continued the war, and Azadacam, an expert Mohammedan, at the head of a large army, endeavoured to revenge Mulacham, when the people of Decan, deſolated by theſe brutal wars, entreated Nunio to take the dominion of their country, and deliver them from utter ruin. As the Decan forms the continent oppoſite to Goa, the offer was accepted, and ratified by the conſent of Azadacam. Azadacam now fled to the king of Biſnagar, the old enemy of the Decan, and Abraham, now aſſiſted by Cotamaluco, the prince who had been beſieged in Golconda, invaded Biſnagar with an army of 400,000 men and 700 elephants. But while human blood flowed in rivulets, Azadacam made his peace with Abraham, and Cotamaluco, in diſguſt of the favour ſhewn to his enemy, joined the

* One Iago Botello performed the moſt wonderful voyage, perhaps, upon record, on this occaſion. He was an exile in India, and as he knew how earneſtly the king of Portugal deſired the poſſeſſion of Diu, he hoped, that to be the meſſenger of the agreeable tidings would procure his pardon. Having got a draught of the fort, and a copy of the treaty with Badur, he ſet ſail on pretence for Cambaya, in a veſſel only ſixteen feet and an half long, nine broad, and four and a half deep. Three Portugueſe, his ſervants, and ſome Indian ſlaves, were his crew. When out at ſea he diſcovered his true purpoſe: this produced a mutiny, in which all that were ſailors were killed. Botello, however, proceeded, and arrived at Liſbon, where his pardon was all his reward, though in conſequence of his intelligence, a fleet was immediately fitted out, to ſupply the new acquired garriſon. His veſſel, by the king's order, was immediately burned, that ſuch evidence of the ſafety and eaſe of the voyage to India might not remain.

‡ The Aſiatic armies, though immenſe in number, very ſeldom come to a general action. To cut off the enemy's proviſions, which produces famine and peſtilence among ſuch enormous armies, is one of the greateſt ſtrokes of Indian generalſhip.

king of Biſnagar. Badur, who owed the poſſeſſion of his crown to the Portugueſe, now meditating their ruin, entered into a league with the Hydal Can. And Azadacam, who had ratified the treaty, by which the miſerable inhabitants of Decan put themſelves under the protection of the Portugueſe dominion, now adviſed his maſter to recover his territory by force of arms. A war enſued, but neither Azadacam, nor Solyman Aga with his Perſian auxiliaries, could expel the Portugueſe. Hydal Can, tired by the groans of the people, ordered hoſtilities to ceaſe, but was not obeyed by Azadacam, who, to cover his treaſon, attempted to poiſon Hydal Can. His treachery was diſcovered, yet ſoon after the traitor bought his pardon with gold, for gold is omnipotent in the ſordid courts of the Eaſt. Nunio, however, compelled Azadacam to a truce, when a new enemy immediately aroſe. The Zamorim, encouraged by Badur, raiſed an army of about 50,000 men, but was ſix times defeated by the Portugueſe. Badur had now recourſe to perfidy. He entreated a conference with Nunio at Diu, and with Souza, the governor of the fort, with intention to aſſaſſinate them both. But ere his ſcheme was ripe, Souza, one day, in ſtepping into Badur's barge, fell into the water. He was taken up in ſafety, but ſome Portugueſe, who at a diſtance beheld his danger, rowed up haſtily to his aſſiſtance, when Badur, troubled with a villain's fears, ordered Souza to be killed. Four Portugueſe gentlemen, ſeeing Souza attacked, immediately boarded the barge, and ruſhed on the tyrant. Iago de Meſqueta wounded him, but though theſe brave men loſt their lives in the attempt, they forced Badur to leap overboard for ſafety. A commotion in the bay enſued, and the king, unable to ſwim any longer, declared aloud who he was, and begged aſſiſtance. A Portugueſe officer held out an oar, but as Badur laid hold of it, a common ſoldier, moved with honeſt indignation, ſtruck him over the face with a halbert, and repeating his blows, delivered the world of a tyrant, whoſe remorſeleſs perfidy and cruelty had long diſgraced human nature.

In

In this abridged view of the dark barbarous politics, unbluſhing perfidy, and deſolating wars of king Badur, the king of Delhi, and the Hydal Can, we have a complete epitome of the hiſtory of India. Century after century contains only a repetition of the ſame changes of policy, the ſame deſolations, and the ſame deluges of ſpilt blood. And who can behold ſo horrid a picture, without perceiving the ineſtimable benefits which MAY BE DIFFUSED over the Eaſt by a potent ſettlement of Europeans, benefits which true policy, which their own intereſt demand from their hands, which have in part been given, and certainly will one day be largely diffuſed. Nunio, as much as poſſibly he could, improved every opportunity of convincing the natives, that the friendſhip of his countrymen was capable of affording them the ſureſt defence. Greatly ſuperior to the groſs ideas of Gothic conqueſt, he addreſſed himſelf to the reaſon and the intereſts of thoſe with whom he negociated. He called a meeting of the principal inhabitants and merchants of Cambaya, and laid the papers of the dead king before them. By theſe, the treacherous deſigns of king Badur fully appeared, and his negociation to engage the Grand Turk to drive the Portugueſe from India was detected. Coje Zofar, one of the firſt officers of Badur, and who was preſent at his death, with ſeveral others, witneſſed the manner of it: and Moors and Pagans alike acquitted the Portugueſe. Letters to this purpoſe, in Arabic and Perſic, ſigned by Coje Zofar and the chief men of Cambaya, were diſperſed by Nunio every where in India and the coaſts of Arabia. Nor did this great politician ſtop here. Superior to bigotry, he did not look to the Pope's Bull for the foundation of authority. The free exerciſe of the Mohammedan and Brahmin religions was permitted in every Portugueſe territory, and not only the laws, the officers appointed, but even the penſions given by king Badur, were continued. The Portugueſe ſettlements now enjoyed proſperity. A privateering war with the Moors of Mecca, and ſome hoſtilities in defence of the princes, his allies, were the ſole incumbrances of Nunio, while India was again ſteeped in her own blood.

While

While the new king of Cambaya was dethroned, while Omaum king of Delhi loſt an army of above 400,000 men in Bengal, and while Xercham, the king of that country, together with his own life, loſt almoſt as many in the ſiege of Calijor, Nunio preſerved his territory in the Decan in a ſtate of peace and ſafety, the wonder and envy of the other provinces of India. But the armament of the Turk, procured by Badur, now arrived, and threatened the deſtruction of the Portugueſe. Selim, Sultan of Conſtantinople, a few years before, had defeated the Soldan of Egypt, and annexed his dominions to the Turkiſh empire. The Mohammedan ſtrength was now more conſolidated than ever. The Grand Turk was at war, and meditated conqueſts in Europe. The traffic of India was the mother and nurſe of his naval ſtrength, and the preſents ſent by king Badur gave him the higheſt idea of the riches of Indoſtan. Seventy large veſſels, well ſupplied with cannon and all military ſtores, under the command of Solyman, Baſhaw of Cairo, ſailed from the port of Suez, to extirpate the Portugueſe from India. The ſeamen were of different nations, many of them Venetian galley-ſlaves, taken in war, all of them trained ſailors; and 7000 Janiſaries were deſtined to act on ſhore. Some Portugueſe Renegados were alſo in the fleet; and * Coje Zofar, who had hitherto been the friend of Nunio, with a party of Cambayans, joined Solyman. The hoſtile operations began with the ſiege of Dio; but when Nunio was ready to ſail to its relief with a fleet of eighty veſſels, Garcia de Noronha arrived with a commiſſion to ſucceed him as governor. Nunio immediately reſigned, and Noronha, in providing a greater force, by a criminal loſs of time, reduced the garriſon of Dio to the greateſt extremity. Here the Portugueſe ſhewed miracles of bravery. Anthony de Sylveyra, the commander, was in every place. Even the women took arms. The offi-

* This officer was by birth an Albaneſe, of Catholic parents, and had ſerved in the wars in Italy and Flanders. Having commenced merchant, he was taken at ſea by the Turks, and carried to Conſtantinople, from whence he went to Cambaya, where he embraced Mohammediſm, and became the prime miniſter and favourite of king Badur.

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cers ladies went from rampart to rampart, upbraiding the leaſt appearance of langour. Juan Roderigo, with a barrel of powder in his arms, paſſed his companions; *Make way*, he cried, *I carry my own and many a man's death.* His own, however, he did not, for he returned ſafe to his ſtation: but above a hundred of the enemy were deſtroyed by the exploſion of the powder, which he threw upon one of their batteries. Of 600 men, who at firſt were in the garriſon, forty were not now able to bear arms; when Coje Zofar, irritated by the inſolence of Solyman, forged a letter to the garriſon, which promiſed the immediate arrival of Noronha. This, as he deſigned, fell into the hands of Solyman, who immediately hoiſted his ſails; and with the ſhattered remains of his formidable fleet, fled to Arabia, where, to avoid a more dreaded puniſhment, he died by his own hands.

But while Nunio thus reſtored the affairs of India, the uncommercial principles of the court of Liſbon accumulated their malignity. He did not amuſe the king and nobility with the glare of unmeaning Gothic conqueſts, and the wiſdom of his policy was by them unperceived. Even their hiſtorians ſeem inſenſible of it, and even the author of the *Hiſtoire Philoſophique*, in his account of Portugueſe India, pays no attention to Nunio, though the wiſdom and humanity of his politics do honour to human nature; though in the arts of peace he effected more than any of the Portugueſe governors; and though he has left the nobleſt example for imitation, which the hiſtory of Portugueſe Aſia affords. Recalled from his proſperous government by the mandate of a court blind to its true intereſt, chains in place of rewards were prepared in Portugal for this great commander; but his death at ſea, after a happy regency of about ten years, prevented the completion of his country's ingratitude.

Noronha, the new Viceroy, the third who had been honoured with that ſuperior title *, began his government with

* Almeyda and Gama were the only two who had been thus honoured before him.

an infamous delay of the ſuccours deſtined by Nunio for Dio. Coje Zofar, by the ſame ſpirit of delay, was permitted, long after the departure of Solyman, to harraſs the Portugueſe of that important place. The Hydal Can, many other princes, and even the Zamorim himſelf, awed by the dignity and juſtice of Nunio's government, had entreated the alliance of Portugal, and Noronha had the honour to negociate a general peace; a peace, which, on the part of the Zamorim, gave the Portugueſe every opportunity to ſtrengthen their empire, for it continued thirty years.

Theſe tranſactions, the privateering war with the Moors; ſome ſkirmiſhes in Ceylon; the deſign, contrary to the king's commiſſion, to appoint his ſon to ſucceed him; his death, and the public joy which it occaſioned; compriſe the hiſtory of the regency of the unworthy ſucceſſor of the generous Nunio.

Both the Portugueſe and the natives gave unfeigned demonſtrations of joy on the appointment of Stephen de Gama, the ſon of the great Vaſco. By his firſt act he ordered his private eſtate to be publicly valued, and by his ſecond he lent a great ſum to the treaſury, which by Noronha was left exhauſted. He viſited and repaired the forts, and refitted the fleets in every harbour. By his officers he defeated the king of Achem, who diſturbed Malaca. He reſtored tranquility in Cambaya, where the Portugueſe territory was invaded by a very powerful army, led by Bramaluco, a prince who had been dethroned by king Badur; and his brother Chriſtoval he ſent on an expedition into Ethiopia*. The Moors of Mecca, as already obſerved, were the moſt formidable enemies the Portugueſe had hitherto found in the Eaſt. In naval art they were greatly ſuperior to the other nations of Aſia, and from their numerous fleets, which poured down the Red Sea, the Portugueſe had often experienced the greateſt injury; and a check to their power was now wanted. The Governor himſelf undertook this expedition, and ſailed to the Red Sea with a fleet equipped at his own

* For his melancholy fate, ſee p. 464.

private

private expence. Here he gave a ſevere wound to the naval ſtrength of both the Turks and the Moors‡. But while every thing was in proſperity under the brave and generous Stephen, he was ſuddenly ſuperceded by the elevation of Martin Alonzo de Souza. Though no policy can be more palpably ruinous than that which recals a governor of decided abilities ere he can poſſibly complete any plan of importance, yet ſuch recals, ere now, had been frequently iſſued from the court of Liſbon. But none of them, perhaps, gave a deeper wound to the Portugueſe intereſt than this. Stephen de Gama trod in the ſteps of his father, of Albuquerque, and of Nunio. Souza's actions were of a different character. He began his government with every exertion to procure witneſſes to impeach his predeceſſor; but though he pardoned a murderer * on that condition, every accuſation was refuted, and Stephen de Gama was received with great honour at Liſbon. Having refuſed, however, to give his hand to a bride, choſen for him by John III. he found it convenient to baniſh himſelf from his native country, the country which his father had raiſed to its higheſt honours. And he retired to Venice, his eſtate 40,000 crowns leſs than when he entered upon his ſhort government of two years and one month.

Wars of a new character now took place. By the toleration which Nunio gave to the religions of the natives, he rendered

‡ During this expedition he took the important city and ſea port of Toro in Arabia; after which he marched to mount Sinai, where he knighted ſeveral of his officers, a romantic honour admired by Charles V. D. Luis de Ataide, having behaved with great courage as a volunteer, at the battle where Charles V. defeated the Duke of Saxony, was offered knighthood by the Emperor; but he replied, he had already received that honour upon mount Sinai. The Emperor, ſo far from being offended, declared in preſence of his officers, that he more envied that honour than rejoiced in his victory. The ſame ſpirit of romantic gallantry, ariſing from religious veneration, ſeems to have poſſeſſed Don Stephen himſelf. He ordered his epitaph to conſiſt of theſe words, "*He that made knights upon mount Sinai ended his courſe here,*" Don Alvaro, the ſon of the great John de Caſtro, was alſo one of theſe knights, and his father thought it ſo great an honour, that he took for his creſt the Catharine-wheel, which his family ſtill continue. There is a chapel dedicated to St. Catharine on mount Sinai, ſaid, by the popiſh writers, to have been built by angels.

* Iago Saurez de Melo, who having fled from the ſentence of death in Portugal, was at this time a pirate in the Indian ſeas, commander of two veſſels and 120 men. Of this adventurer afterwards.

the Portugueſe ſettlements happy and flouriſhing. But gloomy ſuperſtition now prevailed, and Souza was under the direction of prieſts, who eſteemed the butcheries of religious perſecution as the ſervice of heaven. The temples of Malabar were laid in aſhes, and thouſands of the unhappy natives, for the crime of idolatry, were ſlaughtered upon their ruined altars. This the Portugueſe hiſtorians mention as the greateſt honour of the piety of their countrymen, ignorant of the deteſtation which ſuch cruelty muſt certainly bring upon the religion which inſpires it: ignorant too, that true religion, under the toleration of a Nunio, poſſeſſes its beſt opportunity to conquer the heart by the diſplay of its ſuperior excellence. Nor was Souza's civil government of the Portugueſe leſs capricious. Highly chagrined to ſee the military rank unenvied, and his forces weakened by the great numbers who quitted the ſervice on purpoſe to enrich themſelves in the coaſting trade, he endeavoured to render commerce both diſadvantageous and infamous. He laid the Cuſtom-houſes under new regulations. He conſiderably lowered the duties on the traffic of all Mooriſh and Aſiatic merchants, and greatly heightened the rates on the Portugueſe traders. And felons and murderers, baniſhed from Liſbon, were by Souza protected and encouraged to become merchants, as only proper for ſuch employ. Yet while he thus laboured to render the military ſervice as only worthy of Portugueſe ambition, he began his regency with a reduction of the pay of the military. At the ſiege of Batecala, the Portugueſe ſoldiers quarrelled about the booty, and while fighting with each other, were attacked by the natives, and put to flight. Souza commanded them to return to the charge and revenge their repulſe. *Let thoſe who are rich revenge it*, exclaimed the ſoldiers, *we came to make good by plunder the pay of which we are unjuſtly deprived.—I do not know you*, replied Souza, *you are not the ſame men I left in India two years ago.* To this the ſoldiery loudly returned, *Yes, the men are the ſame, but the governor is not the ſame.* Finding the mutiny violent, Souza retired to the ſhips; but the next day he renewed the ſiege, and the

the city was taken, and the ſtreets ran with blood: ſuch was the rage of the army to recompenſe themſelves by plunder. The yearly tribute impoſed by Albuquerque upon the king of Ormuz was 12,000 ducats. It was now raiſed to 100,000, and the king, unable to diſcharge ſuch an enormous burden, was 500,000 ducats in arrear; and a reſignation of all the revenues of his crown was propoſed, and accepted by Souza. Azadacam, now in open war with his maſter the Hydal Can Abraham, drew Souza to his party. The deſign was to dethrone Abraham, who was then in alliance with the Portugueſe, and to place Meale Can his brother in his dominions. The Portugueſe officers murmured at this ſhameleſs injuſtice, but only Pedro de Faria, truſting to his venerable years, had the courage to remonſtrate with the governor. Souza, haughty as he was, liſtened to the man of fourſcore, and confeſſed that he had ſaved both his life and his honour. The attempt, however, was highly reſented by the Hydal Can, who gathered ſuch a ſtorm to cruſh the Portugueſe, that Souza, foreſeeing the tempeſt which was hovering over him, threatened to open the writs of ſucceſſion, and reſign to the governor next named. He complained that he could not govern men who had neither truth nor honour: he did not conſider, however, that his unjuſt treatment of the common ſoldiers occaſioned their diſorder and diſobedience. But while he thus meditated a treacherous and cowardly retreat, treacherous becauſe it was to deſert his poſt in the hour of danger, a fleet from Portugal brought the great John de Caſtro, the ſucceſſor of the embarraſſed undetermined Souza.

The naval and military ſtrength of the Portugueſe in India was in a very ſickly condition. Great diſcontent among the few who were honeſt; all was villainy and diſorder, rapine and piracy, among the reſt. On the ſolicitations of Souza, Meale Can took refuge in Goa. When the Hydal Can made his formidable preparations for war, he demanded, as the previous condition of peace, that Meale ſhould be delivered up to him. This Souza refuſed, but promiſed to ſend him to

Malaca, where he ſhould remain under guard. Immediately on the acceſſion of Caſtro, the Hydal Can renewed his propoſal for the ſurrender of Meale, who was yet at Goa; but the new governor rejected this demand with firmneſs. It was deemed good policy by ſeveral of the Portugueſe governors to eſpouſe the cauſe of * this injured prince. They eſteemed him as an engine, which, under their management, would either over-awe the Hydal Can, or dethrone him when they pleaſed. But the event did not juſtify this theoretical wiſdom. It had been puſillanimity in Caſtro, had he ſurrendered a prince who was under protection of the Portugueſe faith; but the contrary conduct, the conſequence of Souza's policy, produced an inveſion of the Portugueſe continental territory; and though Caſtro was victorious, the Hydal Can continued ever ready for hoſtilities, and occaſion was ever at hand. Scarcely had Caſtro given Hydal Can the firſt repulſe, when Mahumud, the nephew of king Badur, the heir of his crown and fierce diſpoſition, inſtigated by Coje Zofar, and aſſiſted by the Hydal Can and about 8000 troops from Conſtantinople, among whom were 1000 Janizaries, commenced hoſtilities, and threatened the total extirpation of the Portugueſe. their warlike operations began with the ſiege of Dio. John de Maſcarene, the governor, made a brave defence, and the Portugueſe diſplayed many prodigies of valour. Azadacam, Coje Zofar, and others, of the greateſt military reputation, directed the attacks, and periſhed in their attempts. Whenever a breach was made, the Turks and Indians preſſed on by ten thouſands, but were always repulſed. Nor were the ladies of the officers leſs active and courageous than in the former ſiege. Various reinforcements were ſent by the governor, one of

* The Portugueſe hiſtorians diſagree in their accounts of this Hydal Can Abraham. Barros ſays, he was not of the blood royal. But Faria, who ſelected his work from Barros, and ſeveral other authors, calls him the brother of Meale; whom he unjuſtly dethroned. When Souza, on pretence of doing juſtice, endeavoured to place Meale on the throne, the Uſurper in an artful epiſtle aſked him what right the Portugueſe had to dethrone the kings of the Eaſt, and then pretend to do juſtice to an exiled prince. Poſſeſſion, he ſaid, proved the approbation of God; and the Portugueſe, he added, had no other title to dominion in Aſia.

which

which was commanded by his ſon Don Fernando. Unnumbered artillery thundered on every ſide, and mines were ſprung, by one of which Fernando was with his battalion blown up in the air. When Caſtro received the tidings of this diſaſter, he was at Goa. He bore it with the greateſt compoſure, and though it was the tempeſtuous ſeaſon, he immediately diſpatched his other ſon Don Alvaro with another reinforcement to Dio. After eight months had elapſed in this deſperate ſiege, the governor arrived with a large fleet, and without oppoſition entered the fort. From thence he marched out at the head of 2500 Portugueſe, and ſome auxiliaries of Cochin. The numerous army of Mahumud continued in their trenches, which were defended with ramparts and a profuſion of artillery. But the enemy were driven from their works, and purſued with incredible ſlaughter through the ſtreets of the city. Rume Can, the ſon of Zofar, rallied about 8000 of his braveſt troops, and was totally defeated by Caſtro *. It was neceſſary to proſecute the war; and the governor, in great want of money to carry it on, meditated a loan of 20,000 pardaos from the citizens of Goa. He ordered the grave of Don Fernando his ſon to be opened, on purpoſe to ſend his bones as a pledge; but the putrid ſtate of the carcaſe prevented this, and he ſent a lock of his own muſtacheos as a ſecurity for the loan; a ſecurity indeed uncommon, but which included in it a ſignal pawn of his honour. The pledge was reſpectfully returned, and more money than he required was ſent; and even the women ſtript themſelves of their bracelets and other jewels to ſupply his want. The ladies of Chaul followed the exam-

* During the heat of this engagement, Father Cazal, with a crucifix on the point of a ſpear, greatly animated the Portugueſe. Rume Can, notwithſtanding all the efforts of Caſtro, put his troops at laſt in great diſorder. But though the General could not, the Prieſt led them to victory. A weapon broke off an arm of the crucifix, and Cazal exclaiming aloud, *ſacrilege, ſacrilege, revenge the ſacrilege*, inſpired a fury which determined the battle. In many other engagements the leaders promoted their intereſt in this manner. They often ſaw the ſign of the croſs in the air, and at different times ſome Mooriſh priſoners enquired after the beautiful young woman, and venerable old man, who appeared in the front of the Portugueſe ſquadrons. And the Portugueſe ſoldiers, who ſaw no ſuch perſonages, were thus taught to believe themſelves under the particular care of the Virgin and St. Joſeph.

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ple, and by the hands of their little daughters ſent him their richeſt jewels. The jewels, however, he returned, and having with great aſſiduity improved his naval and military ſtrength, he and his captains carried fire and ſword over the dominions of the hoſtile princes, while Hydal Can, with an army of 150,000 men, retired before him. The king of Achem was alſo defeated at Malaca, and the ſtubborn villainy of the debauched Portugueſe ſoldiers and traders was the only enemy unſubdued. *To prevent the ruin of the ſtate*, ſays his hiſtorian Andrada, *he made it unlawful for a ſoldier to become merchant.* But while he laboured in this much more arduous war, in correcting the abuſes of the revenue, and the diſtribution of juſtice, grief, it is ſaid, impaired Caſtro's health, and haſtened his end, at a time when Hydal Can and all who had been in arms againſt the Portugueſe were ſuing for peace. On the approach of death he appointed a council of ſelect perſons to take the management of affairs. And ſo poor was the great Caſtro, that the firſt act of this committee was an order to ſupply the expences of his death-bed from the king's revenue; for a few reals, not half a dozen, was all the property found in his cabinet *.

* Caſtro, though he diſdained private emolument, was fond of public magnificence. After his victories he frequently entered Goa in the manner of a Roman triumph. That, after his happy return from Dio, was ſo remarkably ſplendid, that the queen of Portugal ſaid, he had conquered like a Chriſtian, but had triumphed like a heathen. The gates and houſes were hung with ſilk and tapeſtry. The cannon and arms taken from the enemy were carried in the front. The officers in armour, with plumed helmets, followed: Caſtro, crowned with laurel, and with a laurel bough in his hand, walked upon ſilk, while the ladies from the windows ſhowered flowers and perfumes upon him; and Cazal, with the maimed crucifix, walked in his ſurplice immediately before him. Military and church muſic by turns reſounded. And *Juzarcan*, the general of the Indian horſe, and 600 priſoners guarded and in chains, cloſed the proceſſion When he wrote to the king of Portugal the particulars of the relief of Dio, he ſolicited his recal, but this was rejected, and he was appointed to continne three years longer, with the additional honour of the title of Viceroy. His ſchool-companion, the Infant Don Lewis, wrote him an affectionate letter requeſting his acquieſcence, in which he uſes this expreſſion. "*After your performance of the royal will, I truſt you will cover the tops of the rocks of Cintra with chapels and trophies of your victories, and long enjoy them in profound repoſe.*" Cintra, for rocky hills, woods, and rivers, the moſt romantic ſituation in nature, was the family eſtate of Caſtro. It is ſaid he was the firſt who brought the orange-tree to Europe, and that he eſteemed this gift to his country, as the greateſt of his actions. Three orange-trees are ſtill preſerved at Cintra, in memorial of the place where he firſt planted that valuable fruitage. He died, ſoon after he was named Viceroy, in his forty-eighth year. His family ſtill remain.

With

With the eulogium of Caſtro, Camoens concludes his prophetic ſong, and here alſo the moſt glorious period of the Portugueſe empire in Aſia terminates. But the circumſtances of its fall, and the noble and partly ſucceſsful ſtruggles which it ſometimes made, when its total extinction ſeemed inevitable, are highly worthy of the attention of the political philoſopher, and form alſo the neceſſary concluſion of this hiſtory.

Garcia de Sa, an experienced officer, ſucceeded Caſtro, and concluded the various treaties of peace, procured by the arms, and in agitation at the death of that great man, highly to the advantage and honour of Portugal. The celebrated *St. Francis Xavier* was now a principal character in Portugueſe Aſia. And while the converſion of the Eaſt was all he profeſſed, he rendered the throne of Portugal the moſt political ſervices. His unremitting diligence, and the danger and toil of his journies from kingdom to kingdom, beſpeak a great mind, ardently devoted to his enterprize; and the various princes who received baptiſm from his hands, and the many thouſands who, on his preaching, aſſumed the Chriſtian name, diſplayed a ſucceſs which his admirers eſteemed miraculous. Nothing, however, could be eaſier than ſuch converſion. Xavier troubled his new converts with no reſtraint, and required from them no knowledge of the Chriſtian principles. He baptized them, and gave them crucifixes to worſhip, and told them they were now ſure of heaven. But while he was thus ſuperficial as an Apoſtle, as a Politician he was minute and comprehenſive. Several friars of different orders had ere now attempted the converſion of ſome Indians; but a regular ſyſtem, of the moſt extenſive operation, was reſerved for the ſons of Ignatius Loyala; and Xavier, his friend and arch-diſciple, laid the bold and arduous plan of reducing the whole Eaſt to the ſpiritual vaſſalage of the papal chair. What is implied in this he well knew, and every offer of religious inſtruction which he made, was attended with the moſt flattering propoſals of alliances; of alliances, however, which were calculated to render the natives dependent on the Portugueſe, and mere tributaries. In this

plan

plan of operation the great abilities of Xavier were crowned with rapid ſucceſs. Kings and kingdoms, won by his preaching, ſued for the friendſhip of the Portugueſe. But while the olive of peace ſeemed ready to ſpread its boughs over India, the unrelenting villainy of the Portugueſe ſoldiers and merchants counteracted the labours of Xavier; and ſeveral of the new baptized princes, in reſentment of the injuries they received, returned to paganiſm and hoſtility. Xavier, who acted as a ſpy on the military and civil government of India, not only, from time to time, laid theſe abuſes before the king of Portugal, but alſo intereſted himſelf greatly both in the military * and civil councils of Portugueſe Aſia. He was the intimate friend and counſellor of the great Caſtro, and his political efforts were only baffled by the hardened corruption of the Portugueſe manners.

While Xavier thus laboured in the direction of the ſprings of government, Garcia de Sa died ſuddenly, and in authority was ſucceeded by George de Cabral. The Zamorim, the king of Pimenta, and eighteen vaſſal princes, among whom was the late converted king of Tanor, who now had renounced his baptiſm, joined in a league againſt the king of Cochin, the faithful ally of Portugal, and took the field with near 200,000 men. Cabral haſted to the aſſiſtance of Cochin, and in ſeveral expeditions gained conſiderable advantages over the enemy. The enemy's main army was now in the iſland of Cochin, and Cabral with 100 ſail, and an army of 40,000 Cochinians, had reduced them to the loweſt extremity; when, on the very day, upon which the eighteen vaſſal princes were to have been given up as hoſtages, a new viceroy, Don Alonzo de Noronha, arrived, and inſtantly ſtopped the operations of Cabral: and by the miſunderſtanding between the two governors, the whole army of the enemy eſcaped. Xavier remonſtrated, by letter, in

* In 1547 Malaca was ſaved by Xavier. The king of *Achem*, the inveterate enemy of Portugal, fitted out 60 veſſels againſt that port. And when the governor refuſed to ſail in ſearch of the enemy, ere they were fully equipped, Xavier perſuaded the merchants to fit out ten veſſels. He went on board, and by his perſuaſions, and *prophecies* of ſucceſs, ſo encouraged this ſmall ſquadron, that they gained a complete victory over the fleet of *Achem*.

the

the ſtrongeſt terms, to the king of Portugal, and adviſed the ſeverity of puniſhment; but to theſe ſalutary warnings no attention was paid by the court of Liſbon.

During Sa's government, the coaſting trade of the private adventurers became more and more piratical, and continually gave birth to an endleſs ſucceſſion of petty, but bloody wars. Though the king of Cochin had ever been the faithful ally of Portugal, Cabral ordered, without even the pretence of complaint, one of his richeſt pagodas* to be plundered. This attempt, in the true ſpirit of the private traders, was defeated; but the royal monopoly, already miſerably inadequate both to its means and object, ſuffered by this breach of faith. It was the cauſe, ſays Faria, that the homeward fleet, of only three ſhips, ſet out ill laden, and late in the ſeaſon, when the tempeſts were coming on.

When Noronha opened his patent of commiſſion, he found that his power had received a limitation unknown before. A council was therein nominated, by whoſe advice he was enjoined to govern. But it does not appear, from his envious and ruinous tranſaction with Cabral, or from any other of his meaſures, that he was either reſtrained or influenced by their controul. Petty wars and uſual depredation marked the beginning of his regency; the latter part of it was truly infamous. The Portugueſe had valuable ſettlements in the rich iſland of Ceylon, and the king of Cota, their ally, was now treacherouſly invaded, in breach of a ſolemn peace, by Madune king of Ceytavaca. In one of the firſt battles the king of Cota loſt his life, and his ſucceſſor implored the ſtipulated aſſiſtance of the Portugueſe. Noronha himſelf haſtened to Ceylon, and his firſt action was to put to the rack ſome of the domeſtics of the king whom he came to defend, in order to make them diſ-

* The Indian pagodas or temples are the repoſitories of their moſt valuable treaſures. When they intend to build a pagoda, ſays Faria, they ſow the ground with kidney-beans. When theſe are green, they bring a grey cow to feed among them, and on the ſpot where ſhe firſt dungs, they erect the throne of the idol to whom the pagoda, which they build around it, is to be dedicated. Pythagoras's veneration for beans, together with his metempſichoſis, was perhaps borrowed from the Indians.

cover their prince's treaſures. He then plundered the p[illegible] of the late king, and demanded 200,000 ducats to defray his charges, which ſum was immediately given to him. He afterwards defeated Madune, and raſed his city in ſearch of treaſure, and very conſiderable riches were found. By agreement one half of the booty was due to the king of Cota, but Noronha paid no regard to the faith of treaty. Nor would he leave one Portugueſe ſoldier to defend his injured ally, though earneſtly ſolicited, and though the king of Ceytavaca remained in the mountains ready for revenge on the departure of the viceroy *.

The Grand Turk, ſtill intent on the extirpation of the Portugueſe from India, fitted out three formidable ſquadrons during the regency of Noronha. The firſt, commanded by a bold pirate named Pirbec, ſailed from Suez, with an armament of 16,000 men. He plundered the Portugueſe ſettlement at Maſcate, and even the city of Ormuz, though the fort held out againſt him. Having alſo plundered other coaſts, he returned to Conſtantinople with great riches, which he preſented to the Sultan. But, as nothing effectual was done towards the extirpation of the Europeans, in place of reward, Pirbec's head was ſtruck off by order of the Grand Signior.

The ſtrenuous and long continued efforts of the Porte to expel the Portugueſe from the eaſtern ſeas, diſplay the vaſt importance of the naval ſuperiority of the Europeans in Aſia. Though immediate gain ſeems to have been the ſole motive of the Europeans who firſt went to India, the Moors and Turks perceived the remote political conſequences of their arrival, in the cleareſt light. Diſſatisfied with the undeciſive expedition of Pirbec, two other formidable Turkiſh ſquadrons were ſent againſt the Portugueſe. But both of theſe were commanded by officers of mean abilities, and were totally defeated by ſhipwreck and battle. The Zamorim and the king of Pimenta,

* By order of the king of Portugal, and by means of Xavier, the extortions of Noronha were afterwards reſtored to the king of Cota.

whoſe

whoſe combined army Noronha had formerly permitted to eſcape, had continued, during the war in Ceylon and with the Turks, to harraſs the Portugueſe fleets, and the king of Cochin, their ally. Noronha, now at leiſure, went in perſon to revenge theſe inſults, and the rich iſlands of Alagada, ſubject to the king of Pimenta, after a deſperate defence, were deſtroyed with fire and ſword. Our military poet, Camoens, at this time arrived in India, and diſcovered his valour as a volunteer in this expedition.

While the royal monopoly and the coaſting trade were thus reduced and expoſed, under the langour and weakneſs of the military operations, the active ſpirit of Xavier was untired. Having viſited almoſt every ſettlement, every where endeavouring to inſpire political vigour and unanimity, he was now buſied in adding the Chineſe language to his other laborious acquirements of the oriental tongues; for the ſpiritual dominion of China was the grand object of his ſtupendous plan. But, alarmed at the ſpreading odium raiſed by the cruel and unjuſt actions of Noronha in Ceylon, he haſted thither, for he foreſaw the malign influence of the Portugueſe inſolence and oppreſſion. From Ceylon he went to the Malucos and Japan, and when ready to enter China, his death in the iſle of Sancyon cloſed his unwearied labours of twelve years in the Eaſt. To reſtrain the Portugueſe injuſtice and tyranny, and to win the affection of the natives, were the means by which Xavier endeavoured to eſtabliſh his ſtupendous plan of the vaſſallage of the eaſtern world. And, had he lived in the more virtuous days of Albuquerque, his views would probaby have been crowned with ſucceſs. By the mean artifices and frauds of the Jeſuits who ſucceeded in his miſſion, whoſe narrow minds were earneſt for preſent emolument, what good effects the ſuperior mind of Xavier had produced, were ſoon counteracted, and totally loſt.

After a regency of three years, Don Alphonſo de Noronha was ſucceeded by Don Pedro de Maſcarenhas, a gentleman in his ſeventieth year. Meale Can was now at Goa. Maſcarene

adopted the former policy of ſupporting Meale's title to the throne of Hydal Can, and proclaimed him king of Viſapor. But Maſcarene's death, ere he had governed thirteen months, cloſed his regency, and Franciſco Barreto; his ſucceſſor, entering into his views, and deſirous of the immenſe emoluments of an Indian war, proſecuted his deſigns. The great Caſtro, by his patronage of Meale, had kept the Hydal Can in awe; but Caſtro's faith and abilities were now wanting. In breach of a treaty of peace with the Hydal Can, and on pretence of doing juſtice to an exiled prince, Barreto kindled a war, which proved highly injurious to the Portugueſe. Meale was defeated and taken priſoner in his kingdom of Viſapor; and ſeveral bloody undeciſive campaigns diſplayed the reſentment of the Hydal Can *. Nor were the affairs of the Malucos leſs unhappy. Deza, the Portugueſe governor, treacherouſly impriſoned the king of Ternate and his whole family, and ordered them to be ſtarved to death. He was relieved, however, by the neighbouring princes, who took arms in his defence; and the ſubmiſſion of the Portugueſe, who deprived Deza of his command, ended the war.

While the military reputation of the Portugueſe had almoſt loſt its terrors, while their empire in the Eaſt was thus haſtening to its fall, John III. was ſucceeded by Sebaſtian, an infant; and Don Conſtantine de Braganza, of the blood royal, was appointed Deputy-king of India. He governed three years, and never performed one action which did honour to his abilities. The officers he ſent out on various expeditions were generally defeated, particularly in a war with the Turks on the coaſts of Arabia. He himſelf ſhared the ſame fate, and once ſaved his life, at the city of Jafanapatan, by inglorious flight. His views were of no importance. He impriſoned Luis de Melo for loſing too much time in a victorious expedition on the coaſt of Malabar. In a deſcent on Ceylon, the Portugueſe ſeized the tooth of a monkey, a relick held ſacred by the Pa-

* See the note on Barreto, in the Life of Camoens.

gans,

gans, for which, according to Linſchoten, 700,000 ducats were offered in ranſom; but Conſtantine ordered it to be burned. The kings of Siam and Pegu pretended the real tooth was ſaved by a Banian, and each aſſerting that he was in poſſeſſion of the genuine one, bloody wars, which much endangered the Portugueſe eaſtern ſettlements, were kindled; and Conſtantine, finding himſelf embarraſſed, reſigned, contrary to the deſire of the council of Liſbon. He is celebrated for his great politeneſs and affability; and his government is diſtinguiſhed by the eſtabliſhment of the Inquiſition at Goa.

Don Conſtantine was ſucceeded by the Count de Redondo. Petty wars continued as uſual on every coaſt. In 1564, a Portugueſe ſhip, contrary to the treaty of peace, was attacked by three veſſels of Malabar; Redondo complained, and was anſwered by the Zamorim, that *ſome rebels had done it, whom he was welcome to ſeize and chaſtiſe.* Irritated by this reply, and on purpoſe to retort it, he ſent Dominic de Meſquita with three ſhips to ſcour the coaſt of Malabar. And Meſquita ſoon murdered above 2000 Malabrians, the greateſt part of whom he ſewed up in their own ſail cloths and wantonly drowned. Redondo, however, died ſuddenly, ere the Zamorim complained; but ſuch was the ſameneſs of idea among the Portugueſe, that Juan de Mendoza, his ſucceſſor, in anſwer to the Zamorim's complaint, adopted the intended witticiſm of Redondo, and retorted the Zamorim's reply; *it was done by rebels, whom he was welcome to ſeize and chaſtiſe.* A ſpirited repriſal is often the moſt deciſive meaſure; but this inhuman one, ſurely, was not dictated by wiſdom. A bold woman of quality, whoſe huſband had been murdered by Meſquita, with all the fury aſcribed to an ancient Druideſs, ran from place to place, execrating the Portugueſe, and exciting to revenge. Many of the Moors entered into an oath, never to lay down their arms till they had rooted the Portugueſe out of India. They ſuddenly beſet the fort of Cananor, and burned above thirty Portugueſe ſhips that rode under its cannon; and a tedious war enſued. Mendoza, after ſix months, was ſuperceded by Don Antonio de

de Noronha, who ended the war of Cananor with the deſolation of the adjacent country. Confuſion and bloodſhed covered the rich iſland of Ceylon, and the new converts, the allies of Portugal, were hunted down by their other natives. The king of Achem and other princes began now to meditate a general league for the extirpation of the Portugueſe. And the Grand Turk, deſirous of acquiſition in India, became a zealous auxiliary. But though the firſt attempt upon Malaca was defeated by the valour of Don Leonis, the commander, the league continued in agitation, while the Portugueſe ſeemed to invite and to ſolicit their own deſtruction. The rapine of individuals became every year more ſhameleſs and general. While an idolatrous devotion to ſaints and images rendered them inexorable in their cruelty to thoſe of a different worſhip, they abandoned themſelves without reſtraint to the moſt laſcivious luxury, and every officer had his ſeraglio of five, ſix, or eight of the fineſt women. Indian women of quality were publickly dragged from their kindred by Portugueſe raviſhers. The inhabitants of Amboina had received the Portugueſe with the greateſt friendſhip. At a banquet given by the natives, a young officer, in the face of all the company, and in preſence of her huſband, attempted to raviſh one of the principal ladies, and was unreproved by his countrymen. The tables were inſtantly overturned, and the Portugueſe expelled the iſland. And here, as at Ceylon and other parts of India, the popular fury was firſt glutted with the blood of thoſe natives, now eſteemed as traytors, who had embraced the religion of the Portugueſe. Immediately another moſt daring breach of humanity called aloud upon the princes of the Eaſt to unite in the defence of each other. Ayero*, king of Ternate,

* This is the ſame prince whom Deza treacherouſly impriſoned, and attempted to ſtarve. He continued, however, faithful to the Portugueſe, till his nephew was murdered by ſome of their officers. Three of the aggreſſors were ſeized by the king's order, and put to death. On renewing the alliance with the Portugueſe, he was treacherouſly murdered by the commandant's nephew. As he was ſtabbed, he laid hold of a cannon which bore the arms of Portugal, and exclaimed, *Ah! Cavaliers, is it thus you reward the moſt faithful ſubject of your king, my ſovereign!*

had

had always been friendly and tributary to the Portugueſe, yet on renewing a treaty of alliance, after having mutually ſworn on the arms of Portugal, he was ſtabbed by order of the Portugueſe commandant. Nor did this treachery appeaſe the murderer. In preſence of his queen and daughters, who in vain implored permiſſion to bury him, his body was cut into pieces and ſalted, put into a cheſt, and thrown into the ſea. He had a ſon, however, Chil Babu, who, in revenge of this, proved the moſt formidable enemy the Portugueſe had ever known in the Eaſt. His ambaſſadors haſted from court to court, and the princes of India, harraſſed by their cruel awful tyrants, who trampled on every law of humanity and good policy, combined with him in a general league for the utter expulſion of the Portugueſe; and ſo confident were the natives of ſucceſs, that not only the diviſion of the Portugueſe ſettlements, but the poſſeſſion of the moſt beautiful of their wives and daughters, was alſo ſettled among them. Five years was this league in forming, and eaſtern politics never produced a better concerted plan of operation. The various forts and territories of the Portugueſe were allotted to the neighbouring princes. Goa, Onor, and Braçalor were to reward the victories of the Hydal Can; Chaul, Damam, and Baçaim were to be taken by Nizamaluco, a king of the Decan; the Zamorim was to poſſeſs himſelf of Cananor, Mangalor, Cochin, and Chale; the king of Achem was to reduce Malaca; and the king of Ternate was to attack the Malucos. Beſides theſe, many other princes had their appointed lines of action; and this tremendous ſtorm was to burſt, in every quarter, at the ſame inſtant. Don Luis de Ataide was governor of India when this war began. The Hydal Can, with an army which conſiſted of 100,000 infantry, 35,000 horſe, 2140 elephants, and 350 pieces of cannon, covered the continent oppoſite to Goa for ſeveral leagues, and the diſpoſition of his extenſive poſts diſplayed great generalſhip. Every eminence was fortified, and his batteries, of two leagues in extent, thundered upon Goa. The diſpoſitions of Ataide, however, not only protected

protected that iſland, but his unexpected inroads often carried terror and ſlaughter through this immenſe encampment. The Hydal Can, though greatly diſpirited, began to plant gardens and orchards, and build banqueting houſes, as if reſolved to conquer, at whatever diſtance of time. While Goa was thus beſieged, Chaul, a place of leſs defence, was inveſted by Nizamaluco, at the head of an army of 150,000 men, Turks, Moors, Ethiopians, Perſians, and Indians. The king of Ternate attacked the Malucos; the queen of Garzopa carried her arms againſt Onor; and Surat was ſeized by Agalachem, a prince tributary to the Mogul. And even the ancient Chriſtians of St. Thomas, perſecuted by the inquiſition of Goa, for non-ſubmiſſion to the See of Rome ‡, joined the Pagans and Mohammedans againſt the natives of Portugal. But where even the embers of haughty valour remain, danger and an able general will awake them into a flame. Don Luis, the viceroy, was adviſed to withdraw the Portugueſe from the exterior parts for the ſupport of Goa, the ſeat of their empire. But this he gallantly refuſed, and even permitted a fleet with 400 men to ſail for Portugal *. The Zamorim and the king of Achem, having met ſome repulſes at ſea, were not punctual

‡ See Geddes's Hiſtory of the Malabrian Church. The Chriſtians of St. Thomas, according to the Portugueſe hiſtorians, diſturbed the new converts, by telling them that the religion the Portugueſe taught them was not Chriſtianity. This gave great offence to the Jeſuits, who in revenge perſecuted the Thomiſts with all the horrors of the newly eſtabliſhed Inquiſition. The following ſhort account of the Chriſtians of the Eaſt may perhaps be acceptable. In the ſouth parts of Malabar, about 200,000 of the inhabitants profeſſed Chriſtianity before the arrival of the Portugueſe. They called themſelves the Chriſtians of Saint Thomas, by which apoſtle their anceſtors had been converted. For 1300 years they had been under the Patriarch of Babylon, who appointed their *Meterane* or archbiſhop. Dr. Geddes, in his Hiſtory of the Church of Malabar, relates, that *Franciſco Roz*, a Jeſuit miſſionary, complained to Menezes, the Portugueſe archbiſhop of Goa, that when he ſhewed theſe people an image of our Lady, they cried out, "Away with that filthineſs, we are Chriſtians, and do not adore idols or pagods."

Dom Frey Aleixo de Menezes, archbiſhop of Goa, did "endeavour to thruſt upon the "church of Malabar the whole maſs of "popery, which they were before unac-"quainted with." To this purpoſe he had engaged all the neighbouring princes to aſſiſt him, "and had ſecured the major part of "the prieſts preſent, in all one hundred and "fifty-three, whereof two-thirds were or-"dained by himſelf, and made them abjure "their old religion, and ſubſcribe the creed "of pope Pius IV."—Millar's Hiſtory of the Propag. of Chriſtianity.

* This was the trading fleet, or regal monopoly, the delay of which might have produced his recal.

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in the agreed commencement of hoſtility. This favoured Ataide, and no ſooner did he gain an advantage in one place, than he ſent relief to another. He and the beſt troops haſtened from fort to fort, and victory followed victory, till the leaders of this moſt formidable combination ſued for peace. A ſignal proof of what valour and military art may do againſt the greateſt multitudes of undiſciplined militia.

An highly honourable peace was concluded with Nizamaluco; but while the Hydal Can was in treaty, and while the Zamorim, who was now in arms both by ſea and land, propoſed conditions to which Ataide would not liſten*, that brave commander was ſuperceded by the arrival of his ſucceſſor, Antonio de Noronha. When Ataide left India, the Hydal Can was ſtill before Goa, and the new viceroy had the honour to conclude the treaty of peace. But the important fortreſs of Chale, near Calicut, ſurrendered to the Zamorim, who was ſtill in arms. And the new commiſſion of Noronha involved the Eaſt in perplexities unknown before. At the very time when the league began to exert its apparently invincible force, at that very time king Sebaſtian, now about his ſixteenth year, divided his eaſtern empire, as if it had been in the moſt flouriſhing condition, into three governments, independent of each other. Noronha was to command from Cape Gardafu, on the mouth of the Red Sea, to the coaſt of Pegu, with the title of Viceroy of India. From Gardafu to Cape Corrientes, below Madagaſcar, was given to Franciſco Barreto, late governor of Portugueſe Aſia, now entitled Governor of Monomotapa; and from Pegu to China, with the title of Governor of Malaca, was appointed to Antonio Moniz Barreto. In this pompous diviſion of empire, Moniz Barreto was to be equipped from India; but Portugueſe India could not afford the force which his patent appointed, and Moniz refuſed to ſail to Malaca with an infe-

* *He would make no peace,* he ſaid, *but upon ſuch terms as the Zamorim might expect, while the* Portugueſe *in the moſt flouriſhing condition.*

rior

rior equipment. The celebrated Echebar, the Great Mogul, or emperor of Hindoſtan, had now poſſeſſed himſelf of the throne of Cambaya ‡, and as Baçaim and Damam had formerly belonged to that kingdom, he meditated the recovery of their territories from the Portugueſe: but while he was ready to inveſt Damam, Noronha entered the river with ſo formidable a fleet, that Echebar conſented to a peace which confirmed the Portugueſe right of poſſeſſion, on condition of their alliance. The king of Achem, who according to the league was to have invaded Malaca, now performed his part, and reduced that ſettlement, which had no governor, to the deepeſt diſtreſs. The arms of Ternate were alſo proſperous in the Malucos. To the relief of theſe Noronha ſent ſome ſupplies, but while he was preparing to ſend more, an order from Portugal arrived, which empowered Don Gaſper archbiſhop of Goa to depoſe Noronha, and inveſt Moniz with the government of India. Don Leonis de Pereyra was at the ſame time appointed governor of Malaca. Moniz urged him to ſail to the relief of his ſettlement, but Leonis refuſed to go thither with leſs than the appointed equipment. Though on the private accuſations of Moniz, Noronha was degraded for a like refuſal; though Noronha was then at war, and Moniz now at peace; and though Leonis abated in his demand, Moniz was immoveable. Leonis therefore ſailed for Portugal, where his conduct was juſtified, yet no puniſhment allotted to Moniz; ſuch was the unbluſhing partiality with which the miniſters of Sebaſtian governed the falling empire of Portugueſe Aſia.

While Malaca was thus deſerted by its governor, the king of Achem and the queen of Japara, with numerous fleets and armies, poured all the horrors of war upon that valuable territory. Time after time, as the ſhattered fleets of the one retired to repair, the new armaments of the other immediately filled their ſtations. And the king of Ternate, the author of

‡ Mahumud, nephew of king Badur, was betrayed into Echebar's hands by one of his officers. The traitor was beheaded by order of Echebar.

the

the league, was victorious in the iſles of Maluco. The ſeveral [illegible] of relief, ſent by Moniz, one of which conſiſted of [illegible] troops, all periſhed by ſhipwreck ere they reached their deſtined ports. The murderer of king Ayero was ſtabbed by the populace, and the Portugueſe were totally expelled from this ſettlement, which commanded the ſpice iſlands. Nor was the government of Francis Barreto, in Monomotapa, leſs unhappy. He, who had been governor of India, ſays Faria, accepted of this diminiſhed command for three reaſons; becauſe *he was poor*, becauſe it was the king's will, and becauſe it was a poſt of great danger. His commiſſion was to make himſelf maſter of the mines which ſupply Sofala and the neighbouring ports with gold and ſilver: and one Monclaros, a Jeſuit, accompanied him, without whoſe concurrence he was prohibited to act. He ſailed from Liſbon, with only three ſhips and a thouſand men, in 1569, and having received ſome ſupplies at Mozambique, together with tools for miners, camels * and other beaſts of burden, he proceeded to his viſionary government. Hs landed in the river of Good Signs, and propoſed to march to the mines by the route of Sofala. But to this Monclaros would not conſent, and by his direction he took a more diſtant courſe. After a march of ten days along the river Zambeze, during which his ſmall army ſuffered greatly by extreme heat and thirſt, he ſaw the mountains and valleys covered with innumerable multitudes of armed men. Theſe, however, were diſperſed by his fire-arms; and ſoon after another army, as numerous as the former, ſhared the ſame fate. The Cafres now ſued for peace, and offered to diſcover the mines. But

* Cortez is juſtly admired for the ready dexterity with which he improved every opinion of the Mexicans to his own advantage. Barreto gave an inſtance of this art upon this expedition. When the Cafres were ſuing for peace, and Barreto in great want of proviſions, one of the camels having broke looſe from its keepers, and after running till tired, happened to be met by Barreto, to whom it inſtantly kneeled, as is uſual for that creature when it receives its burden. The Cafres, who had never before ſeen ſuch an animal, thought it ſpoke to the governor, and earneſtly aſked what it ſaid. Theſe creatures, replied Barreto, live upon human fleſh; and this one has been ſent from its brethren to beg I would not make peace with you, otherwiſe they muſt be ſtarved. After much entreaty, Barreto promiſed to perſuade the camels to be contented with the fleſh of beeves; upon which the Cafres gladly ſupplied him with as many herds as he deſired.

when now on the eve of ſucceſs, Monclaros commanded him to deſiſt from his ruinous expedition, and immediately to return to Mozambique. And ſo deeply was Barreto affected with this diſappointment and diſhonour, that overwhelmed with the fever of indignation, without any other ſymptom of ail, he breathed out his life in ſighs, after the violent mental agitation of two days. Among his papers was found a commiſſion for Vaſco Homem, his major, to ſucceed him; who, perſuaded by the Jeſuit, immediately returned to Mozambique. But Monclaros having ſailed for Portugal, Homem, upbraided by the officers of that ſtation, returned to Monomotapa. He landed at Sofala, and from thence, by a ſhort and eaſy march, arrived at the place where the mines were expected. After ſome ſkirmiſhes with the Cafres, the king of Chicanga pretended to be friendly, and offered to ſhew the mines. Having led the Portugueſe from province to province, he at laſt brought them to a place where he had ordered ſome ore to be buried and ſcattered, and here he told them was a rich ſilver mine. While the Portugueſe were ſeveral days buſied in digging around, the Cafres eſcaped; and Homem, his proviſions beginning to fail, retired to Sofala, leaving a captain named Cardoſo, with 200 men, to make farther trial. Fearleſs of this ſmall party, the Cafres returned, and with confident promiſes offered to diſcover the richeſt and eaſieſt worked mines in their country. Cardoſo believed them, and was led into defiles, where he and all his men periſhed by the weapons of the artful barbarians. Such was the end of the government of Monomotapa, the golden dream, the ill-concerted and ill-conducted plan of the weak miniſters of a giddy empire haſtening to its fall.

Moniz, after he had governed three years, the term now uſually named in the writs of ſucceſſion, was ſucceeded by Don Iago de Menezes, under whom the bloodſhed of the uſual petty wars with the Moors and Malabrians continued. His regency is diſtinguiſhed by no warlike event of note: and after he had held the ſword of command about two years, he was ſuperceded

ceded by the brave Ataide *Count de Autouguia*, whoſe art and [illegible] had lately triumphed over the moſt formidable efforts of the General League.

To ſuppoſe that Sebaſtian or his miniſters perceived the precarious and ruinous ſtate of their Eaſtern Empire, when they appointed this able officer to that very critical command, were to allow them a merit, which every other part of their conduct relative to India diſclaims. Don Sebaſtian's ideas were totally debauched by the moſt romantic thirſt of military glory, and it was his ambition from his childhood to diſtinguiſh himſelf at the head of an army in Africa. Ataide ſtrenuouſly oppoſed this wild expedition, which, he was juſtly convinced, was ill-adapted to the ſtate of his country. But Sebaſtian, now in his twenty-fourth year, to be relieved of his diſagreeable counſel, ordered him to reſume the viceroyſhip of India. The ſpeech which Sebaſtian made to Ataide, upon this his ſecond appointment, ſtrongly characteriſes the frivolouſneſs which now prevailed at the court of Liſbon. Don Conſtantine de Braganza, of the blood royal, was one of the weakeſt governors that ever ruled India. Ataide, on the contrary, had performed moſt incredible actions; had ſaved the Portugueſe from the greateſt dangers they ever ſurmounted in Aſia. Yet Sebaſtian did not bid him reign as he had formerly done. No, he bade him reign like Don Conſtantine—a man, whoſe abilities reached no farther than perhaps to open a ball gracefully, for his politeneſs was his only commendation. When errors in government begin, the wiſe ſee the ſecret diſeaſe, but it is the next generation which feels the worſt of its effects. Camoens, whoſe political penetration was perhaps unequalled in his age and country, ſaw the declenſion of manners, and foretold in vain the fall of empire. Portugal owed its exiſtence to the ſpirit of chivalry and the ideas of liberty, which were confirmed by the ſtatutes of Lamego. Camoens, in a fine allegory, laments the decay of the ancient virtues. Under the character of a huntſman he paints the wild romantic purſuits of king Sebaſtian, and wiſhes that he may not fall the victim

of

of his blind paſſion. The courtiers he characteriſes, as the moſt venal of ſelf-intereſted flatterers: and the clergy and men of letters, he ſays,

——— trim'd the lamp at night's mid hour,
To plan new laws to arm the regal power,
Sleepleſs at night's mid hour to raze the laws,
The ſacred bulwarks of the people's cauſe,
Framed ere the blood of hard earn'd victory
On their brave fathers' helm-hackt ſwords was dry.

Unperceived by the unlettered nobility, the principles of the conſtitution gradually expired under the artful increaſe of the royal prerogative. If Sebaſtian was more abſolute than John I. his power was bought by the degeneracy of his ſubjects, and weakneſs of the ſtate, the certain price with which monarchs purchaſe their beloved deſpotiſm. The neglect of one man of merit is the ſignal for the worthleſs, if rich, to croud to court. Many of theſe ſignals were given in the reigns of Emmanuel, John III. and Sebaſtian, and thus the labours of an Albuquerque, a Nunio, a Caſtro, and an Ataide, were fruſtrated and reverſed. Theſe governors, bred in war, enthuſiaſts in honour, all died poor. Xarafo, the creature of Sampayo, the tyrant of his maſter the king of Ormuz, juſtly accuſed of murders and the moſt unbounded extortion, was ſent in irons to Liſbon. But he carried his treaſures with him, and was reſtored to his employments. Anthony Galvam, the moſt honeſt of men, ſaved the Malucos, returned poor to Portugal, and, like Pacheco, died in an alms-houſe. But theſe, the errors and crimes of former reigns, were of little effect compared to the evil conſequences of the inattention to, and ignorance of Indian affairs, diſcovered by the miniſters of Sebaſtian. They ordered Don George de Caſtro, who ſurrendered the fort of Chale to the Zamorim, to be tried and beheaded; and he died on the ſcaffold at Goa. Yet a year after this, the court of Liſbon iſſued a commiſſion appointing him to command on another ſtation.

ſtation. The poverty of an Albuquerque, a Nunio, and a Cunha, was now the public jeſt of the Portugueſe * commanders. Under the ſhade of ſilken umbrellas, ſome of the late viceroys rode to battle, in chairs carried on men's ſhoulders. All was diſunion, groſs luxury, and audacious weakneſs in Portugueſe Aſia, when Sebaſtian loſt his crown in his African expedition. And what greatly haſtened their ruin, the natives now perceived their weakneſs, and foretold their approaching fall. About fifty years before this period, it was the general opinion of India, that the Portugueſe were among men what lions are among beaſts: *and for the ſame reaſon*, ſaid an Indian captive to a Portugueſe officer, *nature has appointed that your ſpecies ſhould be equally few.* But as ſoon as their luxury began to appear, theſe ſentiments were changed. *Let them alone*, ſaid one Indian prince to another, *the frauds of their revenue, and their love of luxury will ſoon ruin them. What they gain as brave ſoldiers they will ſoon loſe as avaritious merchants. They now conquer* Aſia, *but* Aſia *will ſoon conquer them.* And a king of Perſia aſked a Portugueſe captain how many of the Indian viceroys had been beheaded by the kings of Portugal. *None*, replied the officer. *Then you will not long*, returned the Perſian, *be the maſters of India.*

When Ataide ſailed for India on his ſecond viceroyſhip, he dreaded the diſaſters which would follow the precipitate, ill-concerted expedition of Sebaſtian. And it was his firſt care, after his arrival in the Eaſt, to prevent the evil conſequences of the unhappy event. He immediately fitted out a fleet which ſtruck the princes of India with awe and terror. Any particular deſtination of this armament was never known; for ſo formidable did Ataide appear, that the tidings of the death and total defeat of Sebaſtian in Africa, produced no war in India. Sebaſtian was ſucceeded by an old weak man, his grand uncle, the cardinal Henry. Two years cloſed Henry's

* In particular, Don A. de Noronha, viceroy in 1568, is recorded for publickly branding ſuch conduct as madneſs. But the motives of theſe heroes perhaps diſplayed the trueſt policy and higheſt magnanity. Of this hereafter.

puſillanimous

puſillanimous ſway. And Philip II. of Spain ſoon after made himſelf maſter of the kingdom of Portugal. The brave Ataide, after having humbled the Hydal Can for a breach of treaty, and concluded a peace, fell into a deep melancholy, of which he died in the third year of his regency; ſo ſincerely was he affected with the fall of his country, which he foreſaw and foretold*. He was ſucceeded by Hernan Tellez de Menezes, appointed by the five regents who governed Portugal after the demiſe of Henry. Under Menezes, Maſcate was plundered by the Turks. A ſquadron was fitted out to its relief; but this the commander never attempted. He avoided the Turkiſh galleys, but plundered and laid in aſhes the rich cities of Peſani, Gaudel, and Teis, on the coaſt of the Naytaques, near Cambaya, with whom the Portugueſe were not at war. After a government of ſix months, Menezes was ſuperceded by Don Franciſco de Maſcarenhas, the firſt viceroy appointed by Philip. His brave defence of Chaul againſt Nizamaluco entitled him to this diſtinction; and Philip, for obvious reaſons, loaded him with honours, powers, and emoluments, ſuperior to thoſe enjoyed by any former viceroy. He was commiſſioned to proclaim Philip in India; but Menezes, though he loſt his reward, had already performed this confirmation of the uſurper's title‡. But though Maſcarene found Philip peacefully acknowledged, all was confuſion and weakneſs in the Portugueſe ſettlements. Turks and Moguls, the Zamorim, and other princes, in little ſquadrons, unconnected with each other, ſpread all the horrors of piratical war from Melinda to Malaca. The Portugueſe ſquadrons were frequently defeated, and their military reputation was in deep decline. Cochin had long been the faithful and valuable ally of Portugal; but the preſent king, unable to pay the enormous, ungenerous taxes

* So clear was his heart from the infection of avarice, ſays Faria, that while others carried immenſe treaſures from Aſia to Portugal, he only brought four jars of water, filled from the four great rivers, Tygris, Euphrates, Indus, and Ganges, which were many years preſerved as his trophy in his caſtle of *Peniche*.

‡ By the ſtatutes of Lamego, the *magna charta* of Portugal, a foreigner cannot hold the Portugueſe ſceptre.

demanded

demanded by Maſcarene, reſigned his revenues to the Portuguese. Twenty thouſand Cochinians bound themſelves in an oath to die in defence of their ancient rights, and Maſcarene was necessitated to ſuſpend his acquirement, an acquirement which was relinquiſhed by D. Duarte de Menezes, who, after the uſual regency of three years, ſucceeded him in command. Malaca, inveſted by the king of Ujantana, was now deſolated by famine. About an hundred people died every day, and mothers exchanged their children, that they might not eat their own offspring. The iſland of Ceylon was alſo ſteeped in blood, and the Portugueſe there reduced to the deepeſt diſtreſs. But though Don Paulo de Lima diſplayed the ancient valour of his countrymen in the relief of Malaca and the fort of Columbo in Ceylon, the frequent repulſes of the Portugueſe emboldened the natives to ſeize every opportunity of hoſtility.

Under the government of Menezes, a court of chancery, in 1586, was erected at Goa. The citizens, long oppreſſed by military tyrants, had requeſted Philip for ſuch juriſdiction. But what chiefly diſtinguiſhes this period, is the alteration of the *Royal Monopoly*, and the eſtabliſhment of a PORTUGUESE EAST INDIA COMPANY. The revenues of India, received by the exchequer of Liſbon, amounted to little more than a million of crowns. This, yearly ſent to Portugal in Indian goods on board of his majeſty's ſhips, had long been inadequate to the expence of the armaments almoſt annually equipped in Portugal for the ſupport of the Indian dominion *. And Philip, unwilling to continue ſuch prepoſterous courſe, farmed the trade of India to a company of merchants, under regulations of the ſame ſpirit by which the Spaniſh trade to Mexico, and

* According to Faria, the royal revenues, about this time, ſtood thus: The cuſtoms of Dio, above 100,000 crowns; thoſe of Goa, 160,000; thoſe of Malaca, 70,000; the tribute of princes and territories, 200,000; which, together with the king's ſhare of the prizes taken by his own ſhips, amounted to above a million of crowns yearly. It ought to have been two millions, ſays our hiſtorian, but was thus reduced by the frauds of office, and enormous ſalaries of the commanders of the various forts, which article alone amounted to more than half a million per annum.

the Portugueſe commerce with *Brazil, have ever been governed. As in theſe the ſovereign is ſole maſter of the garriſons and territory, which are protected by his fleets and armies, ſo Philip remained ſovereign of Portugueſe India. And as the annual flotas which ſail to Mexico and Brazil are under ſevere reſtrictions, but have the *excluſive* privilege of trading to thoſe regions, ſo the merchants who undertook the annual equipment of the Indian ſquadron, in reward of the revenue ſtipulated to be paid, received the *excluſive* privilege of trading with India. An eſtabliſhment upon other principles would have been inconſiſtent with every idea of colonization underſtood, or ever practiſed, by the courts of Spain and Portugal.

When this new commercial regulation was known in India, it excited the greateſt diſcontent. And all the authority of the viceroy and of the clergy was hardly ſufficient to ſuppreſs an inſurrection at Goa. By its due operation, the lucrative licentiouſneſs of the private traders would have received ſome bounds; and a check upon their immenſe profits gave a general alarm. There were ſtated voyages performed under the direction of the viceroy to collect the king's revenues in the different ſettlements. And the commanders of theſe ſquadrons, acted now, without reſtraint, as private merchants, and their profits were almoſt incredible‡. The idea of preventing the military to become merchants was now no more. And even the viceroys, after Caſtro and Ataide, became private traders. Beſides their yearly ſalaries, now raiſed to 18,000 crowns, ſome of them cleared 3, ſome 5, and ſome 800,000 ducats, by their own merchandiſe. And thoſe who bore the title of Don were not now aſhamed to command their own piratical merchant ſhips. After Caſtro, ſome of the firſt

* The trade to theſe places is confined to particular ports, annual flotas and regiſter ſhips, and even the quantity of goods limitted. See Account of the European Settlements in America, fifth edit. vol. i. p. 234, &c. and 315.

‡ According to Faria's eſtimate, the voyage from Goa to China and Japan, brought the captain 100,000 crowns, for only the freight of the goods of others which he carried; that from Coromandel to Malaca, 20,000; from Goa to Mozambique, 24,000; and the ſhort voyage to Ceylon, 4000. And the profits of their own trade were equally great.

nobility

nobility of Portugal were ſent to govern India: and their hiſtorians bluntly confeſs, that they went thither to repair their fortunes. But though the new regulations were in the ſpirit of the Spaniſh trade to Mexico, nothing like the regularity of the flotas was attained in India. The viceroy ſtill retained the care of fitting out the homeward ſhips, and the exigencies of India rendered their number and cargoes ever precarious.

Don Duarte de Menezes was ſucceeded, in 1588, by Emanuel de Souza Coutinno, who in 1590 reſigned the ſword to Matthias de Albuquerque, who governed about ſeven years. In 1597, Don Franciſco de Gama, Count de Vidigueyra, and grandſon of the Diſcoverer of India, aſcended the throne of Portugueſe Aſia. But not more degenerated were the times, than were his actions and manners from thoſe of his illuſtrious anceſtor. He was the moſt deteſted and moſt inſulted ruler * that ever governed India; and the meanneſs of his abilities, the ferocious ungrateful haughtineſs of his carriage, and his groſs injuſtice, merited the ſignal contempt with which he was treated. The peninſula of Pudepatam, between Goa and Cochin, was at this time poſſeſſed by a Mooriſh pirate named Mahomet Cunnale Marca, who made war alike on the Portugueſe and the ſubjects of the Zamorim. The Zamorim and the Viceroy entered into a treaty to cruſh this pirate; and the former, with an army of 20,000 men, and Don Luis de Gama, brother of the latter, with a fleet of above fifty veſſels, laid ſiege to Marca's peninſula; but both were ignominiouſly repulſed; and the Portugueſe arms under Don Luis received the greateſt diſgrace, ſays Faria, they had ever, except at Ormuz, experienced in the Eaſt. Andreas de Furtado, the only Portugueſe officer of this period whoſe name is recorded with honour, ſoon after compelled Marca to ſurrender on condition of life; a condition which was brutally violated by the ungenerous Gama ‡. But what principally marks the fatal

* For inſtances of theſe, ſee the notes on the life of Camoens.
‡ Vid. ibid.

regency of this count de Vidigueyra, is the arrival of the firſt warlike ſquadron of the Dutch in India, the heralds of the total ſubverſion of the Aſiatic empire of Portugal.

For the laſt twelve years, the Portugueſe cruelties * in Ceylon had diſgraced human nature. And for many years, annual fleets had regularly been ſent to the coaſts of Malabar and the north of Goa, to make piratical wars, on pretence of the ſuppreſſion of pirates. Yet, as if all their former cruelties had been too little, a *Bull of Croiſade*, in 1594, arrived in India, commanding the Portugueſe to reduce the infidels to the faith by the force of arms. This was a new pretence to plunder the pagodas, the repoſitories of the Gentoo treaſures, and was procured by the Jeſuits, who now governed the ſprings of action over all Portugueſe Aſia. Though moſt adroit in fraudful cabals, that which bears the diſhoneſt name of Low Cunning was their only talent. Cruel, obſtinate, and narrow in their minds, the groſſeſt compulſion, and the horrors of the inquiſition ‡, were the methods by which they endeavoured to propagate their religion. Avaritious of power and riches, and eager for immediate poſſeſſion, they thruſt themſelves into every public tranſaction. The idle luxurious Military eaſily ſuffered themſelves to be guided by them: and their intrigues and ignorance of the arts of civil and military government, embroiled and perplexed every operation. In almoſt every expedition was a Monclaros: and it became uſual, for the defeated commanders to vindicate themſelves by accuſing the

* Don Hierome de Azevedo commanded in Ceylon during the ruinous wars already mentioned. When he kept the field, and had gained any advantages, he compelled the Indian mothers to caſt their children between milſtones, and to look on while they were ground in pieces. At other times he ordered his ſoldiers to hold up the ſhrieking infants on the tops of their pikes. This he did for a moſt wretched pun. The natives of Ceylon call themſelves *Galas*, and *Gallos* is Spaniſh for a cock. *Hark how theſe young cocks crow* — is recorded as his uſual ſpeech, when the infants ſcreamed on the lance.

‡ So different from Xavier were the Jeſuits of this period, that they totally impeded the converſion of the Gentoos, by the moſt abſurd topics of conteſt. The Gentoos wear a *Teſſera* of three threads, (of which ſee p. 470.) and are bigotted to the uſe of this their ancient badge. But the Jeſuits, who ſaid it was inſtituted by the Devil, obſtinately inſiſted that it ſhould be relinquiſhed by their new converts. The badge and their old religion were therefore continued.

Jeſuits.

Jeſuits. Impreſt with the enumeration of the facts from which the above concluſions are drawn, and having mentioned a diſpute amicably adjuſted by a Jeſuit, *The Religious*, ſays the hiſtorian Souſa, *are ſucceſsful agents in the promotion of peace between Lay Governors; but when they take upon themſelves the government of ſecular affairs, they bring every thing to confuſion and ruin.*

While the Jeſuits thus cankered and confounded every ſpring of government, the civil and military officers, intent only on their own preſent gain, beheld the public weakneſs with the moſt languid indifference. Almoſt totally engroſſed by their immenſe American empire, and the politics of Europe, the Spaniſh court paid little attention to Portugueſe India. The Will of the Viceroy, now more arbitrary than ever, was the Supreme Law; headlong in its operation in his preſence, and headlong where his creatures, who ſhaped it to their pleaſure, were armed with power; but it was feeble and miſinterpreted, often contemned and diſobeyed, in the diſtant ſettlements. The commanders on the different ſtations ceaſed to act in concert with each other; and their forts were often in a ſtate of blockade, under all the miſeries of famine. It was now uſual for commanders and whole bands of the Portugueſe, without the conſent of their ſuperiors, to undertake piratical expeditions, and to enter into the ſervice of the Aſiatic princes*: and in many actions they fought againſt

* About 1586, the Turks with powerful armies invaded Perſia. Some years after, the immenſe armies of the Mogul invaded the regions beyond the Ganges. And the great kingdoms of Pegu and Siam were alternately laid waſte by each other. Portugueſe adventurers diſtinguiſhed themſelves in all theſe wars; nor did they conſult the viceroy when they went off with their ſhipping and ſoldiers. Two of theſe renegadoes, by the moſt deteſtable treachery and cruelty, roſe to the ſovereign rank; and, under the regal title, negociated with the Portugueſe viceroys. Of theſe hereafter.

The hiſtory of one of theſe renegadoes throws light on Portugueſe Aſia. Iago Soarez de Melo, guilty of murder, fled from the ſentence of death in Portugal. He was ſeveral years a pirate in the eaſtern ſeas. On his promiſe to accuſe Don Stephen de Gama, he was pardoned by M. Alonzo de Souza, the new governor. He afterwards, with above 1000 Portugueſe, who renounced allegiance to their ſovereign, went to Pegu, where he was appointed general of the army, gratified with immenſe treaſure, and entitled the king's brother. In this height of his fortune, he happened to paſs by the houſe of a rich merchant on the day of his daughter's wedding. He entered in with his armed followers, and was invited to partake of the ſumptuous entertainment. Struck with

each other with the greateſt rancour. Their mother country groaned under the yoke of Spain. Moſtly natives of the Eaſt, the Portugueſe in India loſt all affection for Portugal, and indeed the political chain which bound them together was now but a ſlender thread. Unreſtrained by regular government, the will of the captain of the fort was abſolute, and his protection of the moſt audacious plunderers was the ſupport of his power. Deteſted by the natives, at ſtrife among themſelves, every circumſtance concurred to invite other merchants to India. In this wretched condition of Portugueſe Aſia, Houtman, a Dutch merchant, while in jail for debt at Liſbon, planned the eſtabliſhment of his countrymen in the Eaſt. The Hollanders paid his debts; he ſailed for Aſia, and returned with credentials of his promiſe, which gave birth to the Dutch India Company, an inſtitution of deep commercial wiſdom: a regular machine, connected in all its operations, and the very reverſe of that blind monſter, that divided Polypus, the Portugueſe deſpotical anarchy.

The ſpice iſlands offered the faireſt field for the Dutch operations. Here the Portugueſe were both weakeſt and moſt deteſted. And at Amboina and Ternate the ſtrangers were gladly received, and conditions of commerce ſettled*. In 1600, Ayres de ‡Saldanna ſucceeded the weak Count de Vidigueyra; but he was equally remiſs, and made no head againſt the Dutch. One of his captains only, the brave Furtado, for five

with the beauty of the young lady, he attempted to take her away by force; the bridegroom and his kindred who offered reſiſtance, were ſlaughtered upon the banqueting tables; and the frantic bride fled from the ſcene of horror, and ended her life with a cord. Soon after, however, the power of Melo, and the thouſand Portugueſe who ſerved under him, were not ſufficient to protect him from the rage of the people. The king delivered him up, and he was torn in pieces by the multitude.

* Nothing but the deep deteſtation of the Portugueſe could have procured ſuch favour; for previous to this, the very firſt operation of the Dutch had diſplayed their character. They were detected in offering money of baſe metal for the cargo of the firſt ſhip which they loaded with ſpicery. Thoſe who offered it were ſeized by the natives; and the ſquadron which firſt arrived at Ternate, endeavoured to reſcue their countrymen at Java, by force of arms, but were repulſed, and compelled to pay the ranſom which the natives demanded.

‡ He renewed the treaty of alliance with the celebrated Echebar, or Akbar, who was now maſter of all India, as far ſouth as Viſapor.

years

years carried on a petty war with the Hollanders among the Malucos; but though he gained ſeveral victories, he was unable to expel the new intruders. And new ſquadrons from Holland arrived yearly, and carried their hoſtilities from Mozambique to Bengal and other parts of India. The Portugueſe valour ſeemed to revive, and the Dutch, in many engagements, were defeated. Their vanquiſhed fleets, however, carried rich cargoes to Europe, and brought freſh ſupplies. The Jeſuits omitted no device, no fraud, that might inflame the natives againſt them; even their republican form of government was repreſented as big with ruin to the Indian princes. But the deteſtation of the Portugueſe name was deep in India; and that rooted odium, to which their villainies and cruelties had given birth, and had long nouriſhed, was now felt to militate againſt them more than millions in arms. Had the general conduct of the Portugueſe governors been like that of Albuquerque, had the princes of India mourned over their graves, no ſtrangers had ever eſtabliſhed themſelves on the ruin of ſuch allies. Though repeatedly defeated in war, the Dutch commerce increaſed, the harbours of India received them with kindneſs, and gave them aſſiſtance; while the friendleſs deteſted Portugueſe, though victorious in almoſt every ſkirmiſh, were harraſſed out and daily weakened. Like beaſts of prey in their dens, or mountaineer banditti, they kept their gloomy fortreſſes, their deſtruction the wiſh of the natives, who yet were afraid too openly to provoke the rage of theſe wolves and tygers. About four years after the arrival of the Dutch, the Engliſh alſo appeared in India. The Dutch, who pleaded the law of nature, without ceremony entered the beſt harbours, and endeavoured to drive the Portugueſe from their ſettlements. The Engliſh, in 1601, under Sir James Lancaſter, erected ſeveral factories in India, but they went to ports open to all, and offered injury to neither Dutch, Portugueſe, nor Mooriſh ſettlement. Twenty Engliſh fleets made the voyage to India without hoſtility with the natives, when the Portugueſe Jeſuits brought on a rupture, which ended in the loſs of the

Portugueſe

Portugueſe military reputation. Every treacherous art which the Moors practiſed againſt Gama was repeated by the Jeſuits, and the event was the ſame: for he who fights with the weapons of fraud, whenever he miſſes his blow, ſtands naked and weakened, and every wound he receives is mortal.

In 1604 Saldanna the viceroy was ſucceeded in office and languid negligence, by Don Alonzo de Caſtro; and on Caſtro's death, in the third year of his government, Don Frey Alexio de Menezes, archbiſhop of Goa, was inveſted with the authority, though not with the title of viceroy. The patronage of the Inquiſition, and the reduction of the Chriſtians of St. Thomas, of Ethiopia and Armenia*, to the See of Rome, were the ſole employments of this governor. In 1609, the brave Furtado received the ſword of command: he was a ſoldier; and his firſt ambition was the expulſion of the Hollanders. He called the council and principal citizens of Goa, and urged them to aſſiſt him in ſtriking a deciſive blow, which might ruin the Dutch. His ſpeech was heard with joy; but when he had filled the port of Goa with a formidable navy, Ruy Lorenzo de Tavora arrived from Portugal, and ſuperſeded Furtado, in the *Third Month* of his regency. The only circumſtance for which Tavora is diſtinguiſhed is his generous acknowledgement, that he thought it was Furtado who governed, when he ſaw ſuch warlike preparations, and that he was unhappy to ſuperſede ſo worthy a governor. And unhappy it was for the Portugueſe intereſt. It was now twelve years ſince the Engliſh, and fifteen ſince the Dutch, had portended the ruin of the Portugueſe; yet, except the armament of Furtado, no regular plan had ever been concerted for the expulſion of ſuch formidable rivals. About this time, captain Beſt, in a large Engliſh ſhip, and captain Salmon, in a bomb-ketch, lay near Surat; Nunno de Cunha, with four large galliots, and twenty-five frigates, part of the armament prepared by Fur-

* For the miſeries with which the Jeſuits diſtreſſed Ethiopia, ſee the note, p. 470. Though attended with leſs bloodſhed, their conduct was the ſame in Armenia. This archbiſhop was a moſt zealous patron of this method of converſion. See p. cxxviii.

tado,

tado, was ſent by Tavora to take or deſtroy them. The Mogul had an army at this time upon the ſhore. The beach and the eminences were covered with ſpectators. And now thoſe who had deemed the Portugueſe invincible at ſea, with aſtoniſhment beheld nine and twenty ſhips vanquiſhed and put to flight by two veſſels *. And a few days after, Thomas Beſt, in

* An Indian, who had been aboard the Engliſh ſhips, told Nunno that they had not above a week's proviſion, and that he had nothing to do but to prevent them to take in freſh water. Nunno replied, that *he would not ſpend a week's proviſions upon his own men to purchaſe a victory that might be gained in an hour.* And in the ſame high ſpirit he ſent Canning, an Engliſh priſoner in his cuſtody, to help his countrymen to fight, boaſting, that *he would ſoon take him again with more company.* As Nunno advanced, with red banners diſplayed, Beſt weighed his anchors, and began the fight in the centre of the four large galliots; and Captain Salmon, in the bomb ketch, behaved with equal courage. Withington, a writer of king James's time, thus mentions the engagement: "Captain Salmon, of "the bomb ketch, the Oſiander, was like "a Salamander amid the fire, dancing the "hay about the Portugueſe, friſking and "playing like a ſalmon." The Portugueſe writers aſcribe theſe victories to the excellence of the Engliſh, and incapacity of their own gunners. Soon after, however, the Engliſh commerce in India greatly declined. The Dutch pretended that their hoſtilities in India were in revenge of the Spaniſh tyranny in the Netherlands. Portugal alſo bowed down beneath the ſame cruel yoke; yet this, in the Dutch logic, was her crime; and thus, becauſe the Portugueſe groaned under Spaniſh oppreſſion, the Spaniſh oppreſſion in the Netherlands was revenged upon them. The truth is, the Portugueſe ſettlements were little regarded by Spain, and the Dutch intruded upon them as the ſtronger boars in a German foreſt ſhoulder the weaker ones from the beſt fall of acorns. Though beat off by the herdſmen, the ſtronger boars perſiſt and return; ſo the Dutch perſiſted, till they ſecured poſſeſſion. Every thing, however, was different in the firſt ſettlement of the Engliſh. The Author of the *Hiſtoire Philoſophique, &c.* ſeems to decry the policy of their firſt captains, who made themſelves maſters of no port, but bought their cargoes of the native merchants. But he ought to have owned that the hoſtilities of the Turks and Moguls, and the treachery of the latter in expelling the Engliſh factors, rendered retribution juſt. But with all the *ſang froid* of a Materialiſt, the Engliſh perceived, ſays he, *that great riches could not be acquired without great injuſtice.*; and that to attain the advantages enjoyed by the Portugueſe and Dutch, they muſt alſo adopt their meaſures, and eſtabliſh themſelves by force of arms. But James, he adds, as if he condemned ſuch narrow policy, was too puſillanimous, and too much engaged in controverſial divinity, to allow warlike operations. The treaty of the Engliſh with the potent king of Perſia, however, he mentions as an effort of great political wiſdom. But Sir D. Cotton's embaſſy into Perſia, in the Clarendon State Papers, Vol. I. p. 36. fol. throws another light upon this affair. The treaty with Perſia was the idleſt ſtep the Engliſh could poſſibly have taken. According to this authentic record, the great monarch of Perſia appears little better than a captain of Italian banditti; and his prime miniſter, raiſed from the meaneſt ſtation, as a greater ſhuffler and villain than his maſter. The treaty with Perſia, indeed, alarmed the Mogul, the Portugueſe, and the Dutch, and brought hoſtilities upon the Engliſh, which the puſillanimous James would not allow them to puniſh as juſtice required. But it was not two months together in the mind, nor was it in the power of the tyrant of Perſia, to give any effectual aſſiſtance to the Engliſh. A Perſian ſtruck Lord Shirley, the Sophi's ambaſſador, in the preſence of James, and each charged the other with impoſture. The king of Perſia and his miniſter did nothing but ſcruple the credentials ſent from England, and endeavour

a harder conflict, was again victorious. Don Hierome de Azevedo, whoſe cruelties in Ceylon diſgraced the name of Man, in 1612 ſucceeded Tavora in the viceroyſhip of India. In every view of importance, the hiſtory of Portugueſe Aſia terminates with his government. And the occurrences of his regency are ſtrongly characteriſtic, not of a falling, but of a fallen empire.

The moſt fearleſs inſolence and treachery were now the characteriſtics of the Portugueſe commanders on every ſtation. Pereyra, captain of the fort of Mombaſſa, treacherouſly bribed the Cafres to murder the king, whoſe head he ſent as a trophy to the viceroy Azevedo. The inſolence of Don Luis de Gama brought the hoſtilities of the Turks and Perſians upon Ormuz and the adjoining territories. In Ceylon, the common ſoldiers robbed the natives at pleaſure, and the commanders added rapes and adulteries; *till the people*, ſays Faria, *ſought refuge among the wild beaſts of the mountains, to ſhun the more brutal outrage of men.* Near Surat, a Portugueſe captain, in breach of the peace, took a rich ſhip from Mecca, the property of the Mogul, and carried her in triumph into the harbour of Goa. Reſtitution was refuſed, and the Mogul, whoſe dominion was now extended from the kingdom of Delhi to the confines of Calicut, detained all the Portugueſe ſhips in his harbours; and, together with his tributary the king of Decan, laid ſiege to Damam, Chaul and Baçaim, and deſolated the country around. Even the unwarlike Chineſe were exaſperated, and the humble ſubmiſſion of the Portugueſe to new and ſevere laws, preſerved their continuance at Macao. In 1606, a Dutch fleet had blocked up the mouth of the Tagus, and prevented the annual ſupplies to

deavour to extort preſents. While James thus amuſed himſelf with his Perſian negociation, as ſagacious and fruitleſs as thoſe he held with the court of Spain and the Prince Palatine, the commerce of his ſubjects languiſhed in India. Hopeleſs of any help from Perſia, they entered into a kind of partnerſhip in ſome of the Dutch ſettlements. But when the Hollander found his opportunity, the Engliſh of Amboyna and other places experienced injuries and cruelties which are yet unatoned, and which for many years rendered them of little or no conſequence in the Eaſt.

India;

India; and their power was now greatly increaſed in the Eaſt. The natives, in hatred of the Portugueſe, in every part favoured them: the kings of Achem and Ternate often aſſiſted them with powerful armies againſt Malaca and the Malucos, and the Hollanders were now frequently victorious. While the eaſtern world was thus in arms againſt the Portugueſe, inſurrections among themſelves raged in every ſettlement. While the goldſmiths and mercers of Goa had a bloody engagement, the peace officers robbed the ſhops of both parties. An armament of ſeven ſhips and 250 ſoldiers was found neceſſary to ſuppreſs the murderous tumults at Meliapor. In the tumults of Chaul, Baçaim, Trapor, and Tana, ſome of the Portugueſe were almoſt daily ſlaughtered by each other; and while they were murdering one another in Ceylon, the natives iſſued from the foreſts and mountains, and reduced them to the greateſt extremity. Iago Simoens, for ſervices rendered to the emperor of Monomotapa, had received a grant of all the mines of that country in favour of the king of Portugal, and had built ſome forts on the river Zambeze. To enſure his ſucceſs, he ſolicited a reinforcement from the viceroy, which was ſent under the command of Fonſeca Pinto, a lawyer. But this reinforcement turned their arms againſt Simoens, and brought him and his ſettlement to utter ruin. Fonſeca, who was ſent as judge to Mozambique, enriched himſelf by the moſt flagitious acts of injuſtice and tyranny*, an example which was followed by his ſucceſſors, who without the authority of Azevedo, condemned an officer to the gibbet, and alternately impriſoned each other.

* He even ſold the proviſions, implements, and mining tools which he carried to Simoens, whom he accuſed to the emperor as a rebel againſt the viceroy, and urged the emperor to kill him. He ſeized the lands of Simoens, and ſold his ſlaves and effects. He depoſed Ruy de Melo, governor of Mozambique, and alſo ſeized his eſtate, which he appropriated to himſelf. Melo was acquitted at Goa. Iago de Cunha, another lawyer, was appointed to authority equal with Fonſeca, with command to reſtore Melo. When they arrived, they impriſoned Fonſeca, but an officer named Guerra relieved him, and impriſoned Cunha. And he, as Fonſeca had done, bribed his keepers, and eſcaped to Mombaſſa, where Melo then was. Melo and Cunha now ſailed for Mozambique, and Fonſeca with immenſe wealth fled to Goa; but Guerra, who remained, was tried by Cunha, and executed.

By conceſſions and preſents the viceroy had now purchaſed peace with the Mogul, who, influenced by the arts of the Jeſuit Pereyro, interdicted commerce with the Engliſh and Dutch; and the Portugueſe merchant ſhips which were detained in his harbours were relieved. During the laſt thirty years, the ſtrength and commerce of the Turks had conſiderably increaſed on the coaſts of Arabia ‡. Their trade with the ports of the Mogul was great, and conſiderable quantities of the produce of India were now again ſent to Europe by Egypt and Conſtantinople. The ſubjects of the Mogul refuſed commerce with the Engliſh, and the Turks had offered hoſtilities to Sir Henry Middleton in the Red Sea. Middleton therefore appealed to the force of arms; but he did not act as a pirate. He ſeized ſome Mogul veſſels near Aden, but for the Indian traffic which he took from them, he gave them full value in Engliſh goods, according to the eſtimation of the Eaſt, profeſſing that he only deſired an equitable commerce. Fearful of ſuch rivals, Azevedo fitted out a fleet of eight ſhips, ſome of 8, ſome of 6, 5, and 400 tons, beſides 60 frigates, and ſome fly boats. But after a faint attack, Azevedo withdrew; and though often braved by the Engliſh, reinforced only with four veſſels, to the deeper aſtoniſhment of India, he declined the combat, and ſuffered the enemy, unmoleſted, to proceed homeward with loaded ſhips.

Nor was Miranda, the admiral of the ſeas of Malaca, more proſperous. After a hard engagement with a great fleet of Achem, he was totally defeated ‡ by a Dutch ſquadron of eight veſſels. The trade with China was now annually interrupted by the Dutch, who, not ſatisfied with the route by the Cape of Good Hope, had now paſſed the ſtraits of Magellan, and opened a trade with Japan †. A Portugueſe adventurer, named Sebaſtian Gonſalez Tibao ‖, who, by betraying the In-

‡ By this increaſe, the cuſtoms of Ormuz and Maſcate were greatly reduced. Vid. Faria, ſub Ann. 1616.

‡ So completely was he defeated, that he eſcaped to ſhore with only ſix men.

† This country was diſcovered by the Portugueſe, who opened a trade with it, about 1543.

‖ This adventurer went to India a private ſoldier. He deſerted from the ſervice, and became

dian princes who favoured him, eſtabliſhed himſelf in Sundava, was there proclaimed king, and became an independent monarch. Conſcious that the king of Arracam, his late ally, whom he had treacherouſly deſerted when invaded by the Mogul, would meditate revenge, he ſent an embaſſy to Azevedo, to whom he offered alliance, and propoſed a war with the king of Arracam. Allured by Tibao's report of the immenſe treaſures of that prince, Azevedo, contrary, ſays Faria, to all laws human and divine, concluded the deſired treaty with the renegado, and invaded Arracam. But here alſo the Portugueſe arms were diſgraced, and Tibao, deprived of every foot of territory, was reduced to his original meanneſs. Even more unfortunate was Philip de Brito e Nicote. By the moſt ungrateful treachery to the king of Tangu and other Indian princes, he alſo had raiſed himſelf to the ſovereign power, had been proclaimed king of Pegu, and his name was the terror of Siam and the neighbouring regions. The king of Ava, in revenge of his vaſſal the king of Tangu, with an army of 120,000 men, and a fleet of 400 veſſels, laid ſiege to Brito in his ſtrong fort of Siriam. Azevedo, in hope that he might prove an auſpicious ally, ſent an armament of five galliots to the ſupport of Brito; but Brito, ere its arrival, was overpowered, after a brave defence *. His wife and ſoldiers were maimed and ſent into ſlavery; and he himſelf and his male kindred were impaled on the ramparts of his garriſon.

Such were now the civil inſurrections, ſuch the wars ‡ of the Portugueſe; the ſpirit of Azevedo's treaties are even more

became a ſeller of ſalt in Bengal. His profits increaſed, till he found himſelf maſter of a ſquadron of ten veſſels, with which he commenced piratical wars; and having aſſumed regal power, he extended his territories, and made treaties with the neighbouring princes. The king of Arracam, threatened with an invaſion from the Mogul, entered into a league with Tibao. But, bribed by the Mogul, he ſuffered his army to paſs him; and while the Moguls plundered one part of the rich kingdom of Arracam, he plundered the cities of the other ſide.

* Brito had no powder to repel the enemy, an officer whom he had ſent with money to purchaſe that article having never returned. He was impaled with his face to his houſe, and lived two days, ſays Faria, in that dreadful condition.

‡ Though under the ſame monarch, the Spaniſh governor of the Philippine iſles ſent a party of men, in 1602, who, in defiance of the remonſtrances and threats of the Portugueſe commander, built a fort at the port of Pinal. Some years after, however, the increaſe of the Dutch power inclined the gover-

nor

characteriſtic. Won by Middleton's gallant behaviour, and regardleſs of the viceroy's reſentment, the Mogul, contrary to the late treaty, not only admitted the Engliſh to free commerce with his ſubjects, but the Engliſh admiral was entertained, by his order, with all the ſplendor of eaſtern pomp. The Zamorim, the king of Cochin, and the king of the little iſland of Paru, prepared for hoſtilities; Azevedo ſent rich preſents, and begged for peace; the preſents were accepted, but the moſt contemptuous pretences excuſed delay, and the conditions were never ſettled. An embaſſy, with rich preſents, was ſent to Abas Xa, king of Perſia, who meditated the conqueſt of Ormuz; but this was alſo treated with ſcorn, and the Perſians, aſſiſted by the Engliſh, ſoon after wreſted Ormuz and its territory from the Portugueſe. Idle, undetermined treaties, were renewed with the Mogul, and tranſacted with the king of Siam, who would not conſent to expel the Engliſh from his harbours. The reaſons he urged ſpeak the deepeſt contempt: he excuſed the hoſtilities of the queen of Patane, his vaſſal, by ſaying ſhe was mad; and he liked the Engliſh, he ſaid, becauſe they were uſeful to him, and ſhewed him great reſpect. The prince of Pandar, a kingdom of Ceylon, though the Portugueſe had lately murdered an ambaſſador from his neighbour the king of Candea, ſent propoſals of peace and offered tribute to the viceroy; but finding the Portugueſe leſs formidable than he had eſteemed, he recanted; and Azevedo concluded the treaty, on condition of only one half of the tribute firſt propoſed. But the moſt contemptuous treatment is yet unmentioned. The king of Ava, alarmed at the treaty with Siam, and apprehenſive of revenge for the death of Brito, ſent an embaſſy to the viceroy. Azevedo accepted his propoſals, and Martinho de Coſta Falcam, his ambaſſador, went to ratify the treaty at the court of Ava. But the monarch's fears, and the

vernor of Manilla to ſolicit the aſſiſtance of Azevedo, to expel the Dutch from the Malucos. But the viceroy could only afford an armament which conſiſted chiefly of tranſported felons. And theſe wholly deſerted ere they came to action. The admiral having, contrary to his orders, touched at Malaca, gave them the final opportunity.

reputation

reputation of the Portugueſe valour, were now no more. After many days ſpent by Falcam in vain ſolicitations for an audience, the hour of midnight was at laſt appointed. In the dark he was brought to an apartment, and in the dark alſo was ordered to deliver his embaſſy, for the king, they ſaid, was there, and liſtened. He delivered it, and received no anſwer. Yet, though this haughty ſilence told him he had been talking to the walls, Falcam ſtill meanly ſolicited to ſee the ſovereign; and the former refined contempt was renewed, A day, and a place in the ſtreet were named, where Falcam might ſee his majeſty as he rode out on his elephant. The day came, but the king never deigned to turn his eye to the place where the ambaſſador ſtood. And Falcam, thus loaded with the moſt contemptuous diſgrace, returned to Goa.

On a voyage to Dio, Azevedo fell in with four Engliſh veſſels. He held a council of war, and it was reſolved not to fight, becauſe the ſtate of India, ſhould victory declare againſt them, could not ſuſtain the loſs of the large galleon in which the admiral ſailed. Such was the poverty of the Portugueſe cuſtom-houſes in the Eaſt; and the exchequer of Liſbon received an equally ſmall and precarious revenue from the Company of Merchants who were the proprietors of the goods brought to Portugal. In ſome of the laſt fifteen years, not a Portugueſe ſhip ſailed from India to Europe; and half of thoſe which ventured out, were either taken by enemies, or, having ſailed late in the ſeaſon, were deſtroyed by tempeſt.

While thus degraded and broken down, the Spaniſh court completed the ruin of the Portugueſe Eaſtern empire. The expence of the ſupplies, lately ſent againſt the Dutch and Engliſh, far exceeded the taxes of the Company, reaped by Spain; and Azevedo received an order from the court of Madrid, to diſpoſe of every employment, of every office under him, by public ſale, that money might be raiſed to ſupport his government. We now need add few circumſtances more, for the hiſtory of the fall of the Portugueſe empire in Aſia, is here eſſentially complete.

While

While the Indian ſtate was ſo poor, that it could not afford to riſque the loſs of a ſingle galleon, Azevedo the viceroy was immenſely rich. As he complained one day of the great loſſes ſuſtained by his trading veſſels, near the latter part of his reign, one of his officers told him he was ſtill worth 4 or 500,000 ducats. To this he replied, *I am ſtill worth more than that ſum in cattle only.*

Though the miniſtry of Spain ſeemed to have abandoned India, they beheld the ſucceſs of the Dutch with great reſentment. Becauſe he had not defeated the Dutch and Engliſh, Azevedo was recalled, was ſtripped of his riches, and condemned to a dungeon, in which he * ended his life, and in which he was maintained by the Jeſuits, who afterwards honourably buried him: a debt, no doubt, of gratitude for the ſervices which he had rendered that ſociety in India.

Even deeper declenſion followed the reign of Azevedo. The numerous Portugueſe forts, almoſt every where ſtripped of territory, had been long ſuffered to fall into decay; for their commanders were only intent on their own ſudden aggrandiſement. Shipwrecks and dreadful tempeſts added to the miſeries of the Portugueſe: and the moſt remarkable events of the government of John Count de Redondo, who in 1617 ſuperſeded Azevedo, are the ſolemn faſts held at Goa. In ſome of theſe, the citizens lay day and night on the floors of the churches, imploring the divine mercy, in the deepeſt and moſt awful ſilence, while not a ſound was to be heard in the mournful ſtreets.

Though Azevedo was puniſhed for not defeating the Dutch and Engliſh, ſo little regard did Spain pay to India, that Hernan de Albuquerque, who after Redondo governed for three years, never received one letter from the court of his ſove-

* To the inſtances of Azevedo's cruelties already mentioned, let another be added. He uſed to amuſe himſelf and his ſoldiers, by throwing his priſoners over the bridge of Malvana, to ſee the crocodiles devour them. The crocodiles, ſays Faria, were ſo uſed to this food, that they would lift their heads above water and croud to the place, at the ſight of the victims.

reign.

reign. In 1622, Don Franciſco de Gama ſailed from Liſbon with four ſhips, and the commiſſion of viceroy. On his voyage, the three veſſels which attended, contemptuouſly left him; and, to ſave himſelf from a Dutch ſquadron, he burned his own ſhip on the coaſt of Mozambique, from whence, in a galliot he proceeded to India. After a regency of five years, in which he neither executed nor planned one action of the ſmalleſt conſequence, he reſigned the government to Don Luis de Brito, the biſhop of Cochim. Malaca, again beſieged by the king of Achem, was again reduced to the deepeſt diſtreſs; but the biſhop would fit out no armament to its relief, jealous, it was thought, leſt the commander of it ſhould be appointed viceroy. On the biſhop's death, which happened after his having benumbed every buſineſs of ſtate for near two years, the writs of ſucceſſion were opened, and two governors were found named, one for the civil, the other for the military department. But ſo vague were the terms of expreſſion, that two gentlemen of different names claimed the ſword of command. The diſpute was ſubmitted to the council of Goa, and Alvarez Botello was declared governor. By a vigorous effort he relieved Malaca; but he fell ſoon after in an engagement where the Hollanders were victorious; and Malaca was again inveſted by the neighbouring princes, aſſiſted by a ſquadron of twelve Dutch ſhips. Mozambique, Ceylon, various forts of the Moluccas and on every coaſt of India, were alternately loſt and recovered, were again repeatedly attacked by the enemy, and at laſt finally abandoned by the Portugueſe. In 1632, under the viceroyalty of the Count de Linarez, *Our European enemies*, ſays Faria, *roved over the ſeas without oppoſition, took many of our ſhips, and ruined our trade. They alſo every where incenſed the Indian princes againſt us; for we had no agent at any of their courts to vindicate our cauſe.* Yet, deep as ſuch declenſion appears, Linarez, on his return to Europe, preſented the king of Spain with a hat band, and the queen with a pair of pendants, a gift valued at 100,000 crowns. In 1639, while another archbiſhop of Goa was governor, a ſquadron of nine Dutch

veſſels rode in triumph in the river of Goa, and burnt three galleons in the harbour, without oppoſition; for the fort, ſays Faria, was deſtitute both of ammunition and men. In 1640, the kingdom of Portugal, by one of the nobleſt efforts upon record, threw off the yoke of Spain; and the Portugueſe in India acknowledged the duke of Braganza as their ſovereign. And in 1642, a viceroy was ſent to India by John IV. But though the new monarch paid attention to India, and though the Engliſh, during their civil wars, abandoned the commerce of the Eaſt, the Dutch were now ſo formidable, and their operations ſo well connected, and continued, that every exertion to recover the dominion of India was fruitleſs and loſt. Soon after the civil wars, the Engliſh aroſe to more power and conſequence, than even the Dutch, in Aſia; and many of the Portugueſe merchants became their agents and naval carriers. Towards the end of the ſeventeenth century, the court of Liſbon turned its attention to the Brazils, and neglected India. A ſucceſſion of viceroys was however continued; but of all their numerous ſettlements on every coaſt of the eaſtern world, the ports of Goa and Dio in India, and the iſle of Macao in the bay of Canton, only remain in the poſſeſſion of the Portugueſe. And, according to the information procured by the abbé Reynal (who publiſhed his *Hiſtoire Philoſophique, &c.* about ten years ago) two ſmall veſſels, often Chineſe, once in the year carry ſome porcelaine to Goa and Dio: but theſe muſt touch at Surat and other ports to complete their return of ſilks and ſpicery. And one ſhip, with a poor cargo, partly furniſhed by the two ſloops of Macao, and partly purchaſed from the Engliſh, ſails once in the year from Goa to Liſbon. Such is the fall of that Power, which once commanded the commerce of Africa and Aſia, from the ſtraits of Gibraltar to the eaſtern ſide of Japan.

But Dio and Goa are unrivalled ſtations; and the iſland of Macao, on the coaſt of China, is a poſſeſſion of the utmoſt value, a poſſeſſion which might be envied by the firſt power of Europe. Would the Portugueſe aboliſh the Inquiſition of

Goa,

Goa, ſays Reynal, and open their ports upon liberal principles, the Portugueſe flag might again flow triumphant over the eaſtern ocean. But though this flouriſh cannot be realiſed, while the power of the Britiſh and Dutch continue, there is a wide and favourable field open for the increaſe of the Portugueſe Indian commerce; and a beginning that promiſes future importance has already taken place. In 1773, the late king of Portugal new-modelled the government of his Aſiatic ſettlements. By the new * laws the power of the governor is altered, and the title of Viceroy is changed to that of Captain General. The Inquiſition of Goa, formerly more dreadful in its cruelties than even that of Portugal, is utterly aboliſhed; and about ſix or ſeven veſſels are now annually cleared from Liſbon for India, but the commerce of theſe fleets is a *Royal Monopoly*, and regulated in the ſame ſpirit by which the trade to Brazil is now, and has always been, conducted and governed.

The hiſtories of wars, from the earlieſt times, are much alike; the names of the countries ravaged, the towns deſtroyed, and captains ſlain, are different; the motives and conduct of the oppreſſors, and the miſeries of the oppreſſed, are the ſame. Portugal raiſed the firſt commercial empire of the modern world; the hiſtory of her fate therefore opens a new field for the moſt important ſpeculation. The tranſactions of the Portugueſe in India are peculiarly the wars and negociations of commerce, and therefore offer inſtructions to every trading country, which are not to be found in the campaigns of a Cæſar or a Marlborough. The proſperity and declenſion of foreign ſettlements, reſulting from the wiſdom or errors of the ſupreme power at home, from the wiſdom or imprudence, the virtues or vices of governors abroad; The ſtupendous effects of unſtained honour and faith; The miſerable ruinous embarraſſments which attend diſhoneſt policy, though ſupported by the greateſt abilities in the field or in the council; The uncommercial and dreadful conſequences of wars unjuſtly provoked,

* For which ſee the *Noticias*, in the Appendix.

though crowned with a long ſeries of victories; The ſelf-deſtructive meaſures, uncommercial ſpirit, and inherent weakneſs of deſpotic rule; The power, affluence, and ſtability which reward the liberal policy of humane government; in a word, All thoſe cauſes which nouriſh the infancy, all thoſe which as a ſecret diſeaſe undermine, or as a violent poiſon ſuddenly deſtroy the vital ſtrength of a commercial empire; all theſe are developed and diſplayed, in the moſt exemplary manner, in the hiſtory of the tranſactions of Portugueſe Aſia.

And all theſe combine to aſcertain the great principles upon which that ſtupendous Common Wealth the Britiſh Eaſt India Company muſt exiſt or fall. The commerce of India is of moſt eſſential value to the Britiſh nation. By the Indian goods diſtributed over Europe, the eſſential balance of trade is preſerved in our favour. But whether the Indian commerce ſhould be conducted by an Excluſive Company, or laid open to every Adventurer, is the queſtion of the day, a queſtion of the very firſt importance to the Britiſh empire. And to this queſtion the example of the Portugueſe is of the firſt conſequence. Both in the Senate, and in the works of ſome political Writers, this example has been appealed to; an exact knowledge of the commercial principles of Portugueſe Aſia is therefore highly neceſſary; particularly, if the moſt groſs miſrepreſentations of it have already been given, with the profeſſed view of influencing the Legiſlature. And an authenticated ſtate of the principles of the Portugueſe Aſiatic commerce, were it only to guard us againſt the viſionary and dangerous ſchemes of Theory, cannot but be of ſome utility to that nation which now commands the commerce of India.

Throughout the foregoing Hiſtory of Portugueſe Aſia, the characteriſtics and principles of the Portugueſe military and commercial government, have been ſtated and authenticated. But a retroſpect will be neceſſary, to bring the Portugueſe example deciſively home; and ſeveral facts, as for their proper place, have been hitherto reſerved for the following

RECAPITULATION.

RECAPITULATION.

When Gama arrived in India, the Moors, great maſters of the arts of traffic, were the lords of the eaſtern ſeas. They had ſettlements on every convenient ſtation, from Sofala to China; and though under different governments, were in reality one great commonwealth. They clearly foreſaw what injury their trade would ſuſtain, were Europeans to become acquainted with the Aſiatic ſeas. They exerted every fraudful art, that not one man of Gama's fleet might return to Europe. And when theſe arts were defeated, with the moſt determined zeal they commenced * hoſtilities.

Garriſons and warlike fleets were now abſolutely neceſſary to the exiſtence of a naval commerce between Europe and Aſia. And on the return of Gama, Cabral was ſent with an armed fleet of thirteen veſſels. His commiſſion was to make alliances, to eſtabliſh forts and factories, and to repel hoſtilities. His commiſſion he executed, and the commanders who ſucceeded him greatly extended the Portugueſe ſettlements, which were reduced by Albuquerque into a regular plan of empire.

To increaſe the population and riches, and thence the ſtrength of the mother country, by the exportation of her domeſtic manufactures, raiſed from her domeſtic ſtaples, is the great and only real advantage of foreign ſettlement. But this was not underſtood by the Portugueſe. To raiſe a revenue for the king his maſter was the idea of Albuquerque. And the ſtupendous fabric which he raiſed does his genius immortal honour: for it muſt be remembered, that even had he underſtood the domeſtic advantages of a Free Trade, it was not in his power to open it. The king of Portugal was ſole merchant, every factory was his, and the traffic between Portugal and India was, in the ſtricteſt ſenſe, a *Regal Monopoly*. There was a *ſpecies* of free trade indeed allowed in the eaſtern ſeas; but

* To the above let it be added, that the Soldan of Egypt, and the Grand Turk, for near a century, continued their ſtrenuous efforts for the utter expulſion of the Portugueſe.

from

from this the mother country received no benefit; and the principles upon which it exiſted, naturally produced the fall of the Portugueſe eaſtern empire. We need not repeat its piratical anarchy. The greateſt and moſt accompliſhed of the Portugueſe governors ſaw its fatal tendency, and every method was attempted to reſtrict and render it infamous.

The tribute of the vaſſal princes, the territorial levies, and the duties of the various cuſtom-houſes, produced under ſome governors a conſiderable revenue. But how miſerably obvious is this ſyſtem to every abuſe! The foregoing Hiſtory demonſtrates how, period after period, it fell into deeper and deeper diſorder. The yearly ſalary of Almeyda, the firſt viceroy, was only 15,000 rials, (*i. e.* 1041 *l.* 13 *s.* 1½ *d.* ſterling); about fourſcore or an hundred years after, the ſalary and profits of three years viceroyalty amounted to about one million and an half of ducats. Faria y Souſa has given, from the archives of Portugal, an exact liſt of all the ſhips cleared from Portugal for India, from the diſcovery of Gama to the year 1640*. During the firſt fifty years, which was the moſt flouriſhing period of Portugueſe Aſia, only nine or ten veſſels ſailed yearly from Portugal for India. And from that period to the end of the Spaniſh uſurpation, only one or two veſſels carried the annual traffic of India to Portugal.

Beſides the miſconduct which naturally reſults from that worſt of all monopolies, a Regal one, many were the other circumſtances which included the future ruin of the Portugueſe.

* From the commencement of the Indian commerce under Cabral, in 1500, to the death of the great Caſtro, in 1548, 494 ſhips ſailed from Liſbon for India, of which 41 were loſt on the voyage. On an average, therefore, about 19 ſhips in each two years arrived in India. As many of theſe were war ſhips, ſent to continue in the Eaſt, we cannot ſuppoſe that, making allowance for ſhipwrecks, more than five returned annually to Portugal. From 1548 to the acceſſion of Philip, 173 ſailed from Liſbon for India, of which 17 were loſt. The yearly average is therefore near five ſhips ſent, and the return, as above proportioned, about three. During 57 years under the crown of Spain, only 285 ſailed for India, whereof only 236 arrived. Some years not one ſhip ſailed, either from Liſbon to India, or from India to Liſbon. At this period, ſay all our authors, the ſhips were moſtly overloaded, and ſailed at improper ſeaſons, by which means many were loſt, and many were taken by the Dutch and Engliſh. And thus, upon an average, at leaſt, from about the year 1616, not more than three veſſels in each two years arrived at Liſbon.

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The vague terms of the viceroy's commiſſion (*for which ſee the Appendix*) and his arbitrary power, from which there was no appeal to any body of laws of ſupreme authority, naturally produced the unjuſt wars, the inſolence, cruelty, and fearleſs rapine of the Portugueſe governors and their dependent officers.

From every circumſtance it appears, that the courts of Liſbon and Madrid never conſidered the commerce of India as an object worthy of their attention. Sovereignty and revenue were the advantages they expected, and endeavoured to find in the Eaſt.

Every hiſtorian of Portugueſe Aſia complains of the ſudden recals of the viceroys; and the ſtated term of three years viceroyalty is moſt apparently abſurd and ruinous. Every hiſtorian of theſe tranſactions mentions it as the general practice, that the new viceroy ſtopped and reverſed every preparation and plan of his predeceſſor.

Though no veſſels but thoſe of his majeſty carried the commodities of India to Europe, a contraband traffic of the officers and ſailors had been, moſt aſſuredly, of the earlieſt commencement. By a ſtatute paſſed in 1687, it appears that the viceroys had formerly obtained the privilege for themſelves, and of granting licences to others, to carry certain articles and quantities of their own private traffic, on board of his majeſty's veſſels, to Portugal. When this grant commenced, we have not been able to determine. Certain it is, however, that it muſt have been mentioned, had it been in exiſtence when Caſtro, Ataide, and other viceroys exerted the moſt ſtrenuous efforts to diſcourage the mercantile purſuits of the native Portugueſe. Were we allowed to venture a conjecture, we would place this *excluſive* grant to the viceroy and his creatures in the reign of John IV. who made a faint and vain endeavour to recover the dominion of India. And it outrages probability to ſuppoſe it older than the extraordinary but uncertified emoluments recorded as given by Philip II. to the viceroys of India. Whenever it commenced, however, in 1687 the legal right to this

this private traffic was aboliſhed; but the contraband practice, which certainly began with the firſt voyage of Cabral, was as certainly continued.

The Excluſive Company of Merchants, who in 1587 contracted to fit out the Indian fleets, appear to have had little influence in the affairs of India. The power of the viceroy and the piratical anarchy were ſtill predominant. While only one or two ſailed annually for Portugal, the ſloops and other veſſels employed in the trade of the private adventurers amounted to a conſiderable number. Captain Beſt met a trading fleet of 240 Portugueſe veſſels on the coaſt of Cambaya: and when the Mogul declared war againſt the Portugueſe, in 1617, the number of their veſſels detained in his harbours, *(vid. Far. ſub ann.)* was 200. Yet were the adventurers in this trade liable to every inconvenience uſually ſuffered by ſmugglers and freebooters. It is true they carried the commodities of Ethiopia and the coaſts around Ormuz, to Malaca and China; and in return diſtributed the products of the eaſtern over the weſtern ſhores of the Indian ocean. But they had no certain protection of their property, and they were ſurrounded with monopolies. The viceroys and commanders of forts had monopolies of their own in every ſtation between Ethiopia and China. And it is eaſy to conceive how their creatures muſt have lorded it over all thoſe who dared to interfere with their profits. To render a foreign trade proſperous, the honeſt merchant muſt have every poſſible encouragement. If it is eaſy to acquire an handſome independence in an honourable channel, the ſons of men of property and of connexions will adventure; and where capital ſtock and real abilities are beſt rewarded, commerce muſt greatly increaſe. If on the other hand, the merchant is fettered with difficulties, only men of deſperate fortune will ſettle in a diſtant climate. And theſe, conſcious of the reſtraints under which they labour, conſcious that they have much to gain and little to loſe, will, in the nature of things, be ſolely influenced by the ſpirit of the mere adventurer; by that ſpirit which utterly ruined the Portugueſe in India.

Each

Each of the fleets which ſailed annually from Liſbon to India, carried out, upon an average, about 3000 men. Very few of theſe ever returned to ſettle in Portugal. They married in the Eaſt, and became one people with the deſcendants of thoſe Portugueſe, who, at various periods, had ſettled and married with the natives, in the numerous colonies of Portugueſe Aſia. Their great commonwealth, in the beginning of the ſeventeenth century, was a mere anarchy, and its revenue of ſo little value to the mother country, that Philip II. abandoned India in the moſt extraordinary manner: he made an edict, that every office under the government ſhould be ſold by public ſale, an edict that merit ſhould be neglected, and that only the moſt worthleſs and rapacious ſhould be entruſted with the affairs of ſtate.

The APPLICATION

Of the example of Portugueſe Aſia cannot be better enforced than by an examination of the popular arguments relative to the Britiſh commerce with India. A recent Writer on the *Nature and Cauſes of the Wealth of Nations*, has ſtood forth as the philoſophical champion for the abolition of the *Monopoly* of the Engliſh United Eaſt India Company. His arguments may be reduced to theſe four poſitions.

I. Excluſive Companies are in every reſpect pernicious.

II. In the Portugueſe commerce with India, for more than a century, there was *no Excluſive Company*; ſuch monopoly is therefore unneceſſary for the ſupport of the Indian commerce.

III. Under a Free Trade, factors will ſettle in India of their own accord, and every commercial accommodation of ſelling and purchaſing cargo will naturally follow.

IV. Where forts and garriſons are abſolutely neceſſary, theſe will be beſt under the immediate protection of the ſovereign, under whoſe care his native ſubjects will find themſelves *perfectly ſafe and eaſy*.

The fable of Procruſtes, and his iron bed, was perhaps deſigned by the ancients to ſignify a ſyſtem builder and his ſyſtem. The reader will ſoon be enabled to form his own judgment on the juſtice of this explanation.

The firſt poſition is thus maintained by our Author: "Of "all the expedients that can *well* be contrived to *ſtunt* the na- "tural growth of a new colony, that of an excluſive company "is undoubtedly the moſt effectual." Vol. ii. p. 171.

Having diſtinguiſhed monopolies into two kinds, our Author thus concludes his chapter; "Such excluſive Companies, "therefore, are *nuiſances* in *every reſpect*, *always* more or leſs "inconvenient to the countries in which they are eſtabliſhed, "and deſtructive to thoſe which have the misfortune to fall "under their government." Vol. ii. p. 256.

Thus, and throughout our Author's whole work, monopolies are repreſented as *always*, *every where*, and *in every reſpect* pernicious. Yet when ſome hiſtorical facts, and the manners of nations, are put in the other balance, the ſcale, loaded with theſe aſſertions, will inſtantly fly up and kick the beam.

However ſome men may declaim, there was a time when the founding of abbeys and monaſteries was the moſt political method by which the monarchs of Europe could introduce civilization among their barbarous ſubjects. And, however ill adapted to the preſent times, that old monopoly, the inſtitution of corporations, was at one period highly political, and abſolutely neceſſary to ſupport infant commerce againſt the ſurrounding oppreſſions and uncommercial ſpirit of the feodal ſyſtem. The commerce of the Hans towns began not only with incorporated companies, but alſo with a general ſtipulated league of theſe companies, for ſuch union was abſolutely neceſſary to protect the infancy of their naval commercial intercourſe againſt the numerous bands of ſavage pirates, who at that time infeſted the Baltic, the Daniſh, and the German ſeas.

When Prince Henry of Portugal, at his own private expence, had diſcovered Madeira, his brother, king Edward, made him proprietor of that iſland. Henry divided it into diſtricts, which

which he gave to ſome of his captains, who in return paid him a revenue. When the ſame prince had diſcovered the coaſt of Guinea, the united efforts of a Company appeared to him as the moſt vigorous method of proſecuting his deſigns. Under a charter from him, and for which they paid him a revenue, ſeveral of his captains erected a commercial Company at Lagos, and the vigour of their purſuits anſwered the expectations of Henry. In the third year of their eſtabliſhment, fourteen ſhips ſailed from that port upon trade and farther diſcovery; and fifteen were the ſame year fitted out from Madeira. In 1471, Alonzo V. engroſſed by domeſtic quarrels, and the affairs of Morocco, granted Fernando Gomez a monopoly of the Guinea trade, for the ſmall ſum of 500 ducats annually, but upon condition that during the firſt five years he ſhould extend his diſcoveries 500 leagues farther along the ſea coaſt. This condition highly vindicates the wiſdom of this monopoly; as the numerous fleets of Lagos and Madeira juſtify Henry. Diſcovery was a moſt unpopular meaſure, and neither the attention of Alonzo, nor the finances of the ſtate, could afford to fit out ſquadrons on expeditions of Hope. Even in 1497, two of the four ſhips which were ſent to diſcover India, were purchaſed from ſubjects, *(ſee Appendix)* ſo unable were the royal dock-yards of Portugal to fit out fleets for diſcovery.

Without the regular connection of a Company, under the ſanction of Legiſlative authority, the Dutch might have as rationally attempted to eſtabliſh a commerce with the Moon as with India. The natives, it is true, received, at firſt, both the Dutch and the Engliſh with joy. But the Portugueſe were infinitely too ſtrong for all the unconnected attempts of all the private merchants of Europe, and it was their intereſt to prevent intruders. Nor did the good will of the natives ariſe from any other cauſe than their deep hatred of the Portugueſe. It was the intereſt of the Moors, Egyptians, and Turks, that no Europeans ſhould navigate the eaſtern ſeas; and had the Dutch and Engliſh been the firſt who diſcovered

India, they muſt have encountered the whole force of the Eaſt, and all the rage of the Moors.

A ſovereign who deſires to open a commerce with a diſtant country, under the circumſtances of India, has only this alternative: he muſt either give *excluſive* privileges to a Company, or he muſt put his exchequer to the enormous expence of forts and garriſons, and warlike fleets year after year, to awe the hoſtile natives. In this laſt ſuppoſition, the trade with ſuch countries may be either reſerved as a monopoly of the crown, or laid open and free to all the ſubjects. Excluſive Companies were choſen by the Dutch and Engliſh, in their proſecution of the commerce of India. And a crown monopoly was adopted by the kings of Portugal. But no ſovereign was ever ſo deep a Theoriſt as to take upon himſelf the enormous and uncertain expence of conquering and bridling diſtant and warlike nations, in order that, after enriching themſelves with the commerce of ſuch countries, his ſubjects might be better enabled to pay what future taxes he might think proper to impoſe upon them.

The ſecond poſition aſcribed to our Author is deduced from theſe ſentences: " The Portugueſe carried on the trade both " to Africa and the Eaſt Indies, *without* any *excluſive* Compa- " nies." Vol. ii. p. 248.

" *Except in Portugal,* and within theſe ſe in Fraw yearsnce, " the trade to the Eaſt Indies has, in every European country, " been ſubjected to an excluſive Company." Vol. ii. p. 242.

" That ſuch companies are not in general neceſſary for car- " rying on the Eaſt India trade, is *ſufficiently demonſtrated* by " the *experience* of the Portugueſe, who enjoyed almoſt the " whole of it for *more than a century together,* without any *ex-* " *cluſive* Company." Vol. ii. p. 246.

In political philoſophy an *excluſive Company* and *excluſive Trade* are exactly the ſame. Our Author himſelf gives the very worſt of characters of a Regal Monopoly; but it ſeems to have been utterly unknown to him, that ſuch ever was, and is, the Portugueſe commerce between Europe and

and India; utterly unknown to him, that the Portugueſe *free* trade in the Indian ſeas was a diſgrace to commerce, was ruinous in every principle, was eſteemed infamous, only fit for felons, in the days of the Portugueſe proſperity; and in order to its ſuppreſſion, was taxed greatly beyond the trade carried on by the natives. The continuance or abolition of the Eaſt India Company is a matter of the firſt importance. If either method be adopted upon *falſe* principles, the conſequences will be ſeverely felt. We ſhall therefore claim ſome merit in holding up a conſpicuous example to future philoſophers, how imprudent it is to truſt to the *ſelf-ſufficiency of ſpeculation*, when, on the moſt important topics, they appeal to hiſtorical facts as a *ſufficient demonſtration* of the eaſe and ſafety of their theoretical ſchemes.

The third poſition aſcribed to our Author will be found at *great length* in his Fourth Book. In Sweden and Denmark he owns that the encouragement of a monopoly was neceſſary to their trade with India. But where monopolies are neceſſary, ſuch countries, he ſays, ought not to trade directly to the Eaſt Indies. He takes it for granted, that the ſmallneſs of the national capital ſtock, which cannot be ſpared in the ſlow returns of ſo diſtant a trade, produces this neceſſity. And it were better, he adds, for ſuch countries to buy their Indian goods "ſomewhat dearer" from other nations. But when a nation is rich enough to trade with India, a free commerce, according to our Author, would naturally ſpring up in the moſt beautiful order. He ſtates the objection of the impoſſibility of a private merchant's capital being able to ſupport factors and agents in the different ports of India; to which he thus replies, (vol. ii. p. 246.) "There is no great branch of trade in which "the capital of any one private merchant is ſufficient for "carrying on all the ſubordinate branches, which muſt be "carried on in order to carry on the principal branch. But "when a nation is ripe for any great branch of trade, ſome "merchants naturally turn their capitals towards the princi-"pal, and ſome towards the ſubordinate branches of it.....

"If

" If a nation therefore is ripe for the Eaſt India trade, a cer-
" tain portion of its capital will naturally divide itſelf among all
" the different branches of that trade. Some of its merchants
" will find it for their intereſt to reſide in the Eaſt Indies,
" and employ their capitals there in providing goods for the
" ſhips which are to be ſent out by other merchants, who re-
" ſide in Europe."

When this ſcheme of commerce with India cannot be effected, it is a proof, according to our Author (p. 247.) that ſuch country, at that particular time, was not ripe for that trade; and had better buy their Indian goods, " even at a " higher price," from other nations. But had the Portugueſe, Dutch, and Engliſh, waited for ſuch *theoretical ripeneſs*, they had never yet ſet one foot in India.

In the moſt favourable view of ſuch eſtabliſhment of commerce with the great world of Aſia, its perfection cannot ſpring up in a few years, and would be always precarious. When the Moors were in force, ſuch peaceful eſtabliſhments were impoſſible, for they knew their preſent intereſt too well to liſten to the promiſes of European ſpeculation; and the preſent character of the Indian nations gives no prophecy when forts and garriſons will become unneceſſary to the European reſidents in India. Our Author ſeems aware of this, in the ſentence which immediately follows the laſt cited, and which vindicates the fourth poſition into which we have divided his argument.

But it will be here neceſſary to give a ſhort Analyſis of the great principles of our Author's ſyſtem.

The Wealth of Nations, he ſays, ariſes from labour; the value of which, he often tells us, is only to be fixed by the *higgling of the market*. That ſhare of land-rent which is claimed by the ſovereign, is his favourite ſource of revenue. And were every ſubject allowed a free trade *too*, the whole nation would be enriched, and this ſource of revenue, of conſequence, greatly enlarged. But monopolies of all kinds, by *ſtunting* the uſe of ſtock and the conſequent increaſe

creaſe of riches, *ſtunt* the ſources of revenue. Monopolies are therefore every where and in every reſpect prejudicial to ſovereign and people. As the ſovereign is chiefly intereſted in the flouriſhing ſtate of the land-rent revenue, it is moſt likely to flouriſh under his care. *And over and above*, as the population of foreign colonies muſt enlarge the above natural ſource of revenue, for all other ſources are *round about*; ſo the population of foreign colonies is the chief end of colonization.

From this analyſis, which challenges the ſevereſt teſt, the propoſition to put the forts and territory of Britiſh India into the hands of the ſovereign, naturally follows. We ſhall give it in our Author's own words:

" The ſettlements, ſays he, which different European " nations have obtained in the Eaſt Indies, if they were " taken from the excluſive Companies to which they at " preſent belong, and put under the immediate protection " of the ſovereign, would render this reſidence" (i.e. *of the voluntary unconnected adventurers before mentioned*) " both *ſafe* and " *eaſy*, at leaſt to the merchants of the particular nations to " whom thoſe ſettlements belong."

But ere we examine this bold propoſition, our Author's great objections againſt the Dutch and Engliſh Eaſt India Companies require our previous attention. " Theſe, ſays our Author, " though poſſeſſed of many conſiderable ſettlements, both " upon the coaſt of Africa and in the Eaſt Indies, have not " yet eſtabliſhed in either of thoſe countries ſuch numerous " and thriving colonies as thoſe in the iſlands and continent " of America. (p. 247.) . . . . In the ſpice iſlands, the Dutch " burn all the ſpicery which a plentiful ſeaſon produces, be- " yond what they expect to diſpoſe of in Europe with ſuch a " profit as they think ſufficient. . . . . They have reduced the " population of ſeveral of the Moluccas. Under the go- " vernment even of the Portugueſe, however, thoſe iſlands are " ſaid to have been tolerably well inhabited. The Engliſh " Company have not yet had time to eſtabliſh in Bengal ſo

" perfectly

" perfectly deſtructive a ſyſtem. The plan of their govern-
" ment, however, has had exactly the ſame tendency. It has
" not been uncommon, I am well aſſured, for the *chief*, that is
" the *firſt* clerk of a factory, to order a peaſant to plough up
" a rich field of poppies, and ſow it with rice or ſome other
" grain. The pretence was to prevent a ſcarcity of provi-
" ſions; but the real reaſon to give the chief an opportunity
" of ſelling at a better price a large quantity of opium, which
" he happened then to have upon hand. Upon other occa-
" ſions the order has been reverſed, and a rich field of rice or
" other grain has been ploughed up, in order to make room
" for a plantation of poppies." p. 250. And thus, as our Author expreſſes it, p. 253, Monopolies " *ſtunt* the natural
" growth of ſome parts, at leaſt, of the ſurplus produce of
" the country, to what is barely ſufficient for anſwering the
" demand of the Company."

Our Author's abhorrence of commercial purſuits, and his keen predilection for *land rent* revenue, are ſtrongly marked in the following ſentence: " A Company of merchants are,
" it ſeems, incapable of conſidering themſelves as ſovereigns,
" even after they have become ſuch. Trade, or buying in or-
" der to ſell again, they ſtill conſider as their principal buſi-
" neſs, and by a *ſtrange abſurdity*, regard the character of the
" ſovereign as but an appendix to that of the merchant, as
" ſomething which ought to be made ſubſervient to it, or by
" means of which they may be enabled to buy cheaper in In-
" dia, and thereby to ſell with a better profit in Europe.
" They endeavour for this purpoſe to keep out, as much as
" poſſible, all competitors. . . . Their mercantile habits draw
" them in this manner, almoſt neceſſarily, though perhaps
" inſenſibly, to prefer, upon all ordinary occaſions, the *little*
" and *tranſitory* profit of the monopoliſt, to the *great* and
" *permanent* revenue of the ſovereign." p. 252.

Such are the evils which attend the Dutch and Engliſh Eaſt India Companies: The advantages which would follow, were ſuch monopolies to be aboliſhed, and the ſovereign to be ſole maſter

maſter of Indian acquiſition are theſe: all his ſubjects, who pleaſed, might turn their ſtock to the commerce of India. By ſuch means, the population of the colonies, and, of conſequence, the regal ſhare of their revenue, would be greatly increaſed.

And thus, according to our Author, commerce is of very inferior conſequence; and the *importation* of the *Sovereign*'s revenue the very *ſummum bonum* of the political wiſdom of colonization. But theſe very *ſuſpicious* data demand a much deeper inveſtigation than our Author has beſtowed upon them. In many places he expreſſes the moſt cordial affection for the kingly power. Becauſe it is the ſovereign's intereſt that his colonies ſhould proſper, he ſuppoſes, therefore, that colonies, if under his immediate protection, will and muſt * flouriſh. And becauſe a monarch, at the head of a ſtanding army, *may* deſpiſe the rudeſt and moſt licentious libellers, he concludes, p. 311. that a ſtanding army is propitious ‡ to the cauſe of Liberty. That perfection of wiſdom, magnanimity, and attention, which is moſt eſſentially implied in theſe ſuppoſitions, is not, however, to be found in a SUCCESSION of monarchs. No, not in an individual ſovereign, if we may believe an aſſertion which has eſcaped from our Author, p. 441. "The ſervants, ſays he, "of the moſt careleſs private perſon, are, perhaps, more "under the eye of their maſter, than thoſe of the moſt careful prince."

When the Portugueſe Indian commerce was farmed, by a Company of merchants, in 1587, about 87 years after its commencement, the Regal monopoly was altered, not aboliſhed; for this commerce was continued, according to every

* This argument, abſolutely eſſential to his ſyſtem, is ſupported by our Author, Vol. ii. p. 251, &c. &c. &c.

‡ What a pity it is, that France and Spain have never found out this ſecret! What arbitrary impriſonments might be avoided, and what expence of legions of ſpies might be ſaved, could they perceive our Author's advantages of a ſtanding army.

idea ever known in the Spaniſh or Portugueſe colonies. It was carried on in a limitted number of Regiſter ſhips; and the ſovereign authority of the Indian viceroys was ſtill predominant. Our Author confeſſes, p. 171. that the commerce of regiſter ſhips is "*very nearly upon the ſame principles* as that of an *excluſive* company." And certainly, with reſpect to his ſyſtem, they are exactly the ſame. In deſcribing the management of trade, where it is the ſole property of the ſovereign, our Author has given, though very undeſignedly, a very accurate ſketch of the regal monopoly of Portugal. Talking of the mercantile purſuits of princes; "They have ſcarce ever ſuc-"ceeded, (ſays he, p. 414.) The profuſion with which the "affairs of princes are always managed, renders it almoſt "impoſſible that they ſhould. The agents of a prince re-"gard the wealth of their maſter as inexhauſtible, are "careleſs at what price they buy; are careleſs at what price "they ſell; are careleſs at what expence they tranſport his "goods from one place to another. Thoſe agents fre-"quently live with the profuſion of princes, and ſome-"times too, in ſpite of that profuſion, and by a proper "method of making up their accounts, acquire the for-"tunes of princes. It is thus, we are told by Machiavel, "that the agents of Lorenzo of Medicis, not a prince of "mean abilities, carried on his trade." And thus, alſo, the corrupted viceroys of India conducted the trade of the kings of Portugal.

But it may be ſaid, the conſequences of the above are inapplicable, for a regal monopoly of revenue, and not of trade, is our Author's ſyſtem. His ſyſtem is held forth as ſuch indeed, yet we apprehend its conſequences would be the ſame. A hoſtile country, of vaſt extent, bridled and awed, and the revenue of an immenſe territory, governed by the troops and officers of a diſtant ſovereign, is ſomething exceedingly like the Portugueſe plan. The conſequences of the Portugueſe ſyſtem, therefore, require our ſtricteſt attention.

The

The Portugueſe viceroys, it may be ſaid, were arbitrary, and governed by no code of known laws: and the officers of a Britiſh ſovereign will not be armed with ſuch power. Yet our Author is of opinion that the ſervants of the India Company *aſſume* ſuch power, and that it is *completely fooliſh* to expect they would not. Monopoly, he ſays, is the intereſt of a Company and its ſervants. A free trade, and revenue is the intereſt of a ſovereign. But does it follow, as our Author's argument implies, that ſuch is the intereſt of his ſervants alſo? By no means. We may well enquire, what is that wonderful virtue, eſſential to our Author's argument, which is conferred by the royal commiſſion; that virtue, which would correct all the ſelfiſh paſſions which influence the clerks of a counting-houſe, and would ſave the poppies and the rice of Bengal from an untimely plough? If the territory of Britiſh India is to be the king's, he muſt have men in office to manage it under him, and theſe will have their private intereſts to ſerve, as well as the officers of a Company. Whence, then, are we to expect their ſuperior virtue? Not, ſurely, from their greater opportunities of extortion, and of evading enquiry — But we ſhall here adopt a ſentence from our Author, (vol. ii. p. 253.) only ſubſtituting the word *King*, where he writes *Counting Houſe*: "Nothing can be more *completely fooliſh* than to expect that "the clerks of a great King, at *ten thouſand miles diſtance*, and "conſequently *almoſt quite out of ſight*, ſhould, upon a ſimple "order from their maſter, give up, at once, doing any ſort of "buſineſs upon their own account, abandon forever all hopes "of making a fortune, of which they have the means in their "hands, and content themſelves with the moderate ſalaries "which their maſter allows them." — Our Author purſues his argument, how the ſervants of a Company eſtabliſh monopolies of their own; and ſuch, attended with every circumſtance of unreſtrained enormity, was the conduct of the crown officers of Portugueſe Aſia.

The ſuperior opportunities of extortion and rapine enjoyed by the military governors of a very diſtant and rich country,

are ſelf-evident. The clerks of a crown office have infinitely better opportunities of evading detection, and of amaſſing perquiſites, than thoſe of a company. Our Author has already been cited to explain how the ſervants of a prince abuſe their truſt. "It is perfectly indifferent," ſays he, vol. ii. p. 255. to "the ſervants of the India Company," when they have carried their whole fortune with them, if, the day after they left it, "the whole country was ſwallowed up by an earthquake." And, in the name of God, will not ſuch diſaſter be equally indifferent to a royal general, or a royal cuſtomhouſe officer, whenever he finds it convenient to retire from India?

But this is not applicable, it may be ſaid, to our Author's ſyſtem, which is to plant colonies, like thoſe of America, in India, on purpoſe to draw a revenue from them; and the proſperity of the country will then be the intereſt of the royal officers. But a hard queſtion here obtrudes itſelf; *Will it be the deſire of fixed Reſidents to* export *a revenue, or to be careful of it?* Though many of the Portugueſe were natives of the Eaſt, war was their harveſt; and, like the ſavages of Louiſiana, who cut down the tree when they deſire the fruit, their rapacity deſtroyed the roots and ſources of revenue. The nature of their ſituation, explained by our Author in the caſe of Lorenzo of Medicis, vindicates this aſſertion, and every period of Portugueſe Aſia enforces its truth. Though all the artillery of arguments, drawn from the abuſes committed by the ſervants of a company, may thus, with accumulated force, be turned againſt the ſervants of a prince; arguments of deeper import ſtill remain.

Whenever a ſociety emerges from what is called the *ſhepherd ſtate*, luxuries become its inſeparable attendants. And imported luxuries, however neglected and undervalued in our Author's eſtimate, offer not only a plentiful, but the ſafeſt mode of taxing the wages of labour, the profits of ſtock, and the rent of land. The induſtry of the manufacturer and huſbandman can never thus be impeded or injured, which they moſt certainly are, for a time, by every new tax upon labour and land.

land. The luxuries imported by the Eaſt India Company have afforded a revenue * which has been equal to the land-tax of England. The queſtion then is, whether would this valuable revenue be diminiſhed or increaſed, were every port open, and every adventurer free to fit out what ſhips he pleaſed, to traffic with India?

But were this allowed, what an army of cuſtomhouſe officers, muſt there be in waiting at every port of the kingdom? for who knows what port a veſſel from India, once in ſeven years, may chuſe to enter? What a door for ſmuggling the luxuries of India would this open! And we need not add, what a diminution of revenue!

Beſides the great revenue which it pays, the Eaſt India Company forms one of the moſt active ſinews of the ſtate. Public Funds are peculiar to England. The credit and intereſt of the nation depend upon their ſupport ‡; and the Eaſt India Company is not the leaſt of theſe. It has often ſupported Government with immenſe loans, and its continuance includes the promiſe of future ſupport on the like emergencies.

And muſt this ſtupendous and important fabric be demoliſhed, to make way for an † *untried Theory?*

For a free trade, which, while it encreaſed our imported luxuries, would greatly diminiſh the revenue which ariſes from them:

* The revenue paid by the goods of the company, and the ventures of their ſervants, together with the former annual donation, have been above two millions yearly. The land tax falls ſhort of two millions.

‡ "The credit and the intereſt of the nation depend on the ſupport of the public funds—While the annuities, and intereſt for money advanced, is there regularly paid, and the principal inſured by both prince and people, (a ſecurity not to be had in other nations) foreigners will lend us their property, and all Europe be intereſted in our welfare; the paper of the *companies* will be converted into money and merchandize, and Great Britain can never want caſh to carry her ſchemes into execution. In other nations, credit is founded on the word of the prince, if a monarchy; or on that of the people, if a republic; but here it is eſtabliſhed on the intereſts of both prince and people, which is the ſtrongeſt ſecurity——" *Guthrie.*

† "In the progreſs of ſociety, additional props and balances will often become neceſſary. That of pulling down a whole edifice, to erect a new building, generally ends in the deſtruction of the community, and always leads to convulſions which no one could foreſee." *See* Governor Johnſtone's *Thoughts on our acquiſitions in the Eaſt Indies.*

For

For a trade which would injure our own ‖ manufactures, were the preſent reſtrictions aboliſhed:

For a trade which could not be eſtabliſhed in India for many years, and which, perhaps, is in its nature impracticable:

"For a tranſition, which, though poſſible, muſt be attended "with innumerable difficulties, conſidering what convulſions, "even the ſmalleſt ſtroke of legiſlative authority upon private "property generally produces, notwithſtanding all the pre-"cautions which may be § uſed:"

For a ſyſtem, which muſt render the ſovereign the military Deſpot of an immenſe and rich * territory, and make him the ſole maſter of an *Unconſtitutional* revenue. A revenue, which, in the hands of a corrupt miniſtry, would eaſily defeat the nobleſt check againſt arbitrary power provided by the Britiſh Conſtitution, the right of taxation in the Houſe of Commons.

America, paſſively ſubmiſſive at the feet of a junto in power, could not, for ſeveral centuries, afford the means of corruption, which India, already deeply enſlaved, would freely yield, for at leaſt a few years.

In every probability, for only a few years—however highly our Author may think of the *great* and *permanent* revenue of the ſovereign; and however he may deſpiſe the *little* and *tranſitory* profit of the merchant, we will venture to ſupport the very oppoſite opinions.

‖ Silks, muſlins, callicoes, embroidery, cottons, toys, and many of the Indian manufactures, would greatly injure thoſe of this country, were a free importation allowed. The woven manufactures of India, imported by the Company, are reſtricted to foreign markets.

§ This ſentence in inverted commas is from a pamphlet, entitled, *Thoughts on our acquiſitions in the Eaſt Indies*—written by Governor Johnſtone.

* "The immenſe power which would be added to the crown, by our dominions in the Eaſt falling immediately under its management, muſt be a ſerious conſideration, with every one who believes the preponderating weight which that part of the conſtitution already poſſeſſes; and who wiſhes, at the ſame time, to preſerve the juſt balance. Every intelligent mind muſt foreſee the immenſe additional influence that would accrue, by the command of ſuch a number of troops, the adminiſtration of ſuch extenſive revenues, and the diſpoſal of ſo many offices. The Author of theſe reflections is perſuaded, we might expect the ſame effects that followed the annexation of the rich orders of St. Iago, Calatrava, and Alcantara, to the crown of Spain; which, a celebrated Spaniſh hiſtorian ſays, contributed more towards enſlaving that country, than all the other inſidious arts and expedients of Ferdinand and Iſabella." *Gov. Johnſtone's Thoughts, &c.*

Our

Our Author laments, that merchants will never conſider themſelves as ſovereigns, when they have really become ſuch. Commerce was deſpiſed, and ſovereignty was the ambition of the Portugueſe. Immenſe extenſion of dominion, greatly ſuperior to the ſettlements of both the Dutch and Engliſh, became therefore their object: and uncommercial, often unjuſt wars, naturally followed this ſearch for revenue. And this ſyſtem as naturally produced the deepeſt ruin. Wars after wars will ever be produced by a ſovereignty aſſumed in a diſtant region. The Spaniſh method of extirpation is the only preventive. Some territory is neceſſary to ſettlements in India. But ſuch extenſion as would depreſs the grand ſyſtem of the Indian commerce, muſt, like the Portugueſe ſovereignty, end in ruin. The plan of ſovereignty directly leads to war with the jealous natives of India. Such revenue, therefore, cannot be *permanent*, and moſt probably will not be *great* for a length of years. Our Author upbraids the India Company, becauſe their colonies in India are not ſo populous and thriving as thoſe in America. But were the Indian colonies as ſafe from the natives, as his ſcheme of unconnected ſettlers requires; as populous, and their revenue as *great*, as his idea of perfection may poſſibly include, how long would he INSURE the *permanency* of their revenue againſt the interruption of a *Revolt* or *Rebellion*, or ſuch colonies themſelves from a ſudden and final *diſmemberment*? — Alas! at this preſent hour we feel a moſt melancholy proof of the difficulties and diſappointments of raiſing a revenue in a diſtant country. May God never curſe Great Britain, by fixing her views and hopes on ſuch diſtant, ſuch *little* and *tranſitory* ſupport!

If properly watched and defended, if not ſacrificed to the dreams and dotage of Theory, the Grand Machine of her Commerce will ever render Great Britain both proſperous and formidable. In this grand machine the Eaſt India Company forms a principal wheel. The *concentered* ſupport which it gives to the public credit; The vaſt and MOST RATIONAL *home tax* which its imported luxuries afford, forms a *conſtitutional* ſource

ſource of revenue, ever in our own hands, never to be affected by the politics of diſtant colonies; the population which it gives to the *mother country*, by the domeſtic induſtry employed upon the ſtaple * commodities which it exports; and the eſſential balance of Trade given and ſecured by the exportation of its

* The firſt ſource of the Wealth of Nations, however neglected in our Author's eſtimate, moſt certainly conſiſts in its ſtaples; and the plenty of theſe, and the degrees of their importance, in adminiſtering to the wants and deſires of mankind, fix the *natural* difference between the riches of countries. And to this ſource, the labour neceſſary to fit theſe ſtaples to their reſpective uſes, is dependent and ſecondary, if the fruit may be called dependent on, and ſecondary to the root of the tree. It is therefore the great duty of the ſtateſman to protect, direct, and cheriſh the manufacture of ſtaples; and by making colonies contribute to this purpoſe, he produces the natural, advantageous, and permanent uſe of foreign acquiſition. This, however, is ſo far from being a part of our Author's ſyſtem, that he even reprobates the idea, that the Legiſlature ſhould give any protection or direction to any branch of manufacture. He calls it a power with which no miniſter can *ſafely be truſted*. Vol. ii. p. 36. "It is," he ſays, "in ſome meaſure to direct people in what manner they ought to employ their capitals," of which, he tells us, p. 35. they are much better judges than any ſtateſman or lawgiver. Nay, he even aſſerts, p. 37, &c. that were any branch of manufacture, for he excepts none, to fall into utter decay, by the freedom of foreign importation, the country would loſe nothing by it. The manufacturers, he owns, might ſuſtain the loſs of their tools and * workſhops, but they would immediately turn their capitals and induſtry into other channels, which would be of equal advantage to their country. Nay, farther, government bounty to the introduction of a new manufacture is hurtful; for that will diminiſh the revenue, and, of conſequence, the national capital. p. 38.

Thus ſays Theory. But let it be aſked, if branches of our manufacture muſt thus, for the good of the nation, be ſuffered to fall into decay, what muſt become of the ſtaples, for our Author excepts no materials, upon which the abandoned manufacture was employed? Their former value muſt be greatly diminiſhed, if ſold unworked to foreigners; and if unſold, annihilated. And thus the national capital will be moſt effectually injured. Our Author talks very confidently of the eaſe with which individuals will find a proper field for their induſtry; but, ſurely, where a number of the ſtaples are thus reduced, the field for *domeſtic* induſtry muſt be proportionally narrowed; for *it is hard to make bricks without ſtraw*. "Every individual, ſays our Author, p. 32. is continually exerting himſelf to find out the "moſt advantageous employment for whatever capital he can command." But this poſition, abſolutely neceſſary to our Author's ſyſtem, we flatly deny. There is not only a torpor on the general mind of ſuch diſtricts as are ignorant of commerce, which requires to be rouſed into action by thoſe of ſuperior intelligence; but there is alſo a ſtubborn attachment in ſuch minds to their ancient uſages, which half a century can hardly remove. Our Author might have ſeen both this ſtupor and obſtinacy ſtrongly exemplified in the vaſt difficulty of introducing modern

* Some people are apt to apprehend the greateſt inconveniency, from ſetting a number of artificers adrift in ſearch of new employment. But this is nothing, according to our Author, who tells us, that 100,000 ſoldiers and ſeamen, diſcharged at the laſt peace, immediately found employment. Very true, for the labourer took to his ſpade, the taylor to his needle, the ſhoe-maker to his awl, and the ſeaman to the merchant ſervice. But were only 10,000 weavers thrown out of employ, the caſe would be widely altered. But the certainty of finding an *unknown* employment, fully as advantageous as the branch *perfectly known*, forms a part of our Author's ſyſtem. It was a *filly notion*, he tells us, vol. ii. p. 136. to defend Portugal, laſt war, for the ſake of its trade. Had that trade been loſt, ſays he, it would *only* have thrown the Portugueſe merchants out of buſineſs for a year or two, till they found out as good a method of employing their capitals. Some politicians have thought, the more channels of commerce, the more ſucceſs; but our Author does not care how many were ſhut up; for this good reaſon, new ones are *ſure* to be found. But this is like knocking a man down, becauſe he is *ſure* to get up again.

agriculture

imports, are the great and permanent conſequences of the commercial ſyſtem, conſequences which can never ariſe from the *importation* of the greateſt revenue. And ſoon would all theſe advantages be loſt, were the India Company to relinquiſh the mercantile character, and, according to our Author's * plan, aſſume that of the ſovereign. Nor can we take leave of our Author, without remarking, that he has been rather unhappy in fixing upon the Portugueſe as his favourites. His three great reaſons for this predilection are ‡ obvious; and

agriculture into a certain country. But, "No "regulation of commerce, ſays he, p. *ib.* "can increaſe the quantity of induſtry in "any ſociety beyond what its capital can "maintain." It is our Author's great leading principle, that no nation ought to attempt any branch either of manufacture or commerce, till its capital be ripe for ſuch branch; and till ſuch time, it is their intereſt, he ſays, to buy the articles of ſuch branches from their neighbours. But here let it be aſked, how is the capital to be increaſed in this ſtate of torpor? Elizabeth, and ſome of her predeceſſors, imagined that bounties and regulations of commerce would rouſe to action, and thence to the increaſe of capital. At great expence they introduced the manufactures of the continent into their own dominions. And hence England became what ſhe now is. But a view of the ſtate of our Author's Native Country will bring his Theory to the fulleſt and faireſt trial. According to his ſyſtem, Scotland ought to be the moſt flouriſhing commercial country in Europe; for certain it is, and he himſelf often tells it, that the trade of North Britain is under much fewer regulations and reſtrictions than that of England, Holland, or any of her commercial neighbours. There was a time, indeed, before and in the fifteenth century, when her Jameſes aſſumed the *unſafe truſt* of directing the channels of induſtry; when they penſioned foreign artificers to ſettle in their kingdom, and made regulations of commerce. The conſequence was, the Scots were the maſters of their own fiſheries, and the ſhipping of Scotland were then greatly ſuperior to their preſent number. Soon after, however, our Author's plan, that Government ſhould leave every ſubject to the courſe of his own induſtry, took place, in the fulleſt latitude. And the conſequence of Government ceaſing to watch over and direct the channels of commerce, as fully appeared. The Scottiſh navy fell into deep decline; and their fiſhery, perhaps the moſt valuable in the * world, was ſeized by thoſe *monopoliſts* the Dutch, who now enjoy it. A moſt excellent proof how the *unencouraged* and *undirected* Scots turned their capitals and induſtry to the beſt advantage! Neglected by government, the Scottiſh commerce long and deeply languiſhed, till Mr. Pelham, of late, endeavoured to rouſe it into action. But the people ſtill follow our Author's precept, of buying, from their neighbours, the greateſt part of the manufactures they uſe. And the conſequence of all is, many thouſands of the Scots find a field for their ingenuity and induſtry in every commercial country of the world, *except in their own.*

* Yet, ſtrange as it may ſeem, our Author, vol. ii. p. 415. condemns the Eaſt India Company for adopting the ideas of ſovereigns. It has made them bad traders, he *there* ſays, and, he adds, has almoſt brought them to bankruptcy.

‡ According to our Author, vol. ii. p. 248. it is owing to *the genius of excluſive companies* that the colonies of other nations in India have been leſs populous than thoſe of Portugal. He *who reads this work*, however, will find another cauſe for the Portugueſe population; and never were any colonies ſo vexed with monopolies within mono-

* Of ſuch valve is this fiſhery, that the arrival of the firſt fleet of buſſes is celebrated in Holland with public rejoicings, ſimilar to thoſe of the Egyptians on the overflow of the Nile.

that theſe reaſons were extremely raſh and ill-founded, is alſo equally evident. His reaſons are—The Portugueſe had no Excluſive African or Indian Companies—A moſt unlucky miſtake! And

The population and revenue of the Portugueſe colonies are exactly in the ſpirit of his ſyſtem.

But the kingdom of Portugal ſuffered the ſevereſt evils from its vain *ſovereignty* of India; and the Excluſive Companies of England and Holland, however reprobated by our Author, have long been, and ſtill are, by their vaſt *commerce*, of the moſt eſſential advantage to their mother countries.

Having thus followed our Author's argument for laying open the India trade, through every gradation of his reaſoning, a retroſpect may not now perhaps be improper. He founds his argument on the abſolute perniciouſneſs of all monopolies, in every circumſtance: The ſafety of laying open the Eaſt India trade, he aſſerts, is *ſufficiently demonſtrated* by the experience of the Portugueſe. Were the excluſive India companies aboliſhed, European merchants, he ſays, would voluntarily ſettle in India, by whom every office of factorſhip would be diſcharged. And where forts are neceſſary, theſe and the ſettlements, he aſſerts, would be moſt advantageous and proſperous under the immediate protection of the ſovereign. In ſupport of this laſt argument, he appeals to the abuſes committed by the ſervants of a Company. And the advantages which he deduces from his ſyſtem, are, a free trade with India, in which every ſubject may employ his capital, and the importation of a royal revenue; which laſt circumſtance he eſtimates as of infinitely more real importance than all the benefits reſulting from commerce. But we have proved, by hiſtorical evidence, that monopolies and excluſive aſſociations

polies, as thoſe of Portugueſe Aſia. Our Author, with the ſame knowledge of his ſubject, always repreſents the Portugueſe colonies as of more advantage to the mother country than thoſe of England in America. The latter, he ſays, "have been a ſource "of expence and not of revenue. But the "Portugueſe colonies have contributed re- "venue towards the defence of the mother "country, or the ſupport of her civil go- "vernment."——Vol. ii. p. 194.

were

were abſolutely neceſſary in the infancy of trade, and that their effects were rapid, extenſive, and highly proſperous. We have likewiſe brought demonſtration, both from the hiſtory and the archives of Portugal, confirmed by every principle of Spaniſh or Portugueſe commerce, that his appeal to the experience of the Portugueſe is founded upon a moſt egregious and capital error. Every page of the hiſtory of Portugueſe Aſia, and the preſent ſtate of India, demonſtrate the impoſſibility of the ſcheme of unconnected and unprotected ſettlers. And from the example of the Portugueſe, confirmed by every experience, certain it is, that every argument againſt the ſervants of a Company, may be turned, with redoubled force, againſt the officers of a Crown. And were even this ſyſtem, whoſe baſis is overturned by hiſtorical facts, were it even founded on truth, the conſequences which he deduces from it are neither certain nor advantageous. By an appeal to undeniable principles, we have held up to view the unavoidable diſadvantages * of laying open the Indian commerce; and from other principles, equally fixed and evident, it amounts to demonſtration, that a deſpotic revenue, raiſed in a diſtant country, muſt ever be productive of war, tranſitory, unconſtitutional, and dangerous. On the contrary, we have evinced, that the benefits ariſing from the commerce of India, on the great principles of its preſent eſtabliſhment, are important, domeſtic, and permanent. In an auſpicious trade, therefore, we muſt ſubmit to that neceſſity of circumſtances which we cannot alter; we muſt not ſhut our eyes againſt the broad glare of the light of facts, and amputate the limbs, and diſlocate the joints of commerce, in order to ſhorten or to lengthen it to the ſtandard of Theory, as Procruſtes is fabled to have fitted his unhappy captives to the ſtandard of his iron bed.

Every inſtitution relative to Man, is not only liable to corruption, but, ſuch is the imperfection of human nature, is

* That the India trade could not be carried on, with advantage to the nation, otherwiſe than by a Company, is clearly proved by Sir Joſiah Child, whoſe arguments have had their due weight with former Parliaments.

ſure to be corrupted. Both the ſervants of a Company, and the officers of a king, are liable to the influence of ſelf-intereſt. But the monarch's ear is hard of acceſs, and often guarded; and the regulations of a regal monopoly, or deſpotic revenue, are variable at his will. Appeal here muſt be hopeleſs. But, under a Company, governed by fixed inſtitutions, there exiſts not only a legal claim of redreſs, but a legal right of oppoſition. If errors and corruption, therefore, be natural to every ſyſtem of human government, let the ſyſtem moſt open to inſpection and correction, be preſerved, and let its errors and corruptions be corrected. And happily the Britiſh Parliament is poſſeſſed of the power of ſuch inſpection and correction; and happily alſo ſuch authority is the very reverſe of a regal power to raiſe a *foreign revenue*, this parliamentary power is *Conſtitutional*.

The Abbé Reynal, in his reflections on the fate of the Portugueſe, informs his reader, that while the court of Liſbon projected the diſcovery of India, and expected inexhauſtible riches, the more moderate and enlightened foreſaw and foretold the evils which would follow ſucceſs. And time, ſays he, the ſupreme judge of politics, haſtened to fulfil their predictions. He, however, who is acquainted with the Portugueſe hiſtorians, muſt perceive the errors of this repreſentation. The objections againſt the voyage of Gama, were by no means of the enlightened kind. They were theſe: Nothing but barren deſerts, like Lybia, were to be found; or, if the diſcovered lands were rich, the length of the voyage would render it unprofitable: or, if profitable, the introduction of wealth would beget a degeneracy of manners fatal to the kingdom. Foreign ſettlements would produce a depopulation and neglect of agriculture; or, if foreign colonies were neceſſary, Ethiopia offered both nearer and better ſettlements. And the wrath of the Soldan of Egypt, and a combination of all Europe againſt Portugal, compleated the prophecy of the threatened evils. But it was neither foreſeen nor foretold, that the unexampled miſconduct of the Portugueſe would render the moſt

lucrative

lucrative commerce of the world an heavy, and at laſt inſupportable expence on the treaſury of Liſbon or Madrid; nor was it foretold, that the ſhameleſs villainy, the faithleſs piracies and rapine of their countrymen would bring down deſtruction upon their empire. Of the objections here enumerated, few are named by our Author. Nor does the evil of the increaſe of wealth, the depopulation and neglect of agriculture, which he mentions as the conſequences of the navigation to India, do honour to the political wiſdom, either of thoſe who foretold them, or of thoſe who adopt the opinion. The great population of Holland ariſes from its naval trade; and had the ſcience of commerce been as well underſtood at the court of Liſbon as at Amſterdam, Portugal, a much finer country, had ſoon become more populous, and every way more flouriſhing than Holland is now.

Mines of gold, though moſt earneſtly deſired, are the leaſt valuable parts of foreign acquiſition. The produce of mines, like the importation of revenue, neither puts into motion, nor cheriſhes domeſtic induſtry. To encreaſe the population of the mother country is the only real wealth; and this can only be attained by increaſing the means of employment, in ſuch manner as will naturally inſpire the ſpirit of induſtry. The ſtaple commodities of a country muſt therefore be manufactured at home, and from hence, agriculture will of neceſſity be improved. He, therefore, who foretels the neglect of agriculture on the increaſe of commerce, foretels an event contrary to the nature of things; and nothing but an infatuation, which cannot at a diſtance be foreſeen, may poſſibly fulfil the prediction. To export the domeſtic manufacture, and import the commodities of foreign countries, are the great, the only real uſes of foreign ſettlements. But did Spain and Portugal derive theſe advantages from their immenſe acquiſitions in the Eaſt and Weſt? Every thing contrary. The gold of Mexico and Peru levied the armies of Charles V. but eſtabliſhed or encouraged no trade in his kingdom. Poverty and depopulation, therefore, were not the natural conſequences of the diſ-

coveries

covies of Columbus; but the certain reſult of the evil policy of Spain. We have ſeen how the traffic of India was managed by Portugal. That commerce, which was the foundation of the maritime ſtrength of the Mohammedan powers, and which enriched Venice, was not only all in the power of the Portugueſe; but it was *theirs* alſo to purchaſe that traffic on their own terms, with the commodities of Europe. But ſovereignty, with its revenue, and not commerce, was the ſole object of the Portugueſe ambition.

Many have pronounced, that the ſame evils which overwhelmed the Portugueſe, are ready to burſt upon the Britiſh empire. Ignorance of the true principles of commerce, that great cauſe of the fall of the Portugueſe empire, does not at preſent, however, threaten the Britiſh; nor is the only natural reaſon of that fall applicable to Great Britain. The territory of Portugal is too ſmall to be the head of ſo extenſive an empire as once owned its authority. Auxiliaries may occaſionally aſſiſt; but permanency of dominion can only be inſured by native troops. The numerous garriſons of Portugal in Brazil, in Africa, and Aſia, required more ſupplies than the uncommercial ſeat of empire could afford, without depriving itſelf of defence in caſe of invaſion. In the event, the foreign garriſons were loſt for want of ſupplies; and the ſeat of empire, on the ſhock of one diſaſter, fell an eaſy prey to the uſurpation of Spain. Great Britain, on the contrary, by the appointment of nature, reigns the commercial empreſs of the world. The unrivalled iſland is neither too large nor too ſmall. Ten millions of inhabitants are naturally ſufficient to afford armies to defend themſelves againſt the greateſt power; nor is ſuch radical ſtrength liable to fall aſunder by its own weight. Neither is nature leſs kind in the variety of the climate of the Britiſh iſles. That variety in her different provinces alike contributes to the production of her invaluable ſtaples and hardy troops. Won and defended from the Mohammedans in wars eſteemed religious, the circumſtances of Portugal, produced a high and ardent ſpirit of chivalry, which raiſed her to empire; but

but when ſucceſs gave a relaxation to the action of this ſpirit, the general ignorance and corruption of all ranks ſunk her into ruin. The circumſtances of the Britiſh empire are greatly different. Her military ſpirit is neither cheriſhed by, nor dependent upon, cauſes which exiſt in one age and not in another. Nor is the increaſe of wealth big with ſuch evils as ſome eſteem. Portugal did not owe her fall to it, for ſhe was not enriched by the commerce of India. If Great Britain ever ſuffer by enormous wealth, it muſt be by a general corruption of manners. This, however, is infinitely more in the power of government than the many ſurmiſe. To remedy an evil, we muſt trace its ſource. And never was there national corruption of manners, which did not flow from the vices and errors of government. Where merit is the only paſſport to promotion, corruption of manners cannot be general. Where the worthleſs can *purchaſe* the offices of truſt, univerſal profligacy muſt follow. Mankind, it may be ſaid, are liable to be corrupted, and wealth affords the opportunity. But this axiom will greatly miſlead us from the line of truth, if taken in a general ſenſe. The middle rank of men is infinitely more virtuous than the loweſt. Profligacy of manners is not, therefore, the natural conſequence of affluence; it is the accident which attends a vulgar mind, in whatever external ſituation. And when vulgar minds are preferred to the high offices of church or ſtate, it is the negligence or wickedneſs of government, and not the increaſe of wealth, which is the ſource of the national corruption. Some articles of traffic have an evil influence on a people. But neither is this in juſtice to be charged on the increaſe of national trade. The true principles of commerce, on the contrary, require the reſtriction of many*, and perhaps the prohibition of ſome ar-

* That private vices, the luxury and extravagance of individuals, are public benefits, has been confidently aſſerted, yet no theoretical paradox was ever more falſe. Luxuries, indeed, employ many hands, but all hands in employment conduce not alike to the ſervice of the ſtate. Thoſe employed on the natural ſtaples are of the firſt rate ſervice; but thoſe engaged on luxuries often require materials which contribute to turn the balance of trade againſt the country where they reſide; and as the ſale of their labours depends upon faſhion and caprice, not upon the real wants of life, they are

ticles. And ignorance of the true ſpirit of commerce, and neglect in the legiſlature, are therefore the real ſources of theſe evils.

While our popular declaimers foreſee nothing but ruin in the increaſe of commerce and wealth, they overlook, or know not, the greateſt danger to which foreign acquiſition lies open, and which it even invites. The rapacity of diſtant governors, ſo ſtrongly exemplified by the Portugueſe, has a direct tendency to the production of every evil which can affect a commercial empire. Every governor feels two objects ſoliciting his attention, objects frequently incompatible, at leaſt not eaſily to be reconciled — the public, and his own private intereſt. If inſtitutions cannot be deviſed to render it the true intereſt of governors, to make that of the public their firſt care, ſtability cannot be preſerved. The voluntary poverty of Albuquerque and of Nunio was nobly adapted to the high and romantic ideas of Spaniſh honour; and without doubt had a wide effect. But no government has a right to require ſuch an example; and in Britiſh India it would be uſeleſs and abſurd, for we have no viſionary principles, on which it could poſſibly operate. He who devotes his life to the ſervice of his country, merits a reward adequate to his ſtation. An eſtimate of the reward which true policy will give, may be drawn from the fate of the Dutch ſettlement at Brazil. Prince Maurice of Naſſau, the general of a Dutch Weſt India Company, expelled the Portugueſe from one half of this rich and extenſive country. In reward of his ſervice he was appointed governor; but his mercantile maſters, earneſt for immediate gain, and ignorant of what was neceſſary for future ſecurity, were offended at the grandeur in which he lived, the number

are apt to be thrown out of employ, and to become a dangerous burden on the commonwealth. Nor is all which is ſpent by individuals, gained, as ſome aſſert, by the public. National wealth conſiſts of the labour of the people, added to the value of the materials laboured upon. Every bankruptcy, therefore, annihilates the value of as much labour as its deficiency of payment amounts to; and thus the public is injured. Nor is this all; where private luxury is cheriſhed as a public benefit, a national corruption of manners, the moſt dreadful political diſeaſe, will be ſure to prevail, ſure to reduce the moſt flouriſhing kingdom to the moſt critical weakneſs.

of

of fortreſſes which he built, and the expence of the troops which he kept. They forced him by ill treatment to reſign, and the ideas of the mere counting-houſe were now adopted. The expence of troops and of fortreſſes was greatly reduced; even that of the court of juſtice was retrenched; in their commerce with their new ſubjects, every advantage of the ſordid trader was taken, and payment was enforced with the utmoſt rigour. Cent. per cent. was now divided in Holland, and all was happy in the idea of the Burgo-maſters, the Lords of this colony; when the Portugueſe, invited by the defenceleſs condition, and joined by the diſcontented ſubjects of the Dutch, overwhelmed them with ruin. Though the States now intereſted themſelves vigorouſly, all the great expence of their armaments was loſt. Brazil was recovered by the Portugueſe, and this Dutch Weſt India Company was utterly extinguiſhed.

Nor can we cloſe our obſervations without one more. Nunio acquired an extenſive territory in India. Harraſſed by the horrible wars of their native princes, the regions around Goa implored the Portugueſe to take them under protection. And, ſafe and happy, while all around was ſteeped in blood, the territory under the dominion of Nunio was the envy and wonder of India. Taught by this example, every humane breaſt muſt warm on the view of the happineſs which the Britiſh India Company MAY diffuſe over the Eaſt; a happineſs which the Britiſh * are peculiarly enabled to beſtow. Beſides the many inſtances of Portugueſe tyranny and miſconduct already enumerated, there was a defect in their government, which muſt

* The form of the government, and the national character of the Britiſh, peculiarly enable them to diffuſe the bleſſings which flow from the true ſpirit of commerce. The Dutch have a penurioufneſs in their manners, and a palpable ſelfiſhneſs in their laws, ill reliſhed by the neighbours of their ſettlements. They want a mixture of the blood of gentlemen; or, to drop the metaphor, they want that liberal turn of idea and ſentiment which ariſes from the intercourſe and converſation of the merchant with the man of property, educated in independance. India, perhaps the moſt fertile country in the world, has ſuffered more by famine than any other. For the thouſands who have died of hunger in other countries, India has buried millions of her ſons, who have thus periſhed. Amazingly populous, the failure of a crop of rice is here dreadful. It is the true ſpirit of commerce to prevent famine, by bringing proviſion from one country to another. And may this true ſpirit of it be exerted by the Britiſh in India!

ever prove fatal to a commercial empire. All the ſtupendous fabrics of Portugueſe colonization were only founded on the ſands, on the quick-ſands of human caprice and arbitrary power. They governed by no certain ſyſtem of laws. Their governors carried to India the image of the court of Liſbon; and againſt the will of the ruler there was no appeal to a ſupreme civil power. Confidence in the high juſtice of a Nunio may give nations habituated to oppreſſion a temporary ſpirit of induſtry; but temporary it muſt be, as a haſty journey made in the uncertain intervals of a tempeſt. The cheerful vigour of commerce can only be uniform and continued, where the merchant is conſcious of protection, on his appeal to known laws of ſupreme authority. On the firm baſis of her laws, the colonies of Great Britain have wonderfully proſpered, for ſhe gave them an image of her own conſtitution. And, even where the government of the natives cannot be new modelled, an eaſy appeal to the ſupremacy of civil laws, muſt place commerce upon the ſureſt foundation. It is not the ſpirit of Gothic conqueſt; it is not the little cunning fineſſe of embroiling the Indian princes among themſelves; of cajoling one, and winning another; it is not the groveling arts of intrigue, often embarraſſed, always ſhifting, which can give laſting ſecurity. An eſſential deciſive predominancy of the juſtice of laws like the Britiſh, can alone ſecure the proſperity of the moſt powerful commercial ſyſtem, or render its exiſtence ADVANTAGEOUS or even SAFE to the ſeat of Empire.

The LIFE of LUIS de CAMOENS.

WHEN the glory of the arms of Portugal had reached its meridian ſplendor, Nature, as if in pity of the literary rudeneſs of that nation, produced one great Poet, to record the numberleſs actions of high ſpirit performed by his countrymen. Except Oſorius, the hiſtorians of Portugal are little better than dry journaliſts. But it is not their inelegance which rendered the poet neceſſary. It is the peculiar nature of poetry to give a colouring to heroic actions, and to expreſs an indignation againſt the breaches of honour, in a ſpirit which at once ſeizes the heart of the man of feeling, and carries with it an inſtantaneous conviction. The brilliant actions of the Portugueſe form the great hinge which opened the door to the moſt important alteration in the civil hiſtory of mankind. And to place theſe actions in the light and enthuſiaſm of poetry, that enthuſiaſm which particularly aſſimilates the youthful breaſt to its own fires, was Luis de Camoens, the poet of Portugal, born.

Different cities claimed the honour of his birth. But, according to N. Antonio, and Manuel Correa his intimate friend, this event happened at Liſbon, in 1517. His family was of conſiderable note, and originally Spaniſh. In 1370, Vaſco Perez de Caamans, diſguſted at the court of Caſtile, fled to that of Liſbon, where king Ferdinand immediately admitted him into his council, and gave him the lordſhips of Sardoal, Punnete, Marano, Amendo, and other conſiderable lands; a certain proof of the eminence of his rank and abilities. In the war for the ſucceſſion, which broke out on the death of Ferdinand, Caamans, ſided with the king of Caſtile, and was killed in the battle of Aljabarrota. But though John I. the victor, ſeized a great part of his eſtate, his widow, the daughter of Gonſalo Tereyro, grand maſter of the order of Chriſt, and general of the Portugueſe army, was not reduced beneath her rank. She had three ſons, who took the name of Camoens. The family of the eldeſt inter-married with the firſt nobility of Portugal, and even, according to Caſtera, with the blood royal. But the family of the ſecond brother, whoſe fortune was ſlender, had the ſuperior honour to produce the Author of the Luſiad.

Early in his life the misfortunes of the Poet began. In his infancy, Simon Vaz de Camoens, his father, commander of a veſſel, was ſhipwrecked at Goa, where, with his life, the greateſt part of his fortune was loſt. His mother, however, Anne de Macedo of Santarene, pro-

vided for the education of her ſon Luis at the univerſity of Coimbra. What he acquired there, his works diſcover: An intimacy with the claſſics, equal to that of a Scaliger, but directed by the taſte of a Milton or a Pope.

When he left the univerſity, he appeared at court. He was handſome *, had ſpeaking eyes, it is ſaid, and the fineſt complexion. Certain it is, however, he was a poliſhed ſcholar, which, added to the natural ardour and gay vivacity of his diſpoſition, rendered him an accompliſhed gentleman. Courts are the ſcenes of intrigue, and intrigue was faſhionable at Liſbon. But the particulars of the amours of Camoens reſt unknown. This only appears: He had aſpired above his rank, for he was baniſhed from the court; and, in ſeveral of his ſonnets, he aſcribes this misfortune to love.

He now retired to his mother's friends at Santarene. Here he renewed his ſtudies, and began his Poem on the Diſcovery of India. John III. at this time prepared an armament againſt Africa. Camoens, tired of his inactive obſcure life, went to Ceuta in this expedition, and greatly diſtinguiſhed his valour in ſeveral rencounters. In a naval engagement with the Moors, in the ſtraits of Gibraltar, in the conflict of boarding he was among the foremoſt, and loſt his right eye. Yet neither the hurry of actual ſervice, nor the diſſipation of the camp, could ſtifle his genius. He continued his *Luſiadas*, and ſeveral of his moſt beautiful ſonnets were written in Africa, while, as he expreſſes it,

One hand the pen, and one the ſword employ'd.

The fame of his valour had now reached the court, and he obtained permiſſion to return to Liſbon. But while he ſolicited an eſtabliſhment which he had merited in the ranks of battle, the malignity of evil tongues, as he calls it in one of his letters, was injuriouſly poured upon him. Though the bloom of his early youth was effaced by ſeveral years reſidence under the ſcorching heavens of Africa, and though altered by the loſs of an eye, his preſence gave uneaſineſs to the gentlemen of ſome families of the firſt rank, where he had formerly viſited. Jealouſy is the characteriſtic of the Spaniſh and Portugueſe; its reſentment knows no bounds: and Camoens now found it prudent to baniſh himſelf from his native country. Accordingly, in 1553, he ſailed for India, with a reſolution never to return. As the ſhip left the Tagus, he exclaimed, in the words of the ſepulchral monument of Scipio Africanus, *Ingrata patria,*

* The French Tranſlator gives us ſo fine a deſcription of the perſon of Camoens, that it ſeems to be borrowed from the Fairy Tales. It is univerſally agreed, however, that he was handſome, and had a moſt engaging mien and addreſs. He is thus deſcribed by Nicolas Antonio, "*Mediocri ſtatura fuit, et carne plena, capillis uſque ad croci colorem flaveſcentibus, maxime in juventute. Eminebat ei frons, & medius naſus, cætera longus, et in fine craſſiuſculus.*"

non poſſidebis oſſa mea! Ungrateful country, thou ſhalt not poſſeſs my bones! but he knew not what evils in the Eaſt would awake the remembrance of his native fields.

When Camoens arrived in India, an expedition was ready to ſail to revenge the king of Cochin on the king of Pimenta. Without any reſt on ſhore after his long voyage, he joined this armament, and in the conqueſt of the Alagada iſlands, diſplayed his uſual bravery. But his modeſty, perhaps, is his greateſt praiſe. In a ſonnet he mentions this expedition: We went to puniſh the king of Pimenta, ſays he, *e ſuccedemos bem, and we ſucceeded well.* When it is conſidered that the Poet bore no inconſiderable ſhare in the victory, no ode can conclude more elegantly, more happily than this.

In the year following, he attended Manuel de Vaſconcello in an expedition to the Red Sea. Here, ſays Faria, as Camoens had no uſe for his ſword, he employed his pen. Nor was his activity confined in the fleet or camp. He viſited Mount Felix, and the adjacent inhoſpitable regions of Africa, which he ſo ſtrongly pictures in the Luſiad, and in one of his little pieces, where he laments the abſence of his miſtreſs.

When he returned to Goa, he enjoyed a tranquility which enabled him to beſtow his attention on his Epic Poem. But this ſerenity was interrupted, perhaps by his own imprudence. He wrote ſome ſatyrs which gave offence, and, by order of the viceroy, Franciſco Barreto, he was baniſhed to China.

Men of poor abilities are more conſcious of their embarraſſment and errors than is commonly believed. When men of this kind are in power, they affect great ſolemnity; and every expreſſion of the moſt diſtant tendency to leſſen their dignity, is held as the greateſt of crimes. Conſcious alſo how ſeverely the man of genius can hurt their intereſt, they bear an inſtinctive antipathy againſt him, are uneaſy even in his company, and, on the ſlighteſt pretence, are happy to drive him from them. Camoens was thus ſituated at Goa; and never was there a fairer field for ſatyr than the rulers of India at this time afforded. Yet, whatever eſteem the prudence of Camoens may loſe in our idea, the nobleneſs of his diſpoſition will doubly gain. And, ſo conſcious was he of his real integrity and innocence, that in one of his ſonnets he wiſhes no other revenge on Barreto, than that the cruelty of his exile ſhould ever be remembered*.

* Caſtera, who always condemns Camoens, as if guilty of ſacrilege, when the ſlighteſt reproach of a grandee appears, tells us, "that poſterity by no means enters into the "reſentment of our poet; and that the Portugueſe hiſtorians make glorious mention "of Barreto, who was a man of true merit." The Portugueſe hiſtorians, however, knew not what true merit was. The brutal uncommercial wars of Sampayo are by them mentioned as much more glorious than the leſs bloody campaigns of a Nunio, which eſtabliſhed commerce and empire. But the actions of Barreto ſhall be called to witneſs for Camoens.

We have already ſeen his ruinous treaty with Meale Can, which ended in the diſgrace of the Portugueſe arms. The king of Cinde

The accompliſhments and manners of Camoens ſoon found him friends, though under the diſgrace of baniſhment. He was appointed commiſſary of the eſtates of the Defunct in the iſland of Macao, on the coaſt of China. Here he continued his Luſiad; and here alſo, after five years reſidence, he acquired a fortune, though ſmall, yet equal to his wiſhes. Don Conſtantine de Braganza was now viceroy of India, and Camoens, deſirous to return to Goa, reſigned his charge. In a ſhip, freighted by himſelf, he ſet ſail, but was ſhipwrecked in the gulph near the mouth of the river Mecon, in Cochin-China. All he had acquired was loſt in the waves: his poems, which he held in one hand, while he ſaved himſelf with the other, were all he found himſelf poſſeſſed of, when he ſtood friendleſs on the unknown ſhore. But the natives gave him a moſt humane reception: this he has immortaliſed in the prophetic ſong in the tenth Luſiad*; and in the ſeventh he tells us, that here he loſt the wealth which ſatisfied his wiſhes:

Agora da eſperança ja adquirida, &c.

Now bleſt with all the wealth fond hope could crave,
Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the wave
Forever loſt; ———
My life, like Judah's heaven-doom'd king of yore,
By miracle prolong'd———

On the banks of the Mecon, he wrote his beautiful paraphraſe of the pſalm, where the Jews, in the fineſt ſtrain of poetry, are repreſented as hanging their harps on the willows by the rivers of Babylon, and weeping their exile from their native country. Here Camoens continued ſome time, till an opportunity offered to carry him to Goa. When he arrived at that city, Don Conſtantine de Braganza, whoſe characteriſtic was politeneſs, admitted him into intimate friendſhip, and Camoens was

Cinde deſired Barreto's aſſiſtance to cruſh a neighbouring prince, who had invaded his dominions. Barreto went himſelf to relieve him; but having diſagreed about the reward he required, (for the king had made peace with his enemy) he burned Tata, the royal city, killed above 8000 of the people he came to protect; for eight days he deſtroyed every thing on the banks of the Indus, and loaded his veſſels, ſays Faria, with the richeſt booty hitherto taken in India. The war with Hydal Can, kindled by Barreto's treachery, continued. The city of Dabul was deſtroyed by the viceroy, who, ſoon after, at the head of 17,900 men, defeated Hydal Can's army of 20,000. Horrid deſolation followed theſe victories, and Hydal Can continued the implacable enemy of Portugal while he lived. Such was Barreto, the man who exiled Camoens!

* Having named the Mecon:

Eſte recebera placido, e brando,
No ſeu regaço o Canto, que molhado, &c.

Literally thus: "On his gentle hoſpitable boſom (*ſic* brando *poetice*) ſhall he receive the ſong, wet from woeful unhappy ſhipwreck, eſcaped from deſtroying tempeſts, from ravenous dangers, the effect of the unjuſt ſentence upon him, whoſe lyre ſhall be more renowned than enriched." When Camoens was commiſſary, he viſited the iſlands of Ternate, Timor, &c. deſcribed in the Luſiad.

happy

happy till Count Redondo aſſumed the government. Thoſe who had formerly procured the baniſhment of the ſatyriſt, were ſilent while Conſtantine was in power; but now they exerted all their arts againſt him. Redondo, when he entered on office, pretended to be the friend of Camoens; yet, with all that unfeeling indifference with which he planned his moſt horrible witticiſm on the Zamorim, he ſuffered the innocent man to be thrown into the common priſon. After all the delay of bringing witneſſes, Camoens, in a public trial, fully refuted every accuſation of his conduct, while commiſſary of Macao, and his enemies were loaded with ignominy and reproach. But Camoens had ſome creditors; and theſe detained him in priſon a conſiderable time, till the gentlemen of Goa began to be aſhamed, that a man of his ſingular merit ſhould experience ſuch treatment among them. He was ſet at liberty; and again he aſſumed the profeſſion of arms, and received the allowance of a gentleman volunteer, a character at that time common in Portugueſe India. Soon after, Pedro Barreto, appointed governor of the fort at Sofala, by high promiſes, allured the poet to attend him thither. The governor of a diſtant fort, in a barbarous country, ſhares, in ſome meaſure, the fate of an exile. Yet, though the only motive of Barreto was, in this unpleaſant ſituation, to retain the converſation of Camoens at his table, it was his leaſt care to render the life of his gueſt agreeable. Chagrined with his treatment, and a conſiderable time having elapſed in vain dependence upon Barreto, Camoens reſolved to return to his native country. A ſhip, on the homeward voyage, at this time touched at Sofala, and ſeveral gentlemen * who were on board, were deſirous that Camoens ſhould accompany them. But this the governor ungenerouſly endeavoured to prevent, and charged him with a debt for board. Anthony de Cabral, however, and Hector de Sylveyra, paid the demand; and Camoens, ſays Faria, and the honour of Barreto, were ſold together.

After an abſence of ſixteen years, Camoens, in 1569, returned to Liſbon, unhappy even in his arrival, for the peſtilence then raged in that city, and prevented his publication for three years. At laſt, in 1572, he printed his Luſiad, which, in the opening of the firſt book, in a moſt elegant turn of compliment, he addreſſed to his prince, king Sebaſtian, then in his eighteenth year. The king, ſays the French tranſlator, was ſo pleaſed with his merit, that he gave the Author a penſion of 4000 reals, on condition that he ſhould reſide at court. But this ſalary, ſays the ſame writer, was withdrawn by cardinal Henry, who ſucceeded to the crown of Portugal, loſt by Sebaſtian at the battle of Alcazar.

* According to the Portugueſe Life of Camoens, prefixed to Gedron's, the beſt edition of his works, Diego de Couto, the hiſtorian, one of the company in this homeward voyage, wrote annotations upon the Luſiad, under the eye of its author. But theſe unhappily have never appeared in public.

But

But this ſtory of the penſion is very doubtful. Correa, and other cotemporary authors, do not mention it, though ſome late writers have given credit to it. If Camoens, however, had a penſion, it is highly probable that Henry deprived him of it. While Sebaſtian was devoted to the chace, his grand uncle, the cardinal, preſided at the council board, and Camoens, in his addreſs to the king, which cloſes the Luſiad, adviſes him to exclude the clergy from ſtate affairs. It was eaſy to ſee that the cardinal was here intended. And Henry, beſides, was one of thoſe ſtateſmen who can perceive no benefit reſulting to the public from elegant literature. But it ought alſo to be added in completion of his character, that under the narrow views and weak hands of this Henry, the kingdom of Portugal fell into utter ruin; and on his death, which cloſed a ſhort inglorious reign, the crown of Liſbon, after a faint ſtruggle, was annexed to that of Madrid. Such was the degeneracy of the Portugueſe, a degeneracy lamented in vain by Camoens, and whoſe obſervation of it was imputed to him as a crime.

Though the great ‡ patron of one ſpecies of literature, a ſpecies the reverſe of that of Camoens, certain it is, that the author of the Luſiad

‡ Cardinal Henry's patronage of learning and learned men is mentioned with cordial eſteem by the Portugueſe writers. Happily they alſo tell us what that learning was. It was to him the Romiſh Friars of the Eaſt tranſmitted their childiſh forgeries of inſcriptions and miracles (*for ſome of which, ſee the note on p.* 473.) He correſponded with them, directed their labours, and received the firſt accounts of their ſucceſs. Under his patronage it was diſcovered, that St. Thomas ordered the Indians to worſhip the Croſs; and that the Mooriſh tradition of Perimal, (who, having embraced Mohammediſm, divided his kingdom among his officers, whom he rendered tributary to the Zamorim,) was a malicious miſrepreſentation; for that Perimal, having turned Chriſtian, reſigned his kingdom, and became a monk. Such was the learning patroniſed by Henry, who was alſo a zealous patron of the Inquiſition at Liſbon, and the Founder of the inquiſition at Goa, to which place he ſent a whole apparatus of holy fathers to ſuppreſs the Jews and reduce the native Chriſtians to the See of Rome. Nor muſt the treatment experienced by Buchanan at Liſbon be here omitted, as it affords a convincing proof, that the fine genius of Camoens was the true ſource of his misfortunes. John III. earneſt to promote the cultivation of polite literature among his ſubjects, engaged Buchanan, the moſt elegant Latiniſt, perhaps, of modern times, to teach philoſophy and the *belles lettres* at Liſbon. But the deſign of the monarch was ſoon fruſtrated by the cardinal Henry and the clergy. Buchanan was committed to priſon, becauſe it was alledged he had eaten fleſh in Lent; and becauſe, in his early youth, at St. Andrew's in Scotland, he had written a ſatyr againſt the Franciſcans; for which, however, ere he would venture to Liſbon, John had promiſed abſolute indemnity. John, with much difficulty, procured his releaſe from a loathſome jail, but could not effect his reſtoration as a teacher. He could only change his priſon; for Buchanan was ſent to a monaſtery, *to be inſtructed by the monks*, the men of letters patroniſed by Henry. Theſe are thus characteriſed by their pupil Buchanan,—*nec inhumanis, nec malis, ſed omnis religionis ignaris.* "Not uncivilized, not flagitious, but ignorant of every religion." A ſatyrical negative compliment, followed by a charge of groſs barbariſm. In this confinement, Buchanan wrote his elegant verſion of the pſalms. Camoens, about the ſame time, ſailed for India. The bleſſed effects of the ſpirit which perſecuted ſuch men, are well expreſſed in the proverb, *A Spaniard, ſtript of all his virtues, makes a good Portugueſe.*

was

was utterly neglected by Henry, under whoſe inglorious reign he died in all the miſery of poverty. By ſome it is ſaid he died in an alms-houſe. It appears, however, that he had not even the certainty of ſubſiſtence which theſe houſes provide. He had a black ſervant, who had grown old with him, and who had long experienced his maſtar's humanity. This grateful Indian, a native of Java, who, according to ſome writers, ſaved his maſter's life in the unhappy ſhipwreck where he loſt his effects, begged in the ſtreets of Liſbon for the only man in Portugal on whom God had beſtowed thoſe talents, which have a tendency to erect the ſpirit of a downward age. To the eye of a careful obſerver, the fate of Camoens throws great light on that of his country, and will appear ſtrictly connected with it. The ſame ignorance, the ſame degenerated ſpirit, which ſuffered Camoens to depend on his ſhare of the alms begged in the ſtreets by his old hoary ſervant, the ſame ſpirit which cauſed this, ſunk the kingdom of Portugal into the moſt abject vaſſallage ever experienced by a conquered nation. While the grandees of Portugal were blind to the ruin which impended over them, Camoens beheld it with a pungency of grief which haſtened his exit. In one of his letters he has theſe remarkable words, "*Em fim accaberey à vida, e verràm todos que fuy aſeiçoado a minho patria*, &c." "I am ending the courſe of my life, the world will witneſs how I have loved my country. I have returned, not only to die in her boſom, but to die with her." In another letter, written a little before his death, he thus, yet with dignity, complains, "Who has ſeen, on ſo ſmall a theatre as my poor bed, ſuch a repreſentation of the diſappointments of fortune? And I, as if ſhe could not herſelf ſubdue me, I have yielded and become of her party; for it were wild audacity to hope to ſurmount ſuch accumulated evils."

In this unhappy ſituation, in 1579, in his ſixty-ſecond year, the year after the fatal defeat of Don Sebaſtian, died Luis de Camoens, the greateſt literary genius ever produced by Portugal; in martial courage, and ſpirit of honour, nothing inferior to her greateſt heroes. And in a manner ſuitable to the poverty in which he died was he buried. Soon after, however, many epitaphs honoured his memory; the greatneſs of his merit was univerſally confeſſed, and his Luſiad was tranſlated into various languages *. Nor ought it to be omitted, that the man ſo miſerably neglected by the weak king Henry, was earneſtly enquired after by Philip

* According to Gedron, a ſecond edition of the Luſiad appeared in the ſame year with the firſt. There are two Italian and four Spaniſh tranſlations of it. An hundred years before Caſtera's verſion, it appeared in French. Thomas de Faria, biſhop of Targa in Africa, tranſlated it into Latin, and printed it without either his own or the name of Camoens: a mean, but vain, attempt to paſs his verſion upon the public as an original. Le P. Niceron ſays, there were two other Latin tranſlations. It is tranſlated alſo into Hebrew, with great elegance and ſpirit, by one Luzzetto, a learned and ingenious Jew, author of ſeveral poems in that language, and who, about thirty years ago, died in the Holy Land.

of Spain, when he aſſumed the crown of Liſbon. When Philip heard that Camoens was dead, both his words and his countenance expreſſed his diſappointment and grief.

From the whole tenor of his life, and from that ſpirit which glows throughout the Luſiad, it evidently appears that the courage and manners of Camoens flowed from true greatneſs and dignity of ſoul. Tho' his poliſhed converſation * was often courted by the great, he appears ſo diſtant from ſervility, that his imprudence in this reſpect is by ſome highly blamed. Yet the inſtances of it by no means deſerve that ſeverity of cenſure with which ſome writers have condemned him. Unconſcious of the feelings of a Camoens, they knew not that a [illegible]neſſneſs in ſecuring the ſmiles of fortune, and an open honeſty of indignation, are almoſt inſeparable from the enthuſiaſm of fine imagination. The truth is, the man poſſeſſed of true genius feels his greateſt happineſs in the purſuits and excurſions of the mind, and therefore makes an eſtimate of things, very different from that of him whoſe unremitting attention is devoted to his external intereſt. The profuſion of Camoens is alſo cenſured. Had he diſſipated the wealth he acquired at Macao, his profuſion indeed had been criminal; but it does not appear that he ever enjoyed any other opportunity of acquiring independence. But Camoens was unfortunate, and the unfortunate man is viewed

——— through the dim ſhade his fate caſts o'er him:
A ſhade that ſpreads its evening darkneſs o'er
His brighteſt virtues, while it ſhews his foibles
Crouding and obvious as the midnight ſtars,
Which in the ſunſhine of proſperity
Never had been deſcried ———

Yet, after the ſtricteſt diſcuſſion, when all the cauſes are weighed together, the misfortunes of Camoens will appear the fault and diſgrace of his age and country, and not of the man. His talents would have ſecured him an apartment in the palace of Auguſtus, but ſuch talents are

* Camoens has not eſcaped the fate of other eminent wits. Their ignorant admirers contrive anecdotes of their humour, which in reality diſgrace them. Camoens, it is ſaid, one day heard a potter ſinging ſome of his verſes in a miſerable mangled manner, and, by way of retaliation, broke a parcel of his earthen ware. "Friend, ſaid "he, you deſtroy my verſes, and I deſtroy "your goods." The ſame fooliſh ſtory is told of Arioſto; nay, we are even informed, that Rinaldo's ſpeech to his horſe, in the firſt book,

Fermo Baiardo mio, &c.

was the paſſage miſtuned; and that, on the potter's complaint, the injured poet replied, "I have only broken a few baſe pots of "thine, not worth a groat; but thou haſt "murdered a fine ſtanza of mine, worth a "mark of gold." But both theſe ſilly tales are borrowed from Plutarch's life of Arceſilaus, where the ſame dull humour is told of Phiſoxenus. "He heard ſome brick-makers miſtune one of his ſongs, and in return he deſtroyed a number of their bricks."

a curſe

a curſe to their poſſeſſor in an illiterate nation. In a beautiful digreſſive exclamation, at the end of the fifth Luſiad, he gives us a ſtriking view of the neglect which he experienced. Having mentioned how the greateſt heroes of antiquity revered and cheriſhed the Muſe, he thus characteriſes the nobility of his own age and country:

Alas! on Tago's hapleſs ſhores alone
The Muſe is ſlighted, and her charms unknown.
For this, no Virgil here attunes the lyre,
No Homer here awakes the hero's fire.
Unheard, in vain their native poet ſings,
And cold neglect weighs down the Muſe's wings.

And what particularly ſeems to have touched him——

Even he whoſe veins the blood of Gama warms *
Walks by, unconſcious of the Muſe's charms:

* The political evils impending over his country, which Camoens almoſt alone foreſaw, gave not, in their fulfilment, a ſtronger proof of his ſuperior abilities, than his prophecy of Don Franciſco de Gama—

Nem as Filhas do Tejo, que deixaſſem
As tellas douro fino, e que o cantaſſem.

No Nymph of Tagus ſhall leave her golden embroidered web, and ſing of him—affords of his knowledge of men. Camoens was ſuperior to a mean reſentment; he moſt undoubtedly perceived that ignorance, unmanly arrogance, and inſignificance of abilities, which, 18, and 38 years after his death, diſgraced the two viceroyalties of his hero's grandſon. Juſtice to the memory of Camoens, and even to the cauſe of polite literature itſelf, requires ſome ſhort account of this nobleman, who appears to have treated our Author with the moſt mortifying neglect. He was named Don Franciſco de Gama, Count de Vidigueyra. Facts will beſt give his character: He had not one idea, that the elegant writer who immortaliſed his anceſtor had the leaſt title to his countenance. Several years after the death of Camoens, he was made viceroy of India, by the king of Spain. Here he carried himſelf with ſuch ſtate, ſays Faria, that he was hated by all men. When he entered upon his government, he beſtowed every place in his gift upon his paraſites, who publickly ſold them to the beſt bidders. And though Cunnale, the pirate, who had diſgracefully defeated Don Luis de Gama, the viceroy's brother, had ſurrendered, upon the ſole condition of life, to the brave Furtado, Cunnale, his nephew Cinale, and 40 Moors of rank, were brought to Goa. But the Moors were no ſooner landed, than the lawleſs rabble tore them in pieces, and Cunnale and his nephew were publickly beheaded, by order of the viceroy. And thus, ſays Faria, government and the rabble went hand in hand in murder and the breach of faith. Over the principal gate of Goa ſtood a marble ſtatue of Vaſco de Gama. This, in hatred of the grandſon, the enraged inhabitants broke down, in the night, and in the morning the quarters were found gibbeted in the moſt public parts of the city. And thus the man who deſpiſed the wreath with which Camoens crowned his grandfather, brought that grandfather's effigies to the deepeſt inſult which can be offered to the memory of the deceaſed. Nor were his own effigies happier. On his recal to Europe, the firſt object that ſtruck him, when he went on board the ſhip appointed to carry him, was a figure hanging by the neck at the yard arm, exactly like himſelf in feature and habit. He aſked what it meant; and was reſolutely anſwered, *It repreſents You, and theſe are the men who hung it up.* Nor muſt another inſult be omitted. After being a few days at ſea, he was neceſſitated to return to the port from whence he had ſailed, for freſh proviſions, for all his live-ſtock, it was found, was poiſoned. After

For him no Muſe ſhall leave her golden loom,
No palm ſhall bloſſom, and no wreath ſhall bloom.
Yet ſhall my labours and my cares be paid
By fame immortal ——

In ſuch an age, and among ſuch barbarous nobility, what but wretched neglect could be the fate of a Camoens! After all, however, if he was imprudent on his firſt appearance at the court of John III. if the honeſty of his indignation led him into great imprudence, as certainly it did, when at Goa he ſatyriſed the viceroy and the firſt Goths in power; yet let it alſo be remembered, that "The gifts of imagination bring "the heavieſt taſk upon the vigilance of reaſon; and to bear thoſe "faculties with unerring rectitude or invariable propriety, requires a "degree of firmneſs and of cool attention, which doth not always at-"tend the higher gifts of the mind. Yet difficult as nature herſelf "ſeems to have rendered the taſk of regularity to genius, it is the ſu-"preme conſolation of dullneſs and of folly to point with Gothic tri-"umph to thoſe exceſſes which are the overflowings of faculties they "never enjoyed. Perfectly unconſcious that they are indebted to their "ſtupidity for the conſiſtency of their conduct, they plume themſelves "on a imaginary virtue, which has it origin in what is really their diſ-"grace.—Let ſuch, if ſuch dare approach the ſhrine of Camoens, "withdraw to a reſpectful diſtance; and ſhould they behold the ruins "of genius, or the weakneſs of an exalted mind, let them be taught "to lament, that nature has left the nobleſt of her works imperfect *."

And Poetry is not only the nobleſt, but alſo not the leaſt uſeful, if civilization of manners be of advantage to mankind. No moral truth may be more certainly demonſtrated, than that a Virgil or a Milton are not only the firſt ornaments of a ſtate, but alſo of the firſt conſequence, if the laſt refinement of the mental powers be of importance. Strange as this might appear to a ‡ Burleigh or a Locke, it is philoſophically

his return to Europe, he uſed all his intereſt to be reinſtated in India, which, in his old days, after twenty years ſolicitation at the court of Madrid, he at laſt obtained. His ſecond government, however, is wrapped in much obſcurity, and is diſtinguiſhed by no important action or event.

* This paſſage in inverted commas is cited, with the alteration of the name only, from Dr. Langhorne's account of the life of William Collins.

‡ Burleigh, though an able politician, and deep in ſtate intrigue, had no idea, that to introduce polite literature into the vernacular tongue, was of any benefit to a nation; though her vernacular literature was the glory of Rome when at the height of empire, and though empire fell with its declenſion. Spenſer, the man who greatly conduced to refine the Engliſh Muſes, was by Burleigh eſteemed a ballad-maker, unworthy of regard. Yet the Engliſh polite literature, ſo greatly indebted to Spenſer, is at this day, in the eſteem which it commands abroad, of more real ſervice to England, than all the reputation or intrigues of Burleigh. And ten thouſand Burleighs, according to Sir W. Temple, are born for one Spenſer. Ten-thouſand are born, ſays Sir William, with abilities requiſite to form a great Stateſman, for one who is born with the talents or genius of a great Poet.

Locke's

accounted for by Bacon; nor is Locke's opinion either inexplicable or irrefutable. The great genius of Ariſtotle, and that of his great re-

Locke's ideas of poetry are accounted for in one ſhort ſentence; HE KNEW NOTHING ABOUT THE MATTER. An extract from his correſpondence with Mr. Molyneux, and a citation from one of his treatiſes, ſhall demonſtrate the truth of this aſſertion.

Molyneux writes to Locke:

"Mr. Churchill favoured me with the preſent of Sir R. Blackmore's K. Arthur. I had read Pr. Arthur before, and read it with admiration, which is not at all leſſened by this ſecond piece. *All our Engliſh poets* (except Milton) *have been mere ballad-makers in compariſon to him.* Upon the publication of his firſt poem, I intimated to him, through Mr. Churchill's hands, how excellently I thought he might perform a philoſophic poem, from many touches he gave in his K. Arthur, particularly from Mopas's ſong. And I perceive by his preface to K. Arthur he has had the like intimations from others, but rejects them, as being an enemy to all philoſophic hypotheſes."

Mr. Locke anſwers:

"I ſhall, when I ſee Sir R. Blackmore, diſcourſe him as you deſire. There is, I with pleaſure find, a ſtrange harmony throughout, between your thoughts and mine."

Molyneux replies:

"I perceive you are ſo happy as to be acquainted with Sir Rich. Blackmore; he is an extraordinary perſon, and I admire his two prefaces as much as I do any parts of his books: The firſt, wherein he expoſes "the licentiouſneſs and immorality of our "late poetry," is incomparable; and the ſecond, wherein he proſecutes the ſame ſubject, and delivers his thoughts concerning hypotheſes, is no leſs judicious; and I am wholly of his opinion relating to the latter. However, the hiſtory and phænomena of nature we may venture at; and this is what I propoſe to be the ſubject of a philoſophic poem. Sir R. Blackmore has exquiſite touches of this kind, diſperſed in many places of his books; (to paſs over Mopas's ſong) I'll inſtance one particular in the moſt profound ſpeculations of Mr. Newton's philoſophy, thus curiouſly touched in King Arthur, Book IX. p. 243.

The conſtellations ſhine at his command,
He form'd their radiant orbs, and with his hand
He weigh'd, and put them off with ſuch a force
As might preſerve an everlaſting courſe*.

"I doubt not but Sir R. Blackmore, in theſe lines, had a regard to the proportionment of the projective motion of the *vis centripeta*, that keeps the planets in their continued courſes.

"I have by me ſome obſervations, made by a judicious friend of mine, on both of Sir R. Blackmore's poems. If they may be any ways acceptable to Sir R. I ſhall ſend them to you."

Mr. Locke again replies:

"Though Sir R. B's vein in poetry be what every body muſt allow him to have an extraordinary talent in; and though, with you, I exceedingly valued his firſt preface, yet I muſt own to you, there was nothing that I ſo much admired him for, as for what he ſays of hypotheſes in his laſt. It ſeems to me ſo right, and is yet ſo much out of the way of the ordinary writers, and practitioners in that faculty, that it ſhews as great a ſtrength and penetration of judgment *as his poetry has ſhewn flights of fancy.*"

As the beſt comment on this, let an extract from Locke's Eſſay on Education fully explain his ideas.

"If he have a poetic vein, 'tis to me the ſtrangeſt thing in the world that the father ſhould deſire or ſuffer it to be cheriſhed or improved. Methinks the parents ſhould labour to have it ſtifled and ſuppreſſed as much as may be; and I know not what reaſon a father can have to wiſh his ſon a poet, who does not deſire to have him bid defiance to all other callings or buſineſs; which is not yet the worſt of the caſe; for if he proves a ſucceſsful rhymer, and gets once the reputation of a wit, I deſire it may be conſidered, what company and places he is like to ſpend his time in, nay, and eſtate too; for it is very ſeldom ſeen that any one diſcovers mines of gold or ſilver in Parnaſſus. 'Tis

* Theſe lines, however, are a dull wretched paraphraſe of ſome parts of the Pſalms.

a pleaſant

ſemblcr, Sir Francis Bacon, ſaw deeper into the true ſpirit of poetry and the human affections than a Burleigh. In ancient Greece, the works of

a pleaſant air, but barren ſoil, and there are very few inſtances of thoſe who have added to their patrimony by any thing they have reaped from thence. Poetry and Gaming, which uſually go together, are alike in this too, that they ſeldom bring any advantage but to thoſe who have nothing elſe to live on. Men of eſtates almoſt conſtantly go away loſers; and 'tis well if they eſcape at a cheaper rate, than their whole eſtates, or the greateſt part of them. If therefore you would not have your ſon the fiddle to every jovial company, without whom the ſparks could not reliſh their wine, nor know how to ſpend an afternoon idly; if you would not have him waſte his time and eſtate to divert others, and contemn the dirty acres left him by his anceſtors, I do not think you will much care he ſhould be a poet."

This ignorance of poetry is even worſe than the Dutch idea of it. But this, and his opinion of Blackmore, fully prove, that Locke, however great in other reſpects, knew no difference between a Shakeſpeare, that unequalled philoſopher of the paſſions, and the dulleſt Grub-ſtreet plodder; between a Milton and the tavern rhymers of the days of the ſecond Charles. But Milton's knowledge of the affections diſcovered in the cultivation of the Muſes an uſe of the firſt importance. A taſte formed by the great poetry, he eſteems as the ultimate refinement of the underſtanding. "This (ſays he, in his Tractate on the Education of Youth) would make them ſoon perceive, what deſpicable creatures our common rhymers and play writers be; and ſhew them what religious, what glorious and magnificent uſe might be made of poetry, both in divine and human things. From hence, and not till now, will be the right ſeaſon of forming them to be able writers and compoſers in every excellent matter . . . whether they be to ſpeak in parliament or council, honour and attention would be waiting on their lips. There would then alſo appear in pulpits other viſages, other geſtures, and ſtuff othewiſe wrought, than what we now ſit under"—— Milton evidently alludes to the general dulneſs of the furious ſectaries of his own time. The furious bigots of every ſect have been as remarkable for their inelegance as for their rage. And the cultivation of polite literature has ever been found the beſt preventive of gloomy enthuſiaſm, and religious intollerance. In Milton, and every great poet, the poet and ſublime philoſopher are united, though Milton was perhaps the only man of his age, who perceived this union or ſameneſs of character. Lord Clarendon ſeems to have conſidered poetry merely as puerile ſing-ſong. Waller, he ſays, addicted himſelf to poetry at thirty, the time when others leave it off. Nor was Charles I. leſs unhappy in his eſtimate of it. In the dedication of Sir John Denham's works to Charles II. we have this remarkable paſſage: "One morning, waiting upon him "(Charles I.) at *Cauſham*, ſmiling upon me, "he ſaid he could tell me ſome news of my- "ſelf, which was that he had ſeen ſome "verſes of mine the evening before; and "aſking me when I made them, I told him "two or three years ſince; he was pleaſed "to ſay, that having never ſeen them be- "fore, he was *afraid* I had written them "ſince my return into England, and though "he liked them well, he would adviſe me "to write no more, alledging, that when "men are young, and have *little elſe to do*, "they might vent the overflowings of their "fancy that way; but when they were "thought fit for more ſerious employments, "if they ſtill perſiſted in that courſe, it "would look as if they minded not the way "to any better." Yet this monarch, who could perceive nothing but idle puerility in poetry, was the zealous patron of architecture, ſculpture, and painting; and his favourite, the duke of Buckingham, laid out the enormous ſum of 400,000 l. on paintings and curioſities. But had Charles's bounty given a Shakeſpeare or a Milton to the public, he would have done his kingdoms infinitely more ſervice than if he had imported into England all the pictures and all the antiques in the world.

The reader who is deſirous to ſee a philoſophical character of the natural and acquired qualifications neceſſary to form a great poet, will find it delineated, in a maſterly manner, in Raſſelas, prince of Abyſſinia, an Eaſtern tale, by Dr. Johnſon.

Homer

Homer were called the leſſon or philoſophy of kings; and Bacon deſcribes the effects of poetry in the moſt exalted terms. What is deficient of perfection in hiſtory and nature, poetry ſupplies; it thus erects the mind, and confers magnanimity, morality, and delight; "and therefore, ſays he, it was ever thought to have ſome participation of divineneſs *." The love of poetry is ſo natural to the ſtronger affections, that the moſt barbarous nations delight in it. And always it is found, that as the rude war ſong and eulogy of the dead hero refine, the manners of the age refine alſo. The hiſtory of the ſtages of poetry is the philoſophical hiſtory of manners; the only hiſtory in which, with certainty, we can behold the true character of paſt ages. True civilization, and a humaniſed taſte of the mental pleaſures, are therefore ſynonimous terms. And moſt certain it is, where feeling and affection reſide in the breaſt, theſe muſt be moſt forcibly kindled and called into action by the animated repreſentations, and living fire, of the great poetry. Nor may Milton's evidence be rejected, for though a poet himſelf, his judgment is founded on nature. According to him, a true taſte for the great poetry gives a refinement and energy to all other ſtudies, and is of the laſt importance in forming the ſenator and the gentleman. That the poetry of Camoens merits this high character, in a ſingular manner, he that reads it with taſte and attention muſt own: A Diſſertation on it, however, is the duty of the Tranſlator——

* His high idea of poetry is thus philoſophically explained by the great Bacon:

"So likewiſe I finde, ſome particular writings of an elegant nature, touching ſome of the affections, as of *anger*, of *comfort, upon adverſe accidents*, of tenderneſſe of countenance, and other. But the poets and writers of hiſtories are the beſt doctors of this knowledge; where we find painted forth with the life, how affections are kindled and incited, and how pacified and reſtrained: and how againe contained from act and farther degree: how they diſcloſe themſelves, how they worke, how they vary, how they gather and fortify, how they are inwrapped one within another, and how they doe fight and encounter one with another, and other the like particularities; amongſt the which this laſt is of ſpecial uſe in moral and civile matters."

Here poetry is ranked with hiſtory; in the following its effect on the paſſions is preferred.

"The uſe of this fained Hiſtory *(Poetry)* hath been to give ſome ſhadowe of ſatisfaction to the mind of man in thoſe points in which nature doth deny it: the world being in proportion inferior to the ſoul: By reaſon whereof there is agreeable to the ſpirit of man a more ample greatneſſe, a more exact goodneſſe, and a more abſolute variety than can be found in the nature of things. Therefore, becauſe the events of true hiſtory have not that magnitude which ſatisfieth the mind of man, Poeſy fayneth acts and events greater and more heroicall; becauſe true hiſtory propoundeth the ſucceſſes and iſſues of actions not ſo agreeable to the merits of virtue and vice; therefore Poeſy faynes them more juſt in retribution, and more according to revealed Providence; becauſe true Hiſtory repreſenteth actions and events more ordinary and leſs interchanged; therefore Poeſy enducth them with more rareneſſe, and more unexpected and alternative variations. So then it appeareth that Poeſy ſerveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and delectation; and therefore it was ever thought to have ſome participation of divineneſſe, becauſe it doth raiſe and erect the mind, by ſubmitting the ſhewes of things to the deſires of the mind; whereas reaſon doth humble and bow the mind unto the nature of things."

DISSERTATION

DISSERTATION on the LUSIAD,

AND

OBSERVATIONS upon EPIC POETRY.

VOLTAIRE, when he was in England, previous to the publication of his Henriade, publiſhed in * Engliſh an Eſſay on the Epic Poetry of the European nations. In this he highly praiſed and ſeverely attacked the Luſiad. Yet this criticiſm, though moſt ſuperficial and

* In his French editions of this Eſſay, he has made various alterations, at different times, in the article of Camoens. The original Engliſh, however, ſhall be here cited, and the French alterations attended to as they occur. Nor is it improper to premiſe, that ſome moſt curious falſities will be detected; the groſs miſrepreſentation of every objection refuted; and demonſtration brought, that when Voltaire wrote his Engliſh Eſſay, his knowledge of the Luſiad was entirely borrowed from a very ſlight acquaintance with the bald, harſh, unpoetical verſion of Fanſhaw.

" While Triſſino, ſays Voltaire, was clearing away the rubbiſh in Italy, which barbarity and ignorance had heaped up for ten centuries, in the way of the arts and ſciences, Camouens in Portugal ſteered a new courſe, and acquired a reputation which laſts ſtill among his countrymen, who pay as much reſpect to his memory, as the Engliſh to Milton.

" He was a ſtrong inſtance of the irreſiſtible impulſe of nature, which determines a true genius to follow the bent of his talents, in ſpight of all the obſtacles which would check his courſe.

" His infancy loſt amidſt the idleneſs and ignorance of the court of Liſbon; his youth ſpent in romantic loves, or in the war againſt the Moors; his long voyages at ſea, in his riper years; his misfortunes at court, the revolutions of his country, none of all theſe could ſuppreſs his genius.

" Emanuel the ſecond king of Portugal, having a mind to find a new way to the Eaſt Indies by the ocean, ſent Velaſco de Gama with a fleet in the year 1497, to that undertaking, which being new, was accounted raſh and impracticable, and which of courſe gained him a great reputation when it ſucceeded.

" Camouens follow'd Velaſco de Gama in that dangerous voyage, led by his friendſhip to him, and by a noble curioſity, which ſeldom fails to be the character of men born with a great imagination.

" He took his voyage for the ſubject of his poem; he enjoy'd the ſenſible pleaſure, which nobody had known before him, to celebrate his friend, and the things he was an eye-witneſs of.

" He wrote his Poem, part on the Atlantic Sea, and partly on the Indian ſhore. I ought not to omit, that on a ſhipwrack on the coaſts of Malabar, he ſwam a ſhore, holding-up his poem in one hand, which otherwiſe had been perhaps loſt for ever.

" Such a new ſubject, manag'd by an uncommon genius, could not but produce a ſort of Epic Poetry unheard of before. There no bloody wars are fought, no heroes wounded in a thouſand different ways; no woman enticed away, and the world overturn'd for her cauſe; no empire founded; in ſhort, nothing of what was deem'd before the only ſubject of poetry.

" The Poet conducts the Portugueſe fleet to the mouth of the Ganges, round the coaſts of Africk. He takes notice in the way, of many nations who live upon the African ſhore. He interweaves artfully the hiſtory of Portugal. The ſimplicity of his ſubject, is rais'd by ſome fictions of different kinds, which I think not improper to acquaint the Reader with.

" When

erroneous, has been generally eſteemed throughout Europe, as the true character of that Poem. The great objections upon which he condemns it, are, an abſurd mixture of Chriſtian and Pagan mythology, and a want of unity in the action and conduct. For the mixture of mythology, a defence ſhall be offered, and the wild exaggerations of Voltaire expoſed. And an examen of the conduct of the Luſiad will clearly evince, that the Eneid itſelf is not more perfect in that connection, which is requiſite to form One whole, according to the ſtricteſt rules of Epic Unity.

" When the fleet in ſailing in the ſight of the Cape of Good Hope, call'd then the Cape of the Storms, a formidable ſhape appears to them, walking in the depth of the ſea; his head reaches to the clouds, the ſtorms, the winds, the thunders, and the lightnings hang about him; his arms are extended over the waves. 'Tis the guardian of that foreign ocean unplow'd before by any ſhip. He complains of being oblig'd to ſubmit to fate, and to the audacious undertaking of the Portugueſe, and foretells them all the misfortunes which they muſt undergo in the Indies. I believe, that ſuch a fiction would be thought noble and proper, in all ages, and in all nations.

" There is another, which perhaps would have pleas'd the Italians as well as the Portugueſe, but no other nation beſides: It is the inchanted iſland, call'd the Iſland of Bliſs, which the fleet finds in her way home, juſt riſing from the ſea, for their comfort and for their reward: Camouens deſcribes that place, as Taſſo did ſome years after, his iſland of Armida. There a ſupernatural power, brings in all the beauties, and preſents all the pleaſures which nature can afford, and which the heart may wiſh for; a Goddeſs enamour'd with Velaſco de Gama, carries him to the top of an high mountain, from whence ſhe ſhews him all the kingdoms of the earth, and foretells the fate of Portugal.

" After Camouens hath given looſe to his fancy, in the laſcivious deſcription of the pleaſures which Gama and his crew enjoy'd in the iſland, he takes care to inform the Reader, that he ought to underſtand by this fiction, nothing but the ſatisfaction which the virtuous man feels, and the glory which accrues to him by the practice of virtue; but the beſt excuſe for ſuch an invention, is, the charming ſtile in which it is deliver'd (if we believe the Portugueſe) for the beauty of the elocution makes ſometimes amends for the faults of the poets, as the colouring of Rubens makes ſome defects in his figures paſs unregarded.

" There is *another* kind of machinery continued throughout all the Poem, which nothing can excuſe, in any country whatever; 'tis an unjudicious mixture of the Heathen Gods with our Religion. Gama in a ſtorm addreſſes his prayers to Chriſt, but 'tis Venus who comes to his relief; the heroes are chriſtians, and the poet heathen. The main deſign which the Portugueſe are ſuppos'd to have (next to promoting their trade) is to propagate Chriſtianity; yet Jupiter, Bacchus, and Venus, have in their hands all the management of the voyage. So incongruous a machinery, caſts a blemiſh upon the whole Poem; yet ſhews at the ſame time, how prevailing are its beauties, ſince the Portugueſe like it with all its faults.

" Camouens hath a great deal of true wit, and not a little ſhare of falſe; his imagination hurries him into great abſurdities. I remember, that after Velaſco de Gama, hath related his adventures to the king of Melinda, now, ſays he, O king, judge if Ulyſſes, and Æneas, have travell'd ſo far, and undergone ſo many hardſhips. As if that barbarous African was acquainted with Homer and Virgil.

" His poem, in my opinion, is full of numberleſs faults and beauties, thick ſown near one another; and almoſt in every page there is ſomething to laugh at, and ſomething to be delighted with. Among his moſt lucky thoughts, I muſt take notice of two, for the likeneſs which they bear to two moſt celebrated paſſages of Waller, and Sir John Denham.

" Waller ſays, in his Epiſtle to Zelinda;

Thy matchleſs form will credit bring,
To all the wonders I can ſing.

" Camouens ſays, in ſpeaking of the voyages of the Argonautes, and of Ulyſſes, that the undertaking of the Portugueſe ſhall give credit to all thoſe fables, in ſurpaſſing them.

The term Epopœia is derived from the Greek Ἔπος, *diſcourſe*, and hence the Epic, may be rendered the narrative poem. In the full latitude of this definition, ſome Italian critics have contended, that the poems of Dante and Arioſto were Epic. But theſe conſiſt of various detached actions, which do not conſtitute one whole. In this manner Telemachus and the Faerie Queene are alſo Epic poems. A definition more reſtricted, however, a definition deſcriptive of the nobleſt ſpecies of poetry, has been given by Ariſtotle; and the greateſt critics have followed him, in

" Sir John Denham, in his Poem on Cooper's-Hill, ſays to the Thames;

O could I flow like thee, and make thy ſtream,
My great example, as it is my theme;
Tho' deep, yet clear, tho' gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

" Camoens addreſſes the Nymphs of Tagus in the like manner; " O Nymphs, if ever I ſung of you, inſpire me now with new and ſtrong lays; let my ſtile flow like your waves; let it be deep and clear, as your waters, &c."

Such is the original criticiſm of Voltaire on the Luſiad. And never, perhaps, was there ſuch a random reverie, ſuch a maſs of miſrepreſentations and falſities as the whole of it exhibits. The moſt excuſeable parts of it are ſuperficial in the higheſt degree. Both the poet and the hero are miſnamed by him. The name of the hero has been corrected, that of *Camouens* remains ſtill in Voltaire, the only author who ever ſpelled it in this manner. There never was an Emmanuel the ſecond of Portugal. Camoens was not ſhipwrecked on the coaſt of Malabar, but on the river Mecon in Cochin-China. " That Gama went a *new way* to the Eaſt Indies *by the ocean*," though corrected in the edition of 1768, affords a moſt ſtriking proof of Voltaire's very careleſs peruſal of the Luſiad, at the time when he firſt preſumed to condemn it. For it is often repeated in the poem, that there was no way to India by the ocean before. That *the infancy* of Camoens was *loſt amidſt the idleneſs and ignorance of the court of Liſbon*, is certainly falſe. His *youth* could not have been ſpent in idleneſs or ignorance, for his works diſplay a moſt maſterly accuracy in every branch of ancient literature.

Though Voltaire has corrected his error in ſending Camoens to the Eaſt Indies along with Gama, ſuch an original unparalleled romance ought to be recorded. Gama ſailed on the diſcovery of India in 1497. Camoens was born in 1517, and was not ſeven years of age when Gama died. Theſe facts were immediately objected to Voltaire, but, at firſt, he would not yield. Contrary to the teſtimony of Camoens himſelf, and every circumſtance of his life, an * hypotheſis muſt defend this favourite ſuppoſition. In his Amſterdam edition of 1738, Voltaire boldly aſſerts that Camoens was a Spaniard, born in the reign of Ferdinand and Iſabel, that he came to Liſbon in the firſt year of Emmanuel, and was in intimate friendſhip with Gama, whom he accompanied in his firſt voyage. Certain it is, however, by the ar-

* This *honeſt* hypotheſis, which makes Camoens a Spaniard, is of a piece with another of the ſame ingenious Author. In his *unhappy* † Eſſay on Epic Poetry, he aſſerted, that Milton built his Paradiſe Loſt upon an Italian Comedy, written by one Andreino. This was immediately denied, and even ſome Italian Literati declared, that no ſuch Author or Comedy was known in Italy. Voltaire, however, would not yield, and very gravely he tells the reader, " *Il n'eſt pas etonnant*——it is not at all aſtoniſhing, that having carefully ſearched in England for whatever related to that great man *(Milton)* I ſhould diſcover circumſtances of his life, of which the public were ignorant."——This, therefore, is the authority from which we are to believe that Milton borrowed his Paradiſe Loſt from a Comedy which nobody ever ſaw. From the ſame reſearches in England, Voltaire alſo learned other circumſtances, of which the public were totally ignorant. The writing by which Milton ſold his Paradiſe Loſt to one Simmonds, a Bookſeller, is ſtill extant. But Voltaire diſcovered, that he ſold it to *Tompſon* for thirty piſtoles, " *enfin Tompſon lui donna trente piſtoles de cet ouvrage.*" Lord Sommers and Dr. Atterbury, he adds, reſolving that England ſhould have an Epic poem, prevailed on the heirs of *Tompſon* (He means *Tonſon*, perhaps) to print a ſplendid edition of it. And Addiſon wrote, ſays he, and the Engliſh were perſuaded, that they had an Epic Poem."

† Yet, in the ſame Eſſay, he gives a true *Voltairiſm*; he condemns this very aſſertion: talking of the plagiaries aſcribed to Virgil, " All that," ſays he, " ought to be flatly denied——'Tis juſt " as ſome people ſay Milton hath ſtolen his poem " from an Italian ſtroller call'd *Andreino*."

chives

appropriating to this ſpecies the term of Epopœia, or Epic. The ſubject of the Epopœia, according to that great father of criticiſm, muſt be One. One action muſt be invariably purſued, and heightened through different ſtages, till the Cataſtrophe cloſe it in ſo complete a manner, that

chives of Portugal, that Camoens was in the Eaſt about ſeventy-two years after this voyage; and that, according to this hypotheſis of Voltaire, he muſt have been near an hundred years old when he publiſhed his Luſiad. Voltaire, however, at laſt, confeſſes that Camoens did not accompany Gama. Yet ſuch is his accuracy, that even in the edition of 1768, in an eſſay which he calls *Idée de la Henriade*, a few pages before this confeſſion, the old aſſertion is ſtill retained. "*Le Camoëens, qui eſt le Virgile de Portugais a celebré un événement dont il avait été temoin lui-même.* Camouens, the Portugueſe Virgil, has celebrated an event of which he himſelf had been witneſs."

No anecdotes ever threw more light upon a character than theſe throw upon that of Voltaire. The aſſertion that the Epic Poet *enjoyed the ſenſible pleaſure, which nobody had known before him, to celebrate his friend and the things he was an eye-witneſs of*, can only be accounted for by the ſuppoſition, that Voltaire was pleaſed with the idea, and in a little time miſtook his ſtrong impreſſion for the remembrance of a fact. The laboured abſurd hypotheſis, which would defend this fanciful error, cannot be placed in ſo fair a light. And the error confeſſed, and ſtill retained, is a true *Voltairiſm*. Yet the idea of his accuracy which theſe accounts of the Poet muſt inſpire, will even be heightened by the examination of his criticiſm on the poem. The narrative of a voyage conſtitutes great part of the Odyſſey, and of the Eneid; and forms the body of the Luſiad. Yet the Luſiad, ſays Voltaire, contains *nothing of what was deemed before the only ſubject of poetry*. It forms, indeed, *a ſort of Epic poetry unheard of before:* But here Voltaire's objection points out its true praiſe. *No heroes*, ſays he, *are wounded a thouſand different ways, no woman enticed away and the world overturned for her cauſe*— And muſt the fate of Helen, and the thouſand different wounds deſcribed by Homer, be copied by every Epic Poet? If this ſentence has any meaning, this is included. Yet what is this *puerility* of criticiſm in compariſon of Voltaire's aſſertions, that in the Luſiad *no bloody wars are fought, no empire founded.*—If the deſtruction of Troy be allowed to be in the Eneid, there are wars enough in the poem of Camoens. The effect of fire-arms on people who never before beheld thoſe dreadful engines, and a hoſtile town burnt by a fleet, are finely deſcribed in that part which is called the action of the Epic Poem. But Voltaire was as utter a ſtranger to the firſt book of the Luſiad, as to the ONE ſubject of the poem, The founding of the Portugueſe empire in the Eaſt.— *No battle fought, no empire founded!* What inſult to the literary world is this! A late correction will never diſprove his ignorance when he wrote this. Should a pretended critic on Virgil tell his reader that the poet conducted Eneas to the mouth of the Thames, could we believe he was acquainted with his Author. Yet Voltaire tells us, that Camoens *conducts the Portugueſe fleet to the mouth of the Ganges round the coaſts of Africa.*

—Camoens, indeed, conducts his fleet to Calicut on the coaſt of Malabar. But though the ſcene of the action of the four laſt books lies upon this coaſt, Voltaire was not happy enough to *dip* into any of the numerous paſſages which fix the geography. He has, therefore, given the voyage of Gama a dimenſion almoſt as much beyond the real one given by Camoens, as the Weſt Indies are diſtant from England. Such errors are convincing proofs that Voltaire only *dipt* here and there into the Luſiad, even after the critics ſet him right in ſome places; for this groſs error is ſtill retained. But a miſrepreſentation, not founded on ignorance, now offers itſelf. *Gama, in a ſtorm*, ſays Voltaire, *addreſſes his prayers to Chriſt, but 'tis Venus who comes to his relief.*—A bold aſſertion ſtill alſo retained, but there is no ſuch paſſage in the Luſiad. Gama, in a tempeſt, prays to "the holy Power, to whom "nothing is impoſſible, the ſovereign of "earth, ſea, and land, who led Iſrael through "the waves, who delivered Paul, and who "protected the children of the ſecond father "of the world from the deluge." But Chriſt is not once mentioned in the whole paſſage. To ſay that Gama was a good

any farther addition would only inform the reader of what he already perceives. Yet in purſuing this One End, collateral Epiſodes not only give that variety, ſo eſſential to good poetry, but, under judicious management, aſſiſt in the moſt pleaſing manner to facilitate and produce

Catholic, and intended Chriſt under theſe appellations, is unworthy of poetical criticiſm, for the whole ridicule conſiſts in the oppoſition of the names of Chriſt and Venus. Such is the candour of Voltaire! Nor is it difficult to trace the ſource of this unfair repreſentation. Fanſhaw thus tranſlates the mention of Paul,

Thou who didſt keep and ſave *thy ſervant* Paul—

Monſieur Voltaire wanted no more. *Thy ſervant* Paul was to him enough to vindicate the ridicule he choſe to beſtow. But unhappily for the miſguided critic, the original ſays only, *Tu que livraſte Paulo* — thou who deliveredſt Paul. — And thus we are furniſhed with a ſure hint of the medium by which our critic ſtudied the Luſiad. To this laſt unbluſhing falſity, that *Gama prays to Chriſt*, is added, in the edition of 1768, "*Bacchus & la Vierge Marie ſe trouveront tout naturellement enſemble.* Bacchus and the Virgin Mary are very naturally found together." If words have meaning, this informs the reader, that they are found together in the Luſiad. Yet the truth is, in the whole poem there is no ſuch perſonage as the Virgin Mary.

After theſe groſs falſities, Voltaire adds, "*A parler ſerieuſement, un merveilleux ſi abſurde, defigure tout l'ouvrage aux yeux de lecteurs ſenſés.* To ſpeak ſeriouſly, ſuch an abſurdity in the marvellous, disfigures the whole work in the eyes of ſenſible readers." —To ſuch as take Voltaire's word for it, it muſt indeed ſeem disfigured; but what literary murder is this! Nor does it end here. A ſimile muſt enforce the ſhameleſs miſrepreſentation. "*It is like the works of Paul Veroneſe, who has placed Benedictine fathers and Swiſs ſoldiers among his paintings from the Old Teſtament.*" And to this alſo is added, "*Le Camouens tombe preſque toujours dans de telles diſparates.* Camouens almoſt continually falls into ſuch extravagancies." Yet with equal juſtice may this ſentence be applied to Virgil; and peculiarly unhappy is the inſtance which Voltaire immediately gives: "*I remember*, ſays he, *Voſco de Gama ſays to the king of Melinda, O king, judge if Ulyſſes and Eneas have travelled ſo far, and undergone ſo many hardſhips: as if that barbarous African was acquainted with Homer and Virgil.*" This ſentence is ſtill retained in Voltaire's laſt edition of his works. But, according to hiſtory, the Melindians were a humane and poliſhed people; their buildings elegant, and in the manner of Spain. The royal family and grandees were Mohammedan Arabs, deſcended of thoſe tribes, whoſe learning, when it ſuits his purpoſe, is the boaſt of Voltaire. The prince of Melinda, with whom Gama converſed, is thus deſcribed by the excellent hiſtorian Oſorius: "*In omni autem ſermone princeps ille non ho-*" *minis barbari ſpecimen dabat, ſed ingenium* "*et prudentiam eo loco dignam præ ſe fere-*" *bat*—In the whole converſation the Prince "betrayed no ſign of the barbarian; on the "contrary, he carried himſelf with a polite-" neſs and intelligence worthy of his rank." —It is alſo certain, that this Prince, whom Voltaire is pleaſed to call a barbarous African, had ſufficient opportunity to be acquainted with Homer, for the writings of Homer are tranſlated into the Syriac, in a dialect of which the interpreters of Gama talked with the prince of Melinda †.

† The Arabs have not only innumerable volumes of their own, but their language is alſo enriched with tranſlations of ſeveral Greek writers. The fate of Euclid is well known. And to mention only two of their authors, Ben-Shohna, who died in 1478, a little before the arrival of Gama, wrote an univerſal hiſtory, which he calls *Rawdhat a'menadhir ſi ilm alawail walawachir;* that is, the meadow of the eye of antient and modern knowledge. And Abul Pharajius, who lived in the thirteenth century, wrote an hiſtory in Arabic, in ten chapters, the firſt of which treats of the Patriarchs, from Adam to Moſes; the ſecond of the Judges and Kings of Iſrael; the third of the Jewiſh Kings; the fourth of the Kings of Chaldea; the fifth of the Kings of the Magi; the ſixth of the ancient Pagan Greeks; the ſeventh of the Romans; the eighth of the Conſtantinopolitan Emperors; the ninth of the Arabian Mohammedan Kings; and the tenth of the Moguls. The ſame author acquaints us, that Homer's two Works are elegantly tranſlated into the Syriac; which language is ſiſter to that ſpoken by the Arabs of Melinda. Camoens, who was in the country, knew the learning of the Arabians. Voltaire, led by the deſire to condemn, was hurried into abſurdities, from which a moment's conſideration would have preſerved him.

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the Unravelment, or Cataſtrophe. Thus the anger of Achilles is the ſubject of the Iliad. He withdraws his aſſiſtance from the Greeks. The efforts and diſtreſſes of the Grecian army in his abſence, and the triumphs of Hector, are the conſequences of his rage. In the utmoſt danger of the Greeks, he permits his friend Patroclus to go to battle. Patroclus is killed by Hector. Achilles, to revenge his fall, ruſhes to the field. Hector is killed, the Trojans defeated, and the rage of Achilles is ſoothed by the obſequies of his friend. And thus alſo the ſubject of

" The Luſiad, *in my opinion*, ſays Voltaire, *is full of numberleſs faults and beauties, thick ſown near one another, and almoſt in every page there is ſomething to laugh at, and ſomething to be delighted with.*" This ſentence, though omitted in the French editions, had ſome ſource, and that ſource we ſhall eaſily trace. Nor is the character of the king of Melinda ſo groſsly falſified by Voltaire, as the character of the Luſiad of Camoens is here miſrepreſented. Except the polite repartee of Veloſo, *(of which ſee p.* 197.*)* there are not above two or three paſſages in the whole poem which even border upon conceit. The moſt uniform ſimplicity of manly diction is the true character of the Portugueſe Luſiad: Where then did Voltaire find the *falſe wit*, and *ſomething to laugh at almoſt in every page?* If there be a tranſlation which ſtrictly deſerves this character, we cannot ſuppoſe that Voltaire hit *this* character, and at the ſame time was ſo wide of the original, merely by chance. No, he dipt into Fanſhaw's Luſiad, where, in every page, there are puns, conceits, and low quaint expreſſions, uncountenanced by the original, Some citations from Fanſhaw will ſoon juſtify this character of his work. Yet, however deciſive this proof may be, it is not the only one. The reſemblance found by Voltaire between Sir John Denham's addreſs to the Thames, and that of Camoens to the nymphs of the Tagus, does not exiſt in the original. This ſentence, *Let my ſtile flow like your waves, let it be deep and clear as your waters*— contains indeed the ſame alluſion as that expreſſed in the lines cited by Voltaire from Denham. But no ſuch idea or alluſion exiſts in the Portugueſe. Though Voltaire ſtill retains this ſentence, its want of authenticity has been detected by ſeveral critics. But it was left for the preſent Tranſlator to diſcover the ſource of this wide miſtranſlation. He ſuſpected the alluſion might be in Fanſhaw, and in Faſhaw he found it. The nymphs of the Tagus are in Sir Richard's verſion thus addreſſed:

> If I in low, yet tuneful verſe, the praiſe
> Of your ſweet river always did proclaim,
> Inſpire me now with high and thundering lays,
> *Give me them clear and flowing like his ſtream.*

He who has read Camoens and Fanſhaw, will be convinced where Voltaire found the *ſomething to laugh at in every page.* He who has read neither the original nor that tranſlation, will now perceive that Voltaire's opinion of the Luſiad was drawn from a very partial acquaintance with the unfaithful and unpoetical verſion of Fanſhaw.

And, as if all his miſrepreſentations of the Luſiad were not enough, a new and moſt capital objection is added in the late editions of Voltaire. " *Mais de tous les defauts de ce poëme*, &c. But of all the faults of this poem, the greateſt is the want of connection, which reigns in every part of it. It reſembles the voyage which is its ſubject. The adventures ſucceed one another, *(a wonderful objection)* and the poet has no other art, than to tell his tales well." Indeed! but the reader cannot *now* be ſurpriſed at any of our Critic's miſrepreſentations, a critic, who in many inſtances has violently condemned the Luſiad UPON CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH HAVE NO PLACE IN THAT POEM.

After publication of the firſt edition of the Luſiad, the Tranſlator was informed of the following anecdote: when Voltaire's *Eſſay on Epic Poetry* was at the preſs in London, he happened to ſhew a proof-ſheet of it to Colonel Bladon, the tranſlator of Cæſar's Commentaries. The colonel, who had been in Portugal, aſked him if he had read the Luſiad; Voltaire confeſſed he had never ſeen it, and could not read Portugueſe. The colonel put Fanſhaw's tranſlation into his hands, and in leſs than a fortnight after, Voltaire's *Critique* made its appearance.

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the Eneid is One. The remains of the Trojan nation, to whom a ſeat of empire is promiſed by the oracle, are repreſented as endangered by a tempeſt at ſea. They land at Carthage. Eneas, their leader, relates the fate of Troy to the hoſpitable queen; but is ordered by Jupiter to fulfil the prophecies, and go in ſearch of the promiſed ſeat of that empire, which was one day to command the world. Eneas again ſets ſail, many adventures befal him. He at laſt lands in Italy, where prophecies of his arrival were acknowledged. His fated bride, however, is betrothed to Turnus. A war enſues, and the poem concludes with the death of the rival of Eneas. In both theſe great poems, a machinery ſuitable to the allegorical religion of thoſe times is preſerved. Juno is the guardian of the Greeks, Venus of the Trojans. Narrative poetry without fiction can never pleaſe. Without fiction it muſt want the marvellous, which is the very ſoul of poeſy; and hence a machinery is indiſpenſible in the Epic poem. The conduct and machinery of the Luſiad are as follow: The poem opens with a view of the Portugueſe fleet before a proſperous gale on the coaſt of Ethiopia. The crews, however, are worn with labour, and their ſafety depends upon their fortune in a friendly harbour. The Gods of ancient or poetical mythology are repreſented as in council. The fate of the Eaſtern world depends upon the ſucceſs of the fleet. But as we trace the machinery of the Luſiad, let us remember that, like the machinery of Homer and Virgil, it is alſo allegorical. Jupiter, or the Lord of Fate, pronounces that the Luſians ſhall be proſperous. Bacchus, the evil dæmon or genius of Mohammediſm, who was worſhipped in the Eaſt, foreſeeing that his empire and altars would be overturned, oppoſes Jove, or Fate. The celeſtial Venus, or heavenly Love, pleads for the Luſians. Mars, or divine Fortitude, encourages the Lord of Fate to remain unaltered; and Maia's ſon, the Meſſenger of Heaven, is ſent to lead the navy to a friendly harbour. The fleet arrives at Mozambic. Bacchus, like Juno in the Eneid, raiſes a commotion againſt the Luſians. A battle enſues, and the victorious fleet purſue their voyage, under the care of a Mooriſh pilot, who adviſes them to enter the harbour of Quiloa. According to hiſtory, they attempted this harbour, where their deſtruction would have been inevitable; but they were driven from it by the violence of a ſudden tempeſt. The poet, in the true ſpirit of Homer and Virgil, aſcribes this to the celeſtial Venus,

——— whoſe watchful care
Had ever been their guide ———

They now arrive at Mombaſſa. The malice of the evil dæmon or genius of Mohammediſm, ſtill excites the arts of treachery againſt them. Hermes, the meſſenger of heaven, in a dream, in the ſpirit of Homer, warns the hero of the poem of his danger, and commands him to ſteer

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for Melinda. There he arrives, and is received by the prince in the moſt friendly manner. Here the hero receives the firſt certain intelligence or hope of India. The prince of Melinda's admiration of the fortitude and proweſs of his gueſts, the firſt who had ever dared to paſs the unknown ocean by Cape Corrientes, (ſee p. 213.) artfully prepares the reader for a long epiſode. The poem of Virgil contains the hiſtory of the Roman empire to his own time. Camoens perceived this, and trod in his ſteps. The hiſtory of Portugal, which Gama relates to the king of Melinda, is not only neceſſary to give their new ally an high idea of the Luſian proweſs and ſpirit, but alſo naturally leads to, and accounts for the voyage of Gama: the event, which, in its conſequences, ſums up the Portugueſe honours. It is as requiſite for Gama to tell the riſe of his nation to the king of Melinda, as it is for Eneas to relate to Dido the cauſe of his voyage, the deſtruction of Troy. Pleaſed with the fame of their nation, the king of Melinda vows laſting friendſhip with the Luſians, and gives them a faithful pilot. As they ſail acroſs the great Indian ocean, the machinery is again employed. The evil dæmon implores Neptune and the powers of the ſea to raiſe a tempeſt to deſtroy the fleet. The ſailors on the night watch fortify their courage by relating the valiant acts of their countrymen; and an epiſode, in the true poetical ſpirit of chivalry, is introduced. Thus Achilles in his tent is repreſented as ſinging to his lyre the praiſes of heroes. And in the Epic conduct, this narrative and the tales told by Neſtor, either to reſtrain or inflame the rage of the Grecian chiefs, are certainly the ſame.

The accumulation of the tempeſt in the meanwhile is finely deſcribed. It now deſcends. Celeſtial Venus perceives the danger of her fleet. She is introduced by the appearance of her ſtar, a ſtroke of poetry which would have ſhined in the Eneid. The tempeſt is in its utmoſt rage,

> The ſky and ocean blending, each on fire,
> Seem'd as all nature ſtruggled to expire,
> When now the ſilver ſtar of Love appear'd;
> Bright in her eaſt her radiant front ſhe rear'd;
> Fair through the horrid ſtorm the gentle ray
> Announced the promiſe of the cheerful day.
> From her bright throne Celeſtial Love beheld
> The tempeſt burn ——

And in the true ſpirit of Homer's allegory (*See the note*, p. 258.) ſhe calls her nymphs, and by their miniſtry ſtills the tempeſt. Gama now arrives in India. Every circumſtance riſes from the preceding one; and, as fully pointed out in the notes, the conduct in every circumſtance is as exactly Virgilian, as any two tragedies may poſſibly be alike in adherence to the rules of the drama. Gama, having accompliſhed his purpoſe in India,

India, ſets ſail for Europe, and the machinery is for the laſt time employed. Venus, to reward her heroes, raiſes a Paradiſaical iſland in the ſea. Voltaire, in his Engliſh Eſſay, has ſaid, that no nation but the Portugueſe and Italians could be pleaſed with this fiction. In the French he has ſuppreſſed this ſentence, but has compared it to a Dutch brothel allowed for the ſailors. Yet this idea of it is as falſe as it is groſs. Every thing in the iſland of Love reſembles the ſtatue of Venus de Medicis. The deſcription is warm indeed, but it is chaſte as the firſt loves of Adam and Eve in Milton; and entirely free from that groſſneſs, (*See the note*, p. 408.) often to be found in Dante, Arioſto, Spenſer, and in Milton himſelf. After the poet has explained the allegory of the iſland of Love, the Goddeſs of the ocean gives her hand and commits her empire to Gama, whom ſhe conducts to her palace, where, in a prophetic ſong, he hears the actions of the heroes who were to eſtabliſh the Portugueſe empire in the Eaſt. In Epic conduct nothing can be more maſterly. The funeral games in honour of Patroclus, after the Iliad has turned upon its great hinge, the death of Hector, are here moſt happily imitated, after the Luſiad has alſo turned upon its great hinge, the diſcovery of India. The conduct is the ſame, though not one feature is borrowed. Ulyſſes and Eneas are ſent to viſit the regions of the dead; and Voltaire's hero muſt alſo be conveyed to Hell and Heaven. But how ſuperior is the ſpirit of Camoens! He parallels theſe ſtriking adventures by a new fiction of his own. Gama in the iſland of Bliſs, and Eneas in Hell, are in Epic conduct exactly the ſame; and in this unborrowing ſameneſs, he *artfully interweaves the hiſtory of Portugal: artfully* as Voltaire himſelf confeſſes. The epiſode with the king of Melinda, the deſcription of the painted enſigns, and the prophetic ſong, are parallel in manner and purpoſe with the epiſode of Dido, the ſhield of Eneas, and the viſion in Elyſium. To appeaſe the rage of Achilles, and to lay the foundation of the Roman empire, are the grand purpoſes of the Iliad and Eneid; the one effected by the death of Hector; the other by the alliance of Latinus and Eneas, rendered certain by the death of Turnus. In like manner, to eſtabliſh the Portugueſe Chriſtian empire in the Eaſt, is the grand deſign of the Luſiad, rendered certain by the happy Return of Gama. And thus, in the true ſpirit of the Epopœia, ends the Luſiad, a poem where every circumſtance riſes in juſt gradation, till the whole is ſummed up in the moſt perfect unity of Epic action.

The machinery of Homer, (*See the note*, p. 258.) contains a moſt perfect and maſterly allegory. To imitate the ancients was the prevailing taſte when Camoens wrote; and their poetical manners were every where adopted. That he eſteemed his own as allegorical, he aſſures us in the end of the ninth book, and in one of his letters. But a proof, even more determinate, occurs in the opening of the poem. Caſtera, the French Tranſlator, by his over refinement, has much miſrepreſented

preſented the allegory of the Luſiad. Mars, who never appears but once in the firſt book, he tells us, ſignifies Jeſus Chriſt. This explanation, ſo open to ridicule, is every way unneceſſary; and ſurely never entered the thought of Camoens. It is evident, however, that he intended the guardian powers of Chriſtianity and Mohammediſm under the two principal perſonages of his machinery. Words cannot be plainer:

> Where'er this people ſhould their empire raiſe,
> She knew her altars ſhould unnumber'd blaze;
> And barbarous nations at her holy ſhrine
> Be humaniſed and taught her lore divine:
> Her ſpreading honours thus the one inſpir'd,
> And one the dread to loſe his worſhip fir'd.

And the ſame idea is on every opportunity repeated and enforced. Pagan mythology had its Celeſtial, as well as Terreſtrial Venus *. The Celeſtial Venus is therefore the moſt proper perſonage of that mythology to figure Chriſtianity. And Bacchus, the conqueror of the Eaſt, is, in the ancient poetical allegory, the moſt natural protector of the altars of India. Whatever may be ſaid againſt the uſe of the ancient machinery in a modern poem, candour muſt confeſs, that the allegory of Camoens which arms the genius of Mohammediſm || againſt the expedition of his heroes, is both ſublime and moſt happily intereſting. Nor muſt his choice of the ancient poetical machinery be condemned without examination. It has been the language of poetry theſe three thouſand years, and its allegory is perfectly underſtood. If not impoſſible, it will certainly be very difficult to find a new, or a better machinery for an Epic poem. That of Taſſo is condemned by ‡ Boileau, yet, that of Camoens may plead the authority of that celebrated critic, and is even vindicated, undeſignedly, by Voltaire himſelf. In an eſſay prefixed to his Henriade,

* The celeſtial Venus, according to Plato, was the daughter of Ouranus or Heaven, and thence called Urania. The paſſage ſtands in the Sympoſion of that author as follows: Παντες γαρ ισμεν οτι εκ εστιν ανευ Ερωτος Αφροδιτη· ταυτης δε μιας μεν ουσης, εις αν ην Ερως· επει δε δυο εστον, δυο αναγκη και Ερωτε εἶναι. πως δ' ου δυο τα θεα; η μεν γε που, πρεσβυτερα, και αμητωρ, Ουρανε θυγατηρ, ην δη και ουρανιαν επονομαζομεν η δε νεωτερα, Διος και Διωνης, ην δη παιδημον καλουμεν.

This Urania-Venus, according to Pauſanius and other writers, had ſumptuous temples in Athens, Phœnicia, &c. She was painted in complete armour; her prieſteſſes were virgins; and no man was allowed to approach her ſhrine. Xenophon ſays, ſhe preſided over the love of wiſdom and virtue, which are the pleaſures of the ſoul, as the terreſtrial Venus preſided over the pleaſures of the body.

|| For ſeveral collateral proofs, ſee the note, p. 205. and text, in Luſiad VIII. where Bacchus, the evil dæmon, takes the form of Mohammed, and appears in a dream to a prieſt of the Koran.

‡ On account of his magic. But magic was the popular belief of Taſſo's age, and has afforded him a fine machinery, though his uſe of it is ſometimes highly blameable; as where he makes on enchanter oppoſe the arch-angel Michael, armed with the authority of the True God, &c. &c.

Le mot d' Amphitrite, ſays he, *dans notre poeſie, ne ſignifie que la Mer, & non l' Epouſe de Neptune*—"the word Amphitrite in our poetry ſignifies only "the Sea, and not the wife of Neptune." And why may not the word Venus in Camoens ſignify divine Love, and not the wife of Vulcan? "Love," ſays Voltaire, in the ſame eſſay, "has his arrows, and "Juſtice a balance, in our moſt chriſtian writings, in our paintings, in "our tapeſtry, without being eſteemed as the leaſt mixture of Paganiſm." And if this criticiſm has juſtice in it, why not apply it to the Luſiad, as well as to the † Henriade? Candour will not only apply it to the Luſiad, but will alſo add the authority of Boileau. He is giving rules for an Epic poem:

Dans le vaſte récit d'une longue action,
Se ſoutient par la fable, et vit de fiction.
Là pour nous enchanter tout eſt mis en uſage:
Tout prend un corps, une ame, un eſprit, un viſage;
Chaque vertu devient une divinité;
Minerve eſt la prudence, & Venus la beauté.
Ce n'eſt plus la vapeur qui produit le tonnere,
C'eſt Jupiter armé pour effrayer la terre.
Un orage terrible aux yeux des matelots,
C'eſt Neptune, en courroux, qui gourmande les flots ....
Sans tous ces ornemens le vers tombe en langueur;
La poeſie eſt morte, ou rampe ſans vigueur:
Le poëte n'eſt plus qu'un orateur timide,
Qu'un froid hiſtorien d'une fable inſipide.

Every idea of theſe lines ſtrongly defends the Luſiad. Yet, it muſt not be concealed, a diſtinction follows which may appear againſt it. Boileau requires a profane ſubject for the Epic Muſe. But his reaſon for it is not juſt:

De la foi d'un Chrêtien les myſteres terribles
D'ornemens égayés ne ſont point ſuſceptibles.

† Thus, when the Henriade is to be defended, the arrows of Cupid convey no mixture of Paganiſm. But when the iſland of Love in the Luſiad is to be condemned, our *honnête* critic muſt ridicule the uſe of theſe very arrows—*C'eſt la que Venus, aidée des conſeils du Pere Eternel, et ſecondée en meme tems des fleches de Cupidon.*—It is there that Venus, aided by the counſels of the Eternal Father, and at the ſame time, ſeconded by the arrows of Cupid, renders the Nereides amorous of the Portugueſe."—But this, one of his lateſt additions, is as unlucky as all the reſt. The Eternal Father is the ſame Jove, who is repreſented as the *ſupreme Father* in the firſt book, (*St. 22. Portugueſe.*) and in book 9. ſt. 18. is only ſaid to have ordained Venus to be the good genius of the Luſitanians. There is not a word about the *aſſiſtance of his counſel*; that was introduced by Voltaire, ſolely to throw ridicule upon an allegory, which, by the bye, when uſed in the Henriade, has not the leaſt fault, in his opinion; but is there every way in the true ſtyle of poetry.

L'evangile

L'evangile á l'eſprit n'offre de tous cotés
Que penitence a faire, & tourmens merités:
Et de vos fictions le melange coupable
Même á ſes vérités donne l'air de la fable.

The *myſteres terribles* afford, indeed, no ſubject for poetry. But the Bible offers to the Muſe ſomething beſides *penitence* and *merited torments*. The Paradiſe Loſt, and the works of the greateſt Painters, evince this. Nor does this criticiſm, falſe as it is, contain one argument which excludes the heroes of a Chriſtian nation from being the ſubject of poetry. Modern ſubjects are indeed condemned by Boileau; and ancient fable, with its Ulyſſes, Agamemnon, &c.——*noms heureux ſemblent nés pour les vers*—— are recommended to the poet. But, happy for Camoens, his feelings directed him to another choice. For, in contradiction of a thouſand Boileaus, no compoſitions are ſo miſerably unintereſting as our modern poems, where the heroes of ancient fable are the perſonages of the action. Unleſs, therefore, the ſubject of Camoens may thus ſeem condemned by the celebrated French critic, every other rule he propoſes is in favour of the machinery of the Luſiad. And his own example proves, that he thought the pagan machinery not improper in a poem where the heroes * are modern. But there is an eſſential diſtinction in the method of uſing it. And Camoens has ſtrictly adhered to this eſſential difference. The conduct of the Epic poem is twofold; the hiſtorical and allegorical. When paganiſm was the popular belief, Diomed might wound Mars or ‡ Venus; but when the names of theſe Deities became merely allegorical, ſuch alſo ought to be the actions aſcribed to them. And Camoens has ſtrictly adhered to this rule. His heroes are Chriſtians; and *Santa Fe*, Holy Faith, is often mentioned in the hiſtorical parts

* He uſes the Pagan mythology in his poem on the paſſage of the Rhine by the French army in 1672.

‡ Thus it was the belief of the firſt ages of Chriſtianity, that the Pagan Gods were fallen angels. Milton, with admirable judgment, has adopted this ſyſtem. His Mammon, the architect of Pandæmonium, he alſo calls Vulcan:

Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
In antient Greece, and in Auſonian land.
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From heav'n, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove——
On Lemnos, th' Egean iſle: Thus they relate
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before.

Moloch and Vulcan are therefore mentioned together with great propriety in the Paradiſe Loſt. The belief of the firſt Chriſtians, with reſpect to dæmons, was unabated in the age of Camoens; for the oracles of the Pagan deities were then believed to have been given by evil ſpirits. Bacchus might therefore in a Chriſtian poem of ſuch ages, repreſent the Evil dæmon; and it was on this principle that Taſſo *felt* no impropriety in calling Pluto his king of hell, *the grand foe of mankind*, and making him talk of the birth of Chriſt. In like manner, when Camoens ſays that the Chriſtian altar raiſed (book II.) to deceive the Luſians, was the illuſion of Bacchus; he ſays no more than what was agreeable to the popular belief of the heathen oracles, and no more than what poetry allows when a ſtorm is aſcribed to Neptune, or arrows given to Cupid.

where his heroes ſpeak, and act. But it is only in the allegorical parts where the pagan or the poetical mythology is introduced. And in his machinery, as in his hiſtorical parts, there is no mixture of Pagan and Chriſtian perſonages. The deliverance of the Luſian fleet, aſcribed to the celeſtial Venus, ſo ridiculed by Voltaire, is exactly according to the precepts of Boileau. It is the hiſtorical oppoſition or concert of Chriſtian and Pagan ideas which forms the abſurd, and diſfigures a poem. But this abſurd oppoſition or concert of perſonages has no place in the Luſiad, though it is found in the greateſt of modern poets. From Milton both the allowable and blameable mixture of Chriſtian and Pagan ideas may be fully exemplified. With great judgment, he ranks the Pagan Deities among the fallen angels. When he alludes to Pagan mythology, he ſometimes ſays, "as fables feign;" and ſometimes he mentions theſe deities in the allegory of poetical ſtyle; as thus,

——When Bellona ſtorms,
With all her battering engines bent to raſe
Some capital city ——

And thus, when Adam ſmiles on Eve;

—— as Jupiter
On Juno ſmiles when he impregns the clouds
That ſhed May flowers ——

Here the perſonages are mentioned expreſsly in their allegorical capacity, the uſe recommended by Boileau. In the following the blameable mixture occurs. He is deſcribing Paradiſe ——

—— Univerſal Pan
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance
Led on th' eternal ſpring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proſerpin, gathering flowers,
Herſelf a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gathered: which coſt Ceres all that pain
To ſeek her through the world ——
—— might with this Paradiſe
Of Eden ſtrive ——

The mention of Pan, the Graces and Hours, is here in the pure allegorical ſtyle of poetry. But the ſtory of Proſerpin is not in allegory; it is mentioned in the ſame manner of authenticity as the many Scripture hiſtories introduced into the Paradiſe Loſt. When the angel brings Eve to Adam, ſhe appears

—— in

—— in naked beauty more adorn'd
More lovely than Pandora, whom the Gods
Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like
In ſad event, when to th' unwiſer ſon
Of Japhet brought by Hermes ſhe enſnar'd
Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged
On him who had ſtole Jove's authentic fire.

Here we have the heathen Gods, another origin of evil, and a whole ſtring of fables, alluded to as real events, on a level with his * ſubject.

Nor is poetical uſe the only defence of our injured author. In the age of Camoens, Bacchus was eſteemed a real dæmon: and celeſtial Venus was conſidered as the name by which the Ethnics expreſſed the divine Love. But if the cold hyper-critic will ſtill blame our author for his allegory, let it be repeated, that of all Chriſtian poets, Camoens is in this the leaſt reprehenſible. The Hell, Purgatory, and Paradiſe of Dante, form one continued unallegorical texture of Pagan and Scriptural names, deſcriptions, and ideas. Arioſto is continually in the ſame fault. And, if it is a fault to uſe the ancient poetical machinery in a poem where the heroes are Chriſtians, Voltaire himſelf has infinitely more of the *melange coupable* than Camoens. The machinery of his Henriade is, as confeſſed by himſelf, upon the idea of the Pagan mythology. He cites Boileau,

C'eſt d'un ſcrupule vain ſ'allarmer ſottement,
Et vouloir aux lecteurs plaire ſans agrément,
Bien-tot ils defendront de peindre la prudence,
De donner a Thémis ni bandeau, ni balance . . . . .
Et par-tout des diſcours, comme un idolatrie,
Dans leur faux zele iront chaſſer l'allegorie.

But he ſuppreſſes the verſes which immediately follow, where the introduction of the true God is prohibited by the critic,

Et fabuleux Chrêtiens, n'allons point dans nos ſonges,
Du Dieu de vérité faire un Dieu de menſonges.

Yet, the God of truth according to the Chriſtian idea, in direct violation of this precept, is a conſiderable perſonage in the Pagan allegorical machinery of the Henriade. But the couplet laſt cited, though as direct againſt the Henriade as if it had been written to condemn it, is not in the leaſt degree applicable to the machinery of the Luſiad; a machinery

* Nor are theſe the only inſtances; the death of Hercules, and ſeveral others in Milton, fall under the cenſure of an injudicious mixture of ſacred and profane mythology and hiſtory.

infinitely

infinitely ſuperior in every reſpect to that of * Voltaire, though Camoens wrote at the revival of learning, ere criticiſm had given her beſt rules to the modern Muſe.

The poem of Camoens, indeed, ſo fully vindicates itſelf, that this defence of it perhaps may ſeem unneceſſary. Yet one conſideration will vindicate this defence. The poem is written in a language unknown in polite literature. Few are able to judge of the Original, and the unjuſt clamour raiſed againſt it by Rapin || and Voltaire, has been received in

* The machinery of the Henriade is briefly thus: The ſoul of St. Louis acts the part of Venus in the Eneid, and always protects the hero. When D'Aumale is wounded, and in danger of being killed, La Diſcorde ſees it, and covering him with her *iron immenſe impenetrable buckler*, flies away with him to the gates of Paris, where ſhe cures his wounds. She then comforts Mayenne, the chief of the League againſt Henry. She then flies in a whirlwind to the Vatican, where ſhe meets La Politique. They then find Humble Religion in a deſert, and cloathing themſelves in her ſacred veſtments, return to Paris, where they ride about in a bloody chariot, along with the authors of the League. Theſe ſoon after are repreſented as at a magical ſacrifice, an obvious imitation of that of Camoens, Luſiad VIII. where they have a Jew for their prieſt; and Henry appears to them riding in a chariot of victory. St. Louis then takes Henry, in a dream, through Heaven and Hell. La Diſcorde goes in ſearch of Love, who is her brother; and Love takes a journey to France, where, by the charms of Madamoiſelle D'Etree, he entices Henry to neglect the war. St. Louis then ſends the genius of France to rouſe Henry. He returns to the ſiege of Paris, but, on the point of carrying the city by ſtorm, the angel of France prevents him. D'Aumale, on the part of the League, fights a duel; and all the monſters of hell fly to his aſſiſtance. But the heavens now open, and an angel deſcends on the throne of the air, with the olive of peace, and the ſword of God's vengeance. D'Aumale falls, and the infernal monſters fly away. But St. Louis will not allow Henry to take the city. The Saint goes to the throne of God, and prays for Henry's converſion. The Eternal conſents; Truth deſcends from heaven to the Hero, who turns Roman Catholic. St. Louis then appears, with an olive bough in his hand, and leads Henry to the gates of Paris, which now open at his call, and receive him in the name of God. And thus the machinery and the poem conclude together.

Nor is the ridicule of this machinery more evident, than the want of unity of action which characteriſes the Henriade. Henry's journey to England, though it fills near three parts of the poem, has no connection with the other parts of the action; and the events do not ariſe from each other; for St. Louis prevents the effects of every victory. And the cataſtrophe is brought about by Henry's converſion, independent of every exertion of his generalſhip or valour, which are properly the ſubject of the poem.

|| It is an unhappy thing to write in an unread tongue. Never was author ſo miſrepreſented by ignorance as the poet of Portugal. Rapin, that cold-blooded critic, tells us, that to write a good Epic, "*Il faut obſerver de la proportion dans le deſſein*, it is neceſſary to obſerve proportion in the deſign, juſtneſs in the thought, and not to fall into rambling."—He then aſſerts, that Camoens treſpaſſes againſt all theſe rules—that he wants diſcernment and conduct—that he thought of nothing but to expreſs the pride of his nation, for his ſtyle, he ſays, *eſt fier & faſtueux*, fierce and ſtilted. In another place he ſays, "poetical diction ought to be clear, natural, and harmonious, and obſcurity is its greateſt blemiſh,"—to which, having named Camoens, he adds, "*ſes vers ſont ſi obſcurs, qu'ils pourroient paſſer pour des myſteres*—his verſes are ſo obſcure that they may paſs for myſteries."—Perhaps the old French verſion may deſerve this character; but certain it is from hence, that Rapin never read the original. Perſpicuity, elegant ſimplicity, and the moſt natural unſtrained harmony, is the juſt characteriſtic of the ſtyle of Camoens. The appeal is to the world. And the firſt Linguiſt of the age, has given the ſtyle of Camoens

Europe as its true character. Lord Kaimes †, and other authors, very cordially condemn its mixture of Pagan and Chriſtian mythology; even condemn it in terms, as if the Luſiad, the poem which of all other modern ones is the moſt unexceptionable in this, were in this mixture

moens a very different character from this of Rapin: *Camoenſium Luſitanum, cujus poeſis adeò venuſta eſt, adeò polita, ut nihil eſſe poſſit jucundius; interdum verò, adeò elata, grandiloqua, ac ſonora, ut nihil fingi poſſit magnificentius*, Jones, Poeſeos Aſiat. Comment.

Monteſquieu's high idea of the Luſiad is cited p. 211. We ſhall only add the ſuffrage of the great Cervantes, who, in his Don Quixote, C. iv. l. 6. moſt warmly expreſſes his idea of the excellence of the genius of Camoens.

† Lord Kaimes thus follows Voltaire: "Portugal was riſing in power and ſplendor *(it was haſtening to the very laſt ſtages of declenſion)* "when Camoens wrote the "Luſiad, and with reſpect to the muſic of "verſe it has merit. The author however "is far from ſhining in point of taſte *(moſt maſterly deſcription, and boundleſs variety, however, are his characteriſtics. He has given the two fineſt fictions in poetry. And according to Voltaire the ſtory of Inez is equal to the beſt written parts of Virgil.)* "He makes a ſtrange jumble of Heathen "and Chriſtian Deities. "Gama," obſerves Voltaire, "in a ſtorm addreſſes "his prayers to Chriſt, but it is Venus who "comes to his relief." Voltaire's obſervation is but too well founded *(and is it indeed, in the name of truth!)* "In the "firſt book, Jove ſummons a council of "the Gods, which is deſcribed at great "length, for no earthly purpoſe but to ſhew "that he favoured the Portugueſe: Bacchus, on the other hand, declares againſt "them on the following account, that he "himſelf had gained immortal glory as "conqueror of India, which would be "eclipſed if the Indies ſhould be conquered "a ſecond time by the Portugueſe. A "Mooriſh commander having received "Gama with ſmiles, but with hatred in "his heart, the poet brings down Bacchus "from heaven to confirm the Moor in his "wicked purpoſes, which would have been "perpetrated, had not Venus interpoſed in "Gama's behalf. In the ſecond canto "Bacchus feigns himſelf to be a Chriſtian, "in order to deceive the Portugueſe, but "Venus implores her father Jupiter to pro-"tect them."

Such is the view of the Luſiad given by a profeſſed Critic. It is impoſſible to make any remark on it without giving offence to Falſe Delicacy. But to that goddeſs the Tranſlator of the injured Camoens will offer no ſacrifice. We have fully proved, and Bacon has been cited to explain the philoſophical reaſon of it, that the ſpirit of poetry demands ſomething ſupernatural. Lucan has been ſeverely cenſured, by the greateſt of ancient and modern critics, for the want of poetical cloathing or allegory. The ſpirit of poetry exiſts in perſonification;

Tout prend un corps, une ame, un eſprit, un viſage——

and an allegorical machinery is eſſential to the Epopœia. In this manner Virgil and Homer conduct their poems. (*See the note*, p. 258.) But our critic perceives nothing of this kind in Camoens. Though the whole conduct of the Luſiad depends upon the council held by Jove, upon the allegorical parts taken by the perſonages of the machinery;

Her ſpreading honours thus the one inſpir'd,
And one the dread to loſe his worſhip fir'd—

and though this allegory is finely ſuſtained throughout the whole poem, where Celeſtial Love is ever mindful (*See* B. 9.) that Jove or fate had decreed that her altars ſhould be reared in conſequence of the ſucceſs of her heroes; though all this is truly Homeric, is what the world ever eſteemed the true Epic conduct, our critic can ſee no *earthly purpoſe* in the council of Jove, but to ſhew that he favoured the Luſians; no reaſon for the oppoſition of Bacchus, but that he had been conqueror of India, and was averſe it ſhould be conquered a ſecond time. In the ſame ignorance of the Epic conduct is the vacant account of Bacchus and the Moor. But let our critic be told, that through the ſides of Camoens, if his blow will avail, he has murdered both Homer and Virgil. What condemns the council of Jove in the Luſiad, condemns the councils of Jove in theſe models

the moſt egregiouſly unſufferable—Beſides, whatever has the ſanction of the celebrated name of Voltaire will be remembered, and unleſs circumſtantially refuted, may one time, perhaps, * be appealed to, as deciſive, in the controverſies of literary † merit.

dels of the Epopœia ‖. What condemns Bacchus and the Moor, condemns the part of Juno in the Eneid, and every interpoſition of Juno and Neptune in Homer. To make the Luſians believe that Mombaſſa was inhabited by Chriſtians, the Moors took the Ambaſſadors of Gama to a houſe, where they ſhewed them a Chriſtian altar. This is hiſtory. Camoens, in the true ſpirit of the Epic poetry, aſcribes this appearance to the illuſion of Bacchus. Hector and Turnus are both thus deceived. And Bacchus, as already proved, was eſteemed a fallen angel when our poet wrote. Nor are the ancients alone thus reprobated in the ſentence paſſed upon Camoens. If his machinery muſt be condemned, with what accumulated weight muſt his ſentence fall upon the greateſt of our modern poets! But the myſtery is eaſily explained: There are a race of Critics, who cannot perceive the noble proſopopœia of Milton's angels, who prefer *Voltaire's Henriade* to the *Paradiſe Loſt*, who would reduce a Virgil to a Lucan, a Camoens to a mere hiſtorian; who would ſtrip poetry of all her ornaments, becauſe they cannot ſee them, of all her paſſions, becauſe they cannot feel them; in a word, who would leave her nothing but the neatneſs, the cadence, and the tinkle of verſe.

* Voltaire's deſcription of the apparition near the Cape of Good Hope, is juſt as wide of the original as bombaſt is from the true ſublime: yet it has been cited by ſeveral writers. In Camoens a dark cloud hovers over the fleet, a tremendous noiſe is heard, Gama exclaims in amazement, and the apparition appears in the air,

—— riſing thro' the darken'd air,
Appall'd we ſaw an hideous Phantom glare.—

Every part of the deſcription in Camoens is ſublime and nobly adapted for the pencil. In Voltaire's laſt edition, the paſſage is thus rendered—"*C'eſt une fantôme que ſ'élève* —it is a phantom which riſes from the bottom of the ſea, his head touches the clouds; the tempeſts, the winds, the thunders are around him, his arms are ſtretched afar over the ſurface of the waters"—Yet not one picturesque idea of this is in the Original. If the phantom's arms are ſtretched upon the ſurface of the waters, his ſhoulders, and his head, which touches the clouds, muſt only be above the tide. Yet, though this imagerie, with tempeſts, winds, and thunders *hanging* around him, would be truly abſurd upon canvas, a celebrated Italian writer has not only cited Voltaire's deſcription, as that of the Original, but has mended that of the Frenchman by a ſtroke of his own. The feet of the Phantom, ſays *Signor Algarotti*, are in the unfathomable abyſs of the ſea." *(See his treatiſe on Newton's Theory of Light and Colours)* And certainly, if his ſhoulders and head reached from the ſurface of the waters to the clouds, the length which the *Signor* has given to his parts under the water was no bad calculation. Nor is Algarotti the only abſurd retailer of Voltaire's miſrepreſentations. An Engliſh Traveller, who lately publiſhed an account of Spain and Portugal, has quite compleated the figure. "*Ses bras ſ'etendent au loin ſur la ſurface des eaux*, ſays Voltaire; and our Traveller thus tranſlates it, "His arms extend over the *whole* ſurface of the waters." And thus the burleſque painter is furniſhed with the fineſt deſign imaginable for the mock ſublime. A figure up to the arm-pits in the water, its arms extending over the *whole* ſurface of the ſea, its head in the clouds, and its feet in the unfathomable abyſs of the ocean! Very fine indeed, it is impoſſible to mend it farther.

† As we have paid attention to the ſtrictures of Voltaire, ſome is alſo due to the praiſes which he beſtows upon the Luſiad. Though he falſely aſſerts that it wants con-

‖ It is truly aſtoniſhing, that one who has read the Epic poets ſhould have made this objection. A School-boy needs not to be told how often a council of the Gods occurs in the Iliad, Odyſſey, and Eneid. A part of Mr. Pope's note on the fifth Odyſſey, may with propriety be here cited. "This book, as well as the firſt," ſays he, "opens with an aſſembly of the Gods. This is done to give an air of importance to his poem, and to prepare the mind of the reader to expect every thing that is great and noble, when Heaven is engaged in the care and protection of his heroes."

nection,

Other views of the conduct of the Luſiad now offer themſelves. Beſides the above remarks, many obſervations on the machinery and poetical conduct, are in their proper places ſcattered throughout the notes. The exuberant exclamations of Camoens are there defended. Here let it only be added, that the unity of action is not interrupted by theſe parentheſes, and that if Milton's beautiful complaint of his blindneſs be not an imitation of them, it is in the ſame manner and ſpirit. Nor will we ſcruple to pronounce, that ſuch addreſſes to the Muſe would have been admired in Homer, are an intereſting improvement on the Epopœia, and will certainly be imitated, if ever the world ſhall behold another real Epic poem.

The Luſiad, ſays Voltaire, contains *a ſort of Epic poetry unheard of before. No heroes are wounded a thouſand different ways; no woman enticed away and the world overturned for her cauſe.*—But the very want of theſe, in place of ſupporting the objection intended by Voltaire, points out the happy judgment and peculiar excellence of Camoens. If Homer has given us all the fire and hurry of battles, he has alſo given us all the unintereſting tireſome detail. What reader but muſt be tired with the deaths of a thouſand heroes, who are never mentioned before nor afterward in the poem. Yet in every battle we are wearied out with ſuch *Gazette* returns of the ſlain and wounded ——

Ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον, τίνα δ' ὕστατον ἐξενάριξεν
Ἕκτωρ Πριαμίδης, ὅτε οἱ Ζεὺς κῦδος ἔδωκεν;
Ἀσσαῖον μὲν πρῶτα, καὶ Αὐτόνοον, καὶ Ὀπίτην,
Καὶ Δόλοπα Κλυτίδην, καὶ Ὀφέλτιον, ἠδ' Ἀγέλαον,
Αἴσυμνόν τ' Ὄρον τε, καὶ Ἱππόνοον μενεχάρμην·
Τὸς ἄρ' ὅγ' ἡγεμόνας Δαναῶν ἔλεν· αὐτὰρ ἐπειτα
Πληθύν· ὡς ὁπότε, &c.

Il. Lib. XI. line 299.

Thus imitated by Virgil,

Cædicus Alcathoum obtruncat, Sacrator Hydaſpem:
Partheniumque Rapo, & prædurum viribus Orſen:
Meſſapus Cloniumque, Lycaoniumque Ericetem:

nection, he immediately adds, "*Tout cela prouve enfin, que l'ouvrage eſt plein des grandes beautés*—This only proves, in fine, that the work is full of grand beauties, ſince theſe two hundred years it has been the delight of an ingenious nation."—The fiction of the apparition, he owns, will pleaſe in every age; and of the epiſode of Inez, he ſays, *Il y a peu d'endroits dans Virgile plus attendriſſants & mieux ecrits*—There are few parts of Virgil more tender or better written."

Illum, infrænis equi lapſu tellure jacentem;
Hunc, peditem pedes. Et Lycius proceſſerat Agis,
Quem tamen haud expers Valerus virtutis avitæ
Dejecit: Atronium Salius; Saliumque Nealces ——

Æn. l. x. 747.

With ſuch catalogues is every battle extended; and what can be more tireſome than ſuch unintereſting deſcriptions and their imitations! If the idea of the battle be raiſed by ſuch enumeration, ſtill the copy and original are ſo near each other, that they can never pleaſe in two ſeparate poems. Nor are the greater parts of the battles of the Eneid much more diſtant from thoſe of the Iliad. Though Virgil with great art has introduced a Camilla, a Pallas, and a Lauſus, ſtill in many particulars, and in the fights there is, upon the whole, ſuch a ſameneſs with the Iliad, that the learned reader of the Eneid is deprived of the pleaſure inſpired by originality. If the man of taſte, however, will be pleaſed to mark how the genius of a Virgil has managed a war after a Homer, he will certainly be tired with a dozen of Epic poems in the ſame ſtyle. Where the ſiege of a town and battles are the ſubject of an Epic, there will of neceſſity, in the characters and circumſtances, be a reſemblance to Homer; and ſuch poem muſt therefore want originality. Happy for Taſſo, the variation of manners, and his maſterly ſuperiority over Homer in deſcribing his duels, have given his Jeruſalem an air of novelty. Yet with all the difference between Chriſtian and Pagan heroes, we have a Priam, an Agamemnon, an Achilles, &c. armies ſlaughtered, and a city beſieged. In a word, we have a handſome copy of the Iliad in the Jeruſalem Delivered. If ſome imitations, however, have been ſucceſsful, how many other Epics of ancient and modern times have hurried down the ſtream of oblivion! Some of their authors had poetical merit, but the fault was in the choice of their ſubjects. So fully is the ſtriſe of war exhauſted by Homer, that Virgil and Taſſo could add to it but little novelty; no wonder, therefore, that ſo many Epics on battles and ſieges have been ſuffered to ſink into utter neglect. Camoens, perhaps, did not weigh theſe circumſtances; but the ſtrength of his poetical genius directed him. He could not but feel what it was to read Virgil after Homer; and the original turn and force of his mind led him from the beaten track of Helens and Lavinias, Achilleſes, and Hectors, ſieges and ſlaughters, where the hero hews down and drives to flight whole armies with his own ſword. To conſtitute a poem worthy of the name of Epic in the higheſt and ſtricteſt ſenſe, ſome grand characteriſtics of ſubject and conduct, peculiarly its own, are abſolutely neceſſary. Of all the moderns, Camoens and Milton have alone attained this grand peculiarity in an eminent degree. Camoens was the firſt genuine and ſucceſsful poet who wooed the Modern Epic Muſe, and he gave

gave him the wreath of a firſt Lover: *A ſort of Epic Poetry unheard of before*; or, as Voltaire calls it in his laſt edition, *une nouvelle eſpéce d'Epopée*. And the grandeſt ſubject it is (of profane hiſtory) which the world has ever beheld *. A voyage eſteemed too great for man to dare; the adventures of this voyage, through unknown oceans, deemed unnavigable; the Eaſtern World happily diſcovered, and for ever indiſſolubly joined and given to the Weſtern; the grand Portugueſe empire in the Eaſt founded; the humanization of mankind, and univerſal commerce the conſequence! What are the adventures of an old fabulous hero's arrival in Britain, what are Greece and Latium in arms for a woman, compared to this! Troy is in aſhes, and even the Roman empire is no more. But the effects of the voyage, adventures, and bravery of the Hero of the Luſiad, will be felt and beheld, and perhaps increaſe in importance, while the world ſhall remain.

Happy in his choice, happy alſo was the genius of Camoens in the method of purſuing his ſubject. He has not, like Taſſo, given it a total appearance of fiction; nor has he, like Lucan, excluded allegory and poetical machinery. Whether he intended it or not, for his genius was ſufficient to ſuggeſt its propriety, the judicious precept of Petronius is the model of the Luſiad. That elegant writer propoſes a poem on the civil war; *Ecce Belli Civilis*, ſays he, *ingens opus——Non enim res geſtæ verſibus comprehendendæ ſunt (quod longè melius hiſtorici faciunt) ſed per ambages Deorumque miniſteria, & fabuloſum ſententiarum tormentum præcipitandus eſt liber ſpiritus: ut potiùs furentis animi vaticinatio appareat, quam religioſæ orationis ſub teſtibus fides*——No poem, antient or modern, merits this character in any degree comparative to the Luſiad, A truth of hiſtory is preſerved, yet, what is improper for the hiſtorian, the miniſtry of heaven is employed, and the free ſpirit of poetry throws itſelf into fictions, which make the whole appear as an effuſion of prophetic fury, and not like a rigid detail of facts given under the ſanction of witneſſes. Contrary to Lucan, who, in the above rules drawn from the nature of poetry, is ſeverely condemned by Petronius, Camoens conducts his poem *per ambages Deorumque miniſteria*. The apparition, which in the night hovers athwart the fleet near the Cape of Good Hope, is the grandeſt

* The Drama and the Epopœia are in nothing ſo different as in this: The ſubjects of the Drama are inexhauſtible, thoſe of the Epopœia are perhaps exhauſted. He who chuſes war and the warlike characters, cannot appear as an original. It was well for the memory of Pope, that he did not write the Epic poem he intended. It would have been only a copy of Virgil. Camoens and Milton have been happy in the novelty of their ſubjects; and theſe they have exhauſted. There cannot poſſibly be ſo important a voyage as that which gave the Eaſtern World to the Weſtern. And did even the ſtory of Columbus afford materials equal to that of Gama, the adventures of the hero, and the view of the extent of his diſcoveries, muſt now appear as ſervile copies of the Luſiad. The view of Spaniſh America, given in the *Auracana*, is not only a mere copy, but is introduced even by the very machinery of Camoens.

fiction in human compoſition; the invention his own! In the Iſland of Venus, the uſe of which fiction in an Epic poem is alſo his own, he has given the compleateſt aſſemblage of all the flowers which have ever adorned the bowers of love. And never was the *furentis animi vaticinatio* more conſpicuouſly diſplayed than in the prophetic ſong, the view of the ſpheres, and of the globe of the earth. Taſſo's imitation of the Iſland of Venus is not equal to the original; and though "Virgil's myrtles * dropping blood are nothing to Taſſo's inchanted foreſt," what are all Iſmeno's inchantments to the grandeur and horror of the appearance, prophecy, and evaniſhment of the ſpectre of Camoens! ‡— It has been long agreed among the critics, that the ſolemnity of religious obſervances gives great dignity to the hiſtorical narrative of the Epopœia. Camoens, in the embarkation of the fleet, and in ſeveral other places, is peculiarly happy in the dignity of religious alluſions. Manners and character are alſo required in the Epic poem. But all the Epics which have appeared, are, except two, mere copies of the Iliad in theſe. Every one has its Agamemnon, Achilles, Ajax, and Ulyſſes, its calm, furious, groſs, and intelligent hero. Camoens and Milton happily left this beaten track, this exhauſted field, and have given us pictures of manners unknown in the Iliad, the Eneid, and all thoſe poems which may be claſſed with the Thebaid. The Luſiad abounds with pictures of manners, from thoſe of the higheſt chivalry, to thoſe of the rudeſt, fierceſt, and moſt innocent barbariſm. In the fifth, ſixth, and ninth books, Leonardo and Veloſo are painted in ſtronger colours than any of the inferior characters in Virgil. But ſtriking character, indeed, is not the excellence of the Eneid. That of Monzaida, the friend of Gama, is much ſuperior to that of Achates. The baſe, ſelfiſh, perfidious, and cruel character of the Zamorim and the Moors, are painted in the ſtrongeſt colours; and the character of Gama himſelf, is that of the finiſhed hero. His cool command of his paſſions, his deep ſagacity, his fixed intrepidity, his tenderneſs of heart, his manly piety, and his high enthuſiaſm in the love of his country, are all diſplayed in the ſuperlative degree.——And to the novelty of the manners of the Luſiad, let the novelty of fire-arms alſo be added. It has been ſaid, that the buckler, the bow, and the ſpear, muſt ever continue the arms of poetry. Yet, however unſucceſsful others may have been, Camoens has proved that fire-arms may be introduced with the greateſt dignity and fineſt effect in the Epic Poem.

As the grand intereſt of commerce and of mankind forms the ſubject of the Luſiad, ſo with great propriety, as neceſſary accompaniments to

* See Letters on Chivalry and Romance.

‡ The Luſiad is alſo rendered poetical by other fictions. The elegant ſatyr on king Sebaſtian, under the name of Acteon; and the proſopopœia of the populace of Portugal venting their murmurs upon the beach when Gama ſets ſail, diſplay the richneſs of our Author's poetical genius, and are not inferior to any thing of the kind in the Claſſics.

the voyage of his Hero, the Author has given poetical pictures of the four parts of the world. In the third book a view of Europe; in the fifth a view of Africa; and in the tenth, a picture of Aſia and America. Homer and Virgil have been highly praiſed for their judgment in their ſelection of ſubjects which intereſted their countrymen; and Statius has been as ſeverely condemned for his unintereſting choice. But though the ſubject of Camoens be particularly intereſting to his countrymen, it has alſo the peculiar happineſs to be the Poem of every trading nation. It is the Epic Poem of the Birth of Commerce. And in a particular manner the Epic Poem of that country which has the controul and poſſeſſion of the commerce of India.

An unexhauſted fertility and variety of poetical deſcription, an unexhauſted elevation of ſentiment, and a conſtant tenor of the grand ſimplicity of diction, complete the character of the Luſiad of Camoens: A poem, which, though it has hitherto received from the public moſt unmerited neglect, and from the critics moſt flagrant injuſtice, was yet better underſtood by the greateſt poet of Italy. Taſſo never did his judgment more credit, than when he confeſſed that he dreaded Camoens as a rival; or his generoſity more honour, than when he addreſſed this elegant Sonnet to the Hero of the Luſiad:

SONNETTO.

Vaſco, le cui felici, ardite antenne
In contro al ſol, che ne riporta il giorno
Spiegar le vele, e fer colà ritorno,
Dove egli par che di cadere accenne;

Non più di te per aſpro mar ſoſtenne
Quel, che fece al Ciclope oltraggio, e ſcorno;
Ne chi torbó l'Arpie nel ſuo ſoggiorno;
Ne dié più bel ſoggetto a colte penne.

Et hor quella del colto, e buon' Luigi,
Tant' oltre ſtende il glorioſo volo
Che i tuoi ſpalmati legni andar men lunge.
Ond' a quelli, a cui s'alza il noſtro polo,
Et a chi ferma in contra i ſuoi veſtigi,
Per lui del corſo tuo la fama aggiunge.

SONNET.

Vaſco, whoſe bold and happy bowſprit bore
Againſt the riſing morn; and, homeward fraught,
Whoſe ſails came weſtward with the day, and brought
The wealth of India to thy native ſhore;

Ne'er

Ne'er did the Greek ſuch length of ſeas explore,
The Greek, who ſorrow to the Cyclop wrought;
And he, who, Victor, with the Harpies fought,
Never ſuch pomp of naval honours wore.

Great as thou art, and peerleſs in renown,
Yet thou to Camoens ow'ſt thy nobleſt fame;
Farther than thou didſt ſail, his deathleſs ſong
Shall bear the dazzling ſplendor of thy name;
And under many a ſky thy actions crown,
While Time and Fame together glide along.

It only remains to give ſome account of the Verſion of the Luſiad, which is now offered to the Public. Beſides the Tranſlations mentioned in the life of Camoens, M. Duperron De Caſtera, in 1735, gave in French proſe a looſe unpoetical paraphraſe * of the Luſiad. Nor does Sir Richard Fanſhaw's Engliſh verſion, publiſhed during the uſurpation of Cromwell, merit a better character. Though ſtanza be rendered for ſtanza, though at firſt view it has the appearance of being

* Caſtera was every way unequal to his taſk. He did not perceive his author's beauties. He either ſuppreſſes or lowers the moſt poetical paſſages, and ſubſtitutes French tinſel and impertinence in their place. In the neceſſary illuſtrations in the notes, the citations from Caſtera will vindicate this character.

Soon after the firſt publication of the Engliſh Luſiad, a new French proſe tranſlation of Camoens was publiſhed by M. de La Harpe. He confeſſes that he received a literal tranſlation of his Author, from a perſon well acquainted with the Original. This, he ſays, he propoſed to animate with the fire of poetry; and he owns he has ſometimes abridged his text. His ſtyle, however, is much leſs poetical than even Caſtera's, whom he ſeverely condemns. A literal proſe tranſlation of poetry is an attempt as abſurd as to tranſlate fire into water. What a wretched figure do the moſt elegant odes of Horace make in a literal proſe tranſlation! And no literal tranſlation for the uſe of ſchools was ever more unlike the Original, in ſpirit, vigour, and elegance, than the ſometimes literal, and ſometimes mangled verſion of M. de La Harpe, which ſeems to be publiſhed as a ſacrifice to the wounded vanity of his admired Voltaire. La Harpe ſtands forth, againſt Caſtera, as the defender of Voltaire's criticiſm on the Luſiad. Caſtera, indeed, has ſometimes abſurdly defended his Author; but a tranſlator of the Luſiad, who could not perceive the many groſs miſrepreſentations of Voltaire, muſt have hurried over his Author with very little attention. He adopts the ſpirit of all Voltaire's objections, and commends only where he commends. Want of unity in the Epic conduct is Voltaire's very raſh character of Camoens. And La Harpe as raſhly aſſerts, that the poem ends in the ſeventh book, when Gama arrives in India. But he might as well have aſſerted, that the Eneid ends with the landing of Eneas in Italy. Both heroes have much to accompliſh after their arrival in the deſired country. And the return of Gama, after having ſubdued every danger, is exactly parallel to the death of Turnus. And this Return, without which Gama's enterprize is incomplete, is managed by Camoens, at the cloſe of his poem, in the conciſe and true ſpirit of Virgil. A tranſlator of the Luſiad, who could not perceive this, is indeed *moſt ingeniouſly ſuperficial*. But La Harpe's ſentence on the Paradiſe Loſt, which he calls "*digne d'un ſiecle de barbarie*—worthy of an age of barbarity," will give the Engliſh reader a juſt idea of his poetic[illegible] taſte.

exceedingly

exceedingly literal, this verſion is nevertheleſs exceedingly unfaithful. Uncountenanced by his original, Fanſhaw——*teems with many a dead-born jeſt* ‡——Nor had he the leaſt idea of the dignity of the Epic † ſtyle, or of the true ſpirit of poetical tranſlation. For this, indeed, no definite rule can be given. The Tranſlator's feelings alone muſt direct him; for the ſpirit of poetry is ſure to evaporate in literal tranſlation.

‡ Pope, Odyſſ. xx.

† Richard Fanſhaw, Eſq; afterwards Sir Richard, was Engliſh Ambaſſador, both at Madrid and Liſbon. He had a taſte for literature, and tranſlated from the Italian ſeveral pieces, which were of ſervice in the refinement of our poetry. Though his Luſiad, by the dedication of it to *William* Earl of *Strafford*, dated May 1, 1655, ſeems as publiſhed by himſelf, we are told by the Editor of his Letters, that "during the "unſettled times of our *Anarchy*, ſome of "his MSS. falling by misfortune into un-"ſkilful hands, were printed and publiſhed "without his conſent or knowledge, and "before he could give them his laſt finiſh-"ing ſtrokes: Such was his tranſlation of "the *Luſiads*."

The great reſpect due to the memory of a gentleman, who, in the unpropitious age of a Cromwell, endeavoured to cultivate the Engliſh Muſes, and the acknowledgement of his friend, that his Luſiad received not his finiſhing ſtrokes, may ſeem to demand that a veil ſhould be thrown over its faults. And not a blemiſh ſhould have been pointed out by the preſent Tranſlator, if the reputation of Camoens were unconcerned, and if it were not a duty he owed his reader to give a ſpecimen of the former tranſlation. We have proved that Voltaire read and drew his opinion of the Luſiad from Fanſhaw. And Rapin moſt probably drew his from the ſame ſource. Perſpicuity is the characteriſtic of Camoens; yet Rapin ſays, his verſes are ſo obſcure they appear like myſteries. Fanſhaw is indeed ſo obſcure, that the preſent Tranſlator, in dipping into him, into parts which he had even then tranſlated, has often been obliged to have recourſe to the Portugueſe, to diſcover his meaning. Sancho Panza was not fonder of proverbs. He has thruſt many into his verſion. He can never have enough of conceits, low alluſions, and expreſſions. When gathering of flowers, "*as boninas apanhando*," is ſimply mentioned (C. 9. ſt. 24.) he gives it, *gather'd flowers by pecks*. And the Indian Regent is avaricious (C. 8. ſt. 95.)

Meaning a better penny thence to get.

But enough of theſe have already appeared in the notes. It is neceſſary now to give a few of his ſtanzas entire, that the reader may form an idea of the manner and ſpirit of the old tranſlation. Nor ſhall we ſelect the ſpecimens. The noble attitude of Mars in the firſt book, is the firſt ſtriking deſcription in the poem, and is thus rendered;

Lifting a little up his Helmet-ſight
(Twas adamant) with confidence enough,
To give his vote himſelf he placed right
Before the throne of Jove, arm'd, valiant, tough:
And (giving with the butt-end of his pyke
A great thumpe on the floor of pureſt ſtuffe)
The heavens did tremble, and Apollo's light
It went and came, like colour in a fright.

And the appearance of Indians in canoes approaching the fleet, is the very next deſcription which occurs;

For ſtreight out of that Iſle which ſeem'd moſt neer
Unto the continent, Behold a number
Of little Boats in companie appeer,
Which (clapping all wings on) the long Sea ſtunder!
The men are rapt with joy, and with the meer
Exceſs of it, can only look, and wonder.
What nation's this, (within themſelves they ſay)
What rites, what laws, what king do they obey?

Their coming thus: In boats with fins; nor flat,
But apt t' o're-ſet (as being pincht and long)
And then they'd ſwim like rats *. The ſayles, of mat
Made of palm-leaves wove curiouſly and ſtrong.
The mens complexion, the ſelf-ſame with that
Hee gave the earth's burnt parts (from heaven ſlung)
Who was more brave than wiſe; That this is true
The Po doth know and Lampetuſa rue.

It may be neceſſary to add, the verſion of Fanſhaw, though the Luſiad very particularly requires them, was given to the Public without one note.

* Not in the Original.

Literal

Literal tranſlation of poetry is in reality a ſolecifm. You may conſtrue your author, indeed, but if with ſome Tranſlators you boaſt that you have left your author to ſpeak for himſelf, that you have neither added nor diminiſhed, you have in reality groſsly abuſed him, and deceived yourſelf. Your literal tranſlation can have no claim to the original felicities of expreſſion, the energy, elegance, and fire of the original poetry. It may bear, indeed, a reſemblance, but ſuch a one as a corpſe in the ſepulchre bears to the former man when he moved in the bloom and vigour of life.

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fides
Interpres ———

was the taſte of the Auguſtan age. None but a Poet can tranſlate a Poet. The freedom which this precept gives, will, therefore, in a poet's hands, not only infuſe the energy, elegance, and fire of his author's poetry into his own verſion, but will give it alſo the ſpirit of an original.

He who can conſtrue may perform all that is claimed by the literal Tranſlator. He who attempts the manner of tranſlation preſcribed by Horace, ventures upon a taſk of genius. Yet, however daring the undertaking, and however he may have failed in it, the Tranſlator acknowledges, that in this ſpirit he endeavoured to give the Luſiad in Engliſh. Even farther liberties, in one or two inſtances, ſeemed to him advantageous——But a minuteneſs * in the mention of theſe will not,

* Some liberties of a leſs poetical kind, however, require to be mentioned. In Homer and Virgil's liſts of ſlain warriors, Dryden and Pope have omitted ſeveral names which would have rendered Engliſh verſification dull and tireſome. Several alluſions to antient hiſtory and fable have for this reaſon been abridged. e. g. In the prayer of Gama (Book 6.) the mention of Paul, "thou who deliveredſt Paul, and defendedſt him from quickſands and wild waves —

Das ſyrtes arenoſas & ondas feas——"

is omitted. However excellent in the original, the prayer in Engliſh, ſuch is the difference of languages, would loſe both its dignity and ardour, if burthened with a farther enumeration. Nor let the critic, if he find the meaning of Camoens in ſome inſtances altered, imagine that he has found a blunder in the Tranſlator. He who chuſes to ſee a ſlight alteration of this kind, will find an inſtance, which will give him an idea of others, in Can. 8. ſt. 48. and another in Can. 7. ſt. 41. It was not to gratify the Dull Few, whoſe greateſt pleaſure in reading a tranſlation is to ſee what the author exactly ſays; it was to give a poem that might live in the Engliſh language which was the ambition of the Tranſlator. And for the ſame reaſon he has not confined himſelf to the Portugueſe or Spaniſh pronunciation of proper names. It is ingeniouſly obſerved in the Rambler, that Milton, by the introduction of proper names, often gives great dignity to his verſe. Regardleſs, therefore, of Spaniſh pronunciation, the Tranſlator has accented Granada, Evora, &c. in the manner which ſeemed to him to give moſt dignity to Engliſh verſification. In the word Sofala he has even rejected the authority of Milton, and followed the more ſonorous uſage of Fanſhaw. Thus Sir Richard: "*Againſt Sofála's batter'd fort.*" And thus Milton: "*And Sófala thought Ophir*——" Which is the moſt ſonorous there can be no diſpute. If the Tranſlator, however, is found to have treſpaſſed againſt good taſte in theſe liberties in the pronunciation of proper names, he will be very willing to acknowledge and correct his error.

in theſe pages, appear with a good grace. He ſhall only add, in this new Edition, that ſome of the moſt eminent of the Portugueſe Literati, both in England, and on the Continent, have approved of theſe freedoms; and the Original is in the hands of the world.

It is with particular pleaſure that the Tranſlator renews his acknowledgments to thoſe Gentlemen who have patroniſed his work. On his firſt propoſals to give the Luſiad in Engliſh, the ingenious Mr. Magellan, of the family of the celebrated Navigator, was zealous to promote its ſucceſs. To many Portugueſe Gentlemen he owes the aſſiſtance of books and information, conferred in the moſt liberal manner: and their approbation of his firſt Edition reconciles him to a review of his labours. Both to public and private libraries he is much indebted; particularly to the valuable collection of Thomas Pearſon, Eſq; of the Eaſt India Company's ſervice. The approbation expreſſed by ſeveral Gentlemen of the Eaſt India Company, on the appearance of the poem on the Diſcovery of India in its Engliſh dreſs, gave the Tranſlator the ſincereſt ſatisfaction. To Governor Johnſtone, whoſe anceſtors have been the hereditary patrons of the anceſtors of the Tranſlator, he is under every obligation which the warmeſt zeal to promote the ſucceſs of his undertaking can poſſibly confer. To this Gentleman, in a great meaſure, the appearance of the Luſiad in Engliſh is due. To the friendſhip of Mr. Hoole, the elegant Tranſlator of Taſſo, he is peculiarly indebted. To James Boſwell, Eſq; he confeſſes many obligations. And while thus he recollects with pleaſure the names of many Gentlemen from whom he has received aſſiſtance or encouragement, he is happy to be enabled to add Dr. Johnſon to the number of thoſe, whoſe kindneſs for the man, and good wiſhes for the Tranſlation, call for his ſincereſt gratitude. Nor muſt a tribute to the memory of Dr. Goldſmith be neglected. He ſaw a part of this verſion; but he cannot now receive the thanks of the Tranſlator. The manner in which his Grace the Duke of Buccleugh took the Engliſh Luſiad under his patronage, infinitely inhanced the honour of his acceptance of the Dedication.

But, though previous to publication the Tranſlator was thus flattered with the approbation of ſome names, for whom the Public bear the greateſt reſpect; though he introduced to the Engliſh Reader a Poem, truly Virgilian, he confeſſed he had his fears for its fate. And however the approbation of ſome of the greateſt names in the Engliſh polite literature may have ſince gratified his faultering hopes, the conſcience of his inability, and the character of the age, gave no falſe foundation to his uneaſy apprehenſions. We are not, indeed, in the condition of ancient Rome, when, in the declenſion of her literature, the Latin tongue was deſpiſed, and the Greek only admired. Yet, though a maſterly treatiſe in ſome branches of literature would immediately receive the reward due to merit; ere the juſt reputation of his poetry be fixed, the

Author perhaps may be where the applauſe of the world cannot come. Long after Shakeſpeare wrote, and thirty years after the Paradiſe Loſt was publiſhed, Shaftſbury pronounced that the Engliſh Muſes were liſping in their cradles. And Temple, a much greater authority in poetical taſte, eſteems Sidney the greateſt of all modern poets. Nor was his neglect of Milton ſingular. Even though that immortal Author's reputation be now fixed, I have known a learned gentleman who could not endure a line of the Paradiſe Loſt; who yet, with ſeeming rapture, would repeat whole pages of Ovid. There is a charm in the ſound of a language which is not debaſed by familiar uſe. And as it was in falling Rome, nothing in his vernacular tongue will be highly eſteemed by the Scholar of dull taſte. A work which claims poetical merit, while its reputation is uneſtabliſhed, is beheld, by the great majority, with a cold and a jealous eye. The preſent age, indeed, is happily auſpicious to Science and the Arts; but Poetry is neither the general taſte, nor the faſhionable favourite of theſe * times. Often, in the diſpirited hour, have theſe views obtruded upon the Tranſlator. While he has left his Author upon the table and wandered in the fields, theſe views have cloathed themſelves almoſt imperceptibly in the ſtanza and allegory of Spenſer. Thus connected with the Tranſlation of Camoens, unfiniſhed as they are, they ſhall cloſe the Introduction to the Engliſh Luſiad.

Hence, vagrant Minſtrel, from my thriving farm,
Far hence, nor ween to ſhed thy poiſon here:
My hinds deſpiſe thy lyre's ignoble charm;
Seek in the ſloggard's bowers thy ill-earn'd cheer:
There while thy idle chaunting ſoothes their ear,
The noxious thiſtle choaks their ſickly corn;
Their apple boughs, ungraff'd, ſour wildings bear,
And o'er the ill-fenced dales with fleeces torn
Unguarded from the fox, their lambkins ſtray forlorn.

* "Poetry makes a principal amuſement among unpoliſhed nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Muſic come in for a ſhare. As theſe offer the feeble mind a leſs laborious entertainment, they at firſt rival Poetry, and at length ſupplant her; they engroſs all that favour once ſhewn to her, and though but younger ſiſters, ſeize upon the elder's birthright."—*Goldſmith.*

Such

Such ruin withers the neglected ſoil,
When to the ſong the ill-ſtarr'd ſwain attends.
And well thy meed repays thy worthleſs toil;
Upon thy houſeleſs head pale want deſcends
In bitter ſhower: And taunting ſcorn ſtill rends,
And wakes thee trembling from thy golden dream:
In vetchy bed, or loathly dungeon ends
Thy idled life——What fitter may beſeem,
Who poiſons thus the fount, ſhould drink the poiſon'd ſtream.

'And is it thus, the heart-ſtung Minſtrel cry'd,
While indignation ſhook his ſilver'd head,
And is it thus, the groſs-fed lordling's pride,
And hind's baſe tongue the gentle Bard upbraid!
And muſt the holy ſong be thus repaid
By ſun-baſk'd ignorance, and chorliſh ſcorn!
While liſtleſs drooping in the languid ſhade
Of cold neglect, the ſacred Bard muſt mourn,
Though in his hallowed breaſt heaven's pureſt ardours burn!

Yet how ſublime, O Bard, the dread beheſt,
The awful truſt to thee by heaven aſſign'd!
'Tis thine to humaniſe the ſavage breaſt,
And form in Virtue's mould the youthful mind;
Where lurks the latent ſpark of generous kind,
'Tis thine to bid the dormant ember blaze:
Heroic rage with gentleſt worth combin'd
Wide through the land thy forming power diſplays.
So ſpread the olive boughs beneath Dan Phœbus rays.

When Heaven decreed to ſoothe the feuds that tore
The wolf-eyed Barons, whoſe unletter'd rage
Spurn'd the fair Muſe; Heaven bade on Avon's ſhore
A Shakeſpeare riſe and ſoothe the barbarous age:
A Shakeſpeare roſe; the barbarous heats aſwage——
At diſtance due how many bards attend!
Enlarged and liberal from the narrow cage
Of blinded zeal new manners wide extend,
And o'er the generous breaſt the dew of heaven deſcend.

And fits it you, ye ſons of hallowed power,
To hear, unmoved, the tongue of ſcorn upbraid
The Muſe neglected in her wintery bower;
While proudly flouriſhing in princely ſhade
Her younger ſiſters lift the laurel'd head——
And ſhall the pencil's boldeſt mimic rage,
Or ſofteſt charms, fore-doom'd in time to fade,
Shall theſe be vaunted o'er th' immortal page,
Where paſſion's living fires burn unimpair'd by age!

And ſhall the warbled ſtrain or ſweeteſt lyre,
Thrilling the palace roof at night's deep hour;
And ſhall the nightingales in woodland choir
The voice of heaven in ſweeter raptures pour!
Ah no, their ſong is tranſient as the flower
Of April morn: In vain the ſhepherd boy
Sits liſtening in the ſilent Autumn bower;
The year no more reſtores the ſhort-lived joy;
And never more his harp ſhall Orpheus' hands employ.

Eternal

Eternal Silence in her cold deaf ear
Has cloſed his ſtrain; and deep eternal night
Has o'er Apelles' tints, ſo bright while-ere,
Drawn her blank curtains—never to the ſight
More to be given——But cloath'd in heaven's own light
Homer's bold painting ſhall immortal ſhine;
Wide o'er the world ſhall ever ſound the might,
The raptured muſic of each deathleſs line:
For death nor time may touch their living ſoul divine.

And what the ſtrain, though Perez ſwell the note,
High though its rapture, to the Muſe of fire!
Ah what the tranſient ſounds, devoid of thought,
To Shakeſpeare's flame of ever-burning ire,
Or Milton's flood of mind, till time expire
Foredoom'd to flow; as heaven's dread energy
Unconſcious of the bounds of place——

APPENDIX.

Copia das Patentes dos Vice Reis, e Capitães Generaes da India, conforme ſe achão no Concelho Ultramarino em Liſboa.

" D. N.... por graça de Deos Rey de Portugal e dos Algarves, d'aquem e d'alem-mar em Africa, Senhor de Guiné, e da Conquiſta, Navegação e Commercio da Ethiopia, Arabia, Perſia, e da India, *&c.*

" Faço ſaber aos que eſta minha Carta Patente virem, que atendendo á qualidade, merecimento, e mais partes que concorrem na peſſoa de N.... Hei por bem de o nomear (como por eſta nomeio) no emprego de Vice-Rey, e Capitão-general de mar e terra, dos Eſtados da India, e ſuas dependencias, por tempo de trez annos, e o mais que Eu for ſervido, em quanto lhe não nomear ſucceſſor; e com o dito governo averá o ſoldo de 24,000 cruzados pagos em cada hum anno na forma das minhas ordens: e gozará de todas as honras, poderes, mando, juriſdição, e alçada, que tem, e deque gozárão os providos no dito Governo; e do mais que por minhas ordens lhe for concedido, como Vice-Rey e Capitão-general, meu Lugartenente, e imediato á minha Real Peſſoa. Peloque mando ao Vice-Rey ſeu anteceſſor, ou á peſſoa que eſtiver governando, dê poſſe do meſmo Governo geral do Eſtado da India ao dito N.... E outroſim ordeno a todos os Officiais de Guerra, Juſtiça, e Fazenda, que em tudo lhe obedeção, e cumprão ſuas ordens, e mandados, como a ſeu Vice-Rey e Capitão-general: e o Tizoureiro, ou Recebedor da minha Fazenda, a quem o recebimento das rendas da India tocar, lhe fará pagamento do referido ſoldo aos quarteis, por eſta Carta-Patente ſomente, ſem para iſto ſer neceſſaria outra Provizão minha, a qual ſe regiſtará para o dito effeito nos livros da ſoa deſpeza, para ſe lhe levar em conta. E o dito F... jurará em minha Chancellaria, na forma coſtumada, deque ſe fará aſſento nas coſtas deſta minha Carta-Patente; e antes de partir deſta Corte, fará em minhas Reaes maõs preito e omenagem pelo dito Governo do Eſtado da India, e ſuas Conquiſtas dependentes. E por firmeza de tudo lhe mandei paſſar eſta Carta-Patente por mim aſſignada, e ſellada com o Sello Grande de minhas Armas, &c.

Dada na cidade de Liſboa, *&c.*

El Rey.

NOTICIAS.

1. Os Vice-Reys da India tinhão huma juriſdição ſuprema, como ſe vê das ſuas Patentes: e erão unicamente ſujeitos, no fim do ſeu governo, a huma devaça de reziden-cia, que El Rey mandava tirar do ſeu procedimento, por hum Miniſtro civil. Neſta devaça devião jurar todas as Ordens do Eſtado; principiando-ſe pela *Camera* (ou ſeja *Concelho Municipal)*; e continuando-ſe pelos Officiaes das mais repartiçoens civis, como a Relação de Goa, os Miniſtros e Officiaes da Fazenda, os Generais e Officiais Militares, ſem excepção de peſſoa alguma.

Eſta devaça era remetida em direitura a Liſboa. Porem, ſe o novo Vice-rey [tendo precedido queixas á Corte do ſeo anteceſſor] trazia ordens particulares; podia mandalo logo prezo a Liſboa, achando-o culpado.

2. Na India avia alem do Vice-Rey e de dous Secretarios de Eſtado, os Tribunaes ſeguintes em Goa: a Inquizição para as couzas da Religião: o Tribunal do Ordinario para os mais Negocios Eccleziaſticos: uma Junta das Miſſoens, independente do Biſpo, mas ſujeita á inſpecão dos Vice-Reys, na qual Junta prezidia o Superior dos Jezuitas: huma Relação (tribunal ſuperior de Judicatura) Com hum Chanceller-mór para os negocios civis, com appelação para o Tribunal ſupremo do Reino (em Portugal): hum Concelho da Fazenda, e o Senado da Camera.

3. O Vice-Rey era Regedor das Juſtiças, & como tal era Prezidente da ſobredita Relação, & do referido Concelho da Fazenda: n'o ſe podendo diſpender couza alguma ſem hum deſpacho, ou portaria do meſmo Vice-Rey.

Eſte,

Eſte, como Lugar-tenente d'El Rey, governava ſem limitação ſobre os Militares; conferia Patentes até o poſto de Capitaens inclusivè: nomeava interinamente todos os mais Poſtos ſuperiores; e conferia todos os Governos da ſua dependencia, que não vinhão providos pela Corte. Nos cazos criminaes, aſſim civis, como militares, a Relação e o Concelho de Guerra da India tinhão o direito ſupremo de vida e morte: e o Vice-Rey, como Prezidente, tinha o direito de dezempate nos cazos de igoaldade de votos.

4. Alem dos referidos eſtablecimentos, o Senado da Camera tinha os meſmos direitos de policia, que tem todos os do Reino: e alem diſſo o direito de reprezentação a o meſmo Vice-Rey; e de ſe-queixar, em Corpo de Tribunal, em direitura à ſua Magestade a Liſboa.

5. Quando avia vacancia de Vice-Rey, por cauza de morte, o Arcebiſpo, o Chanceler da Relação, e o Official Militar de maior Patente, tomavão o governo do Eſtado; e exercitavão promiſcuamente todas as funçoens, aſſignando todos juntos as ordens que davão.

6. O Commercio da Aſia pertencia inteiramente a El Rey, e tudo ſe fazia por conta da Coroa, em navios proprios: para o que tinhão eſtabelecido, por parte de meſma Coroa, e á ſua cuſta, differentes Feitorias em todos os Eſtabelecimentos da Aſia, adminiſtrados por Feitores e Officiais da Fazenda Real, debaixo da juriſdição dos Vice-Reys; os quais davão contas no fim de 3 annos da ſua adminiſtração, ao Concelho da Fazenda da India: e eſte as dava ao Concelho-Ultramarino de Liſboa, na ſequinta monção. Eſte comercio ſe fazia em frotas, que partião da India, e depozitavão tudo nos Armazaens Reaes da Caza aſſim chamada (da India) em Liſboa: donde ſe vendia por conta da Fazenda Real, aos nacionaes, e aos eſtranjeiros.

7. Os Vice-Reys obtivérão a liberdade de fazerem comercio para o Reino; porem não podião exceder de huma porção limitada, que ſe lhes arbitrou. A meſma faculdade ſe eſtendeo aodepois diſſo a muitas outras peſſoas, tanto civis, como militares; porem com grandes limitaçoens e rezervas; exceptuando ſempre as pedras preciozas, perolas e aljofar, cujo comercio ſe deu excluzivamente ás Rainhas de Portugal, para ſeo patrimonio: aſſim como tãobem o da pimenta. O cõmercio dos outras eſpeciarias, do ſalitre, ſandalo, e porcelana, ſempre foi rezervado á Coroa.

8. Prohibio-ſe em fim aos Vice-Reys e a todos os Officiaes Civis e Militares de fazerem commercio algum por huma Lei que foi promulgada no anno de 1687.

9. O governo da India foi alterado no anno de 1773. Abolio-ſe o Vice-Reynado, ficando em Capitaens Generaes. Deu-ſe uma nova forma à arrecadação da Fazenda, eſtabelecendo-ſe hum Erario Regio, no forma do Erario de Liſboa. Abolio-ſe a Inquizição, e o Tribunal de Relacão: ficando a adminiſtração da Juſtiça, nas mãos dos Ouvidores Geraes, com appellação para Liſboa. Mandou-ſe eſtabelcer no meſmo Eſtado o meſmo regulamento militar, que ſe practica em Portugal: e pagar as tropas por conta da Coroa em dinheiro; por quanto eſta deſpeza era feita d'antes pelos Capitaens que exercião monopolios onerozos, pagando aos ſoldados o ſuſtento e o fardamento por ſua conta.

Copy of the King's Letters Patent, given to the Vice-Roys, ſupreme Commanders of Portugueſe Eaſt India, according to the original kept in the King's Office, called Concelho Ultramarino, *in Liſbon.*

"Don N. by the grace of God King of Portugal and Algarves, on this ſide of the ſea, and on that of Africa; Lord of Guinea, and of the Conqueſt, Navigation, and Commerce of Ethiopia, Arabia, Perſia, and India, &c.

"Be it known to all to whom this my Letter Patent may come, that, attentive to the qualities, merits, and talents of N. I am pleaſed to name him (as I do hereby) to the office of Vice-Roy and Generaliſſimo of the ſea and land, in the States of India, and dependencies thereon, for the ſpace of three years, and till ſuch time after as I ſhall appoint another to ſucceed him; and on account of this government I appoint him a ſalary of 24,000* cruzados, to be paid to him every year according to this my commiſſion: and he ſhall enjoy all the honours, powers, command, juriſdiction, and authority, which now holds the preſent Vice-Roy, and formerly did his predeceſſors in the ſame government, and beſides whatever further grants

* Two thouſand ſix hundred and ſixty-ſix pounds ſterling.

I may

I may allow to him as Vice-Roy, Generaliſſimo, and my Locum-tenens immediate to my Royal Perſon. On account of which I order the till now Vice-Roy of India, or whoſoever holds in his ſtead the government of that State, to deliver up to the ſaid N. the ſame government at his arrival. And moreover I order all the officers of War, of the King's-bench, and of the Exchequer, to obey him in every reſpect, and execute his orders or commands, as their Vice-Roy and Generaliſſimo: and the Lord Treaſurer or high Receiver of the Revenue in that State, ſhall make him payment of the aforeſaid Salary quarterly, according to this preſent Letter Patent, without waiting for any further orders of mine; which payment being regiſtered in the book of the expences of State, ſhall be reckoned as one of them. And the ſaid N. ſhall ſwear in the High Court of my Chancery in the accuſtomed form; an atteſtation of which ſhall be taken on the back of this Letter Patent: And before his departure from ſhore, he ſhall ſwear obedience, and do homage on my Royal hands, for the ſaid government of India and its dependencies: and as a teſt and confirmation of the whole, I have ordered this my Letter Patent to be paſſed, which ſhall be ſigned by me, and ſealed with the Great Seal of my Arms, &c.

Given at Liſbon, &c.

OBSERVATIONS.

1. The Vice-Roys of India held a ſupreme juriſdiction, as appears by their Letters Patent, and were only ſubject at the end of their government to an Inqueſt on the diſcharge of their official duty and perſonal behaviour, which the King always ordered to be made by a Civil Magiſtrate. Into this Inqueſt were to be ſworn all ranks of the State, the Members of the Supreme Council of the India adminiſtation, and thoſe of all the other Councils and Courts, the King's Bench of Judges at Goa, the Miniſters and Officers of the India Exchequer and King's Revenue, as well as all the Generals and Military Officers of the State, without exception of any perſon ſoever.

The reſult of this general inqueſt was to be ſent directly to the King's Council at Liſbon: and there to be judged accordingly. But if the new Vice-Roy, in conſequence of any complaints having been made to the King's Privy Council againſt his predeceſſor, had got particular orders from the king, he then could, on finding him guilty by the aforeſaid inqueſt, commit him to priſon, and ſend him under confinement to Liſbon, to be judged by the King's Privy Council, or by the King himſelf.

2. There were in India, beſides the Vice-Roy and two Secretaries of State, who acted with him as a kind of Privy Council, the following Tribunals in Goa, viz. The Inquiſition of the affairs of Religion: An Eccleſiaſtical or Spiritual Court, with the Biſhop at their head, for the affairs which fall under the cognizance of the Church: A Board or Council for the Propagation of the Goſpel, without any dependence upon the Biſhop, but only ſubjected to the inſpection of the Vice-Roys, of which Council the Superior of the Jeſuits was Preſident: The King's Bench, conſiſting of a Chancellor and a certain number of high Judges, named by the King, for the Civil affairs, from whom there could be no appeal but to the ſupreme King's Bench of the high Judges at Liſbon: A Council or Court of the Exchequer, for the King's Revenue: And a kind of a Court, [*like the Common Council of London*] but very few in number, for the police of Goa.

3. The Vice-Roy being, on account of his office, a kind of High Chancellor of the State, was in conſequence thereof Preſident of the ſupreme King's Bench of high or great Judges, and of the Court of the Exchequer already mentioned: nor could any expence or diſburſement be made by this laſt, without conſent and permiſſion ſigned by himſelf. He, as a Locum-tenens of the King, had an unlimitted authority and command over the whole military departments: he conferred all the military Commiſſions in the Army, not above thoſe of Captains; and even appointed any ſuperior Officers, till theſe offices were filled up by the King's nomination; and, finally, he nominated and gave all other commiſſions and charges under him, which were not provided by the King. In all criminal caſes, both civil and military, the above King's Bench of high Judges, and the Council of War, or Court Martial, held the deciſive authority of Life and Death: But the Vice-Roys had the caſting-vote, as Preſidents of both, in caſe of an equality of votes.

4. Beſides

4. Beſides the aforeſaid civil eſtabliſhments, the Municipal Court, under the name of Senate of the *Camera*, [*which was like the Common Council of London, though compoſed of much fewer members*] was veſted with the ſame authority and excluuſive power, in regard to matters of police, as that of Portugal; it had alſo the right of addreſſing and petitioning the Vice-Roys, and even of applying by common conſent, as a civil body, for redreſs, to the King himſelf, at Liſbon.

5. On the death of the Vice-Roy, during his government, the Archbiſhop of Goa, the Chancellor of the King's Bench or Council of Juſtice, and the Military Officer of higheſt rank and of oldeſt commiſſion, were to take the government of the State, and to exerciſe conjointly all its functions; all three ſigning together whatever orders they gave.

6. The whole Commerce of Aſia belonged ſolely to the King; and was carried on, on account of the Crown, in the King's ſhips. To this end there were eſtabliſhed different factories, by the authority and at the expence of the Crown, in all the ſettlements of Aſia, with proper Officers and Clerks, under the juriſdiction of the Vice-Roys; who at the end of every three years were to render an account of their management to the India Exchequer, by which it was ſent to the high Council Ultramarine at Liſbon in the next ‖ *monçoon*. This Commerce was carried on by fleets, which ſailed from India, and depoſited their cargoes in the Royal warehouſes of the Eaſt India Houſe at Liſbon; from whence they were ſold on behalf of the Royal Revenue, both to the Portugueſe and to foreigners §.

7. In courſe of time the Vice-Roys obtained leave to trade, on their own account, from India to Portugal; but they were not allowed to exceed a limitted and determined portion. Afterwards the ſame power was extended to many other perſons, both of the civil and of the military profeſſion: but this was to be done within great limitations and reſtrictions. The commerce of precious ſtones, and pearls of every ſize, was always excepted. The trade of theſe, and of pepper, was the excluſive right of the Queens of Portugal, as a part of their patrimony †. The trade of the other ſpices, of nitre, ſandalo *, and that of porcelaine, always was reſerved to the Crown.

8. In fine, the Vice-Roys of India, and all Officers, both civil and military, were prohibited carrying on any kind of commerce between India and Portugal, by a law which was publiſhed in the year 1687.

9. The government of the Portugueſe Eaſt India was lately altered, in the year 1773. The title of Vice-Roy was aboliſhed, and changed into that of Captain-General. A new form of levying the Duties, and managing the King's Revenue was eſtabliſhed. A new Royal Treaſury or Exchequer was erected, like that of Liſbon, known by the name of *Royal Erarium*. The court of Inquiſition was aboliſhed, as well as the ſupreme Tribunal of the King's Bench, the adminiſtration of Juſtice being put into the hands of Auditors-General, from whom there may be an appeal to the High Tribunal at Liſbon. The ſame military regulations, as now practiſed in Portugal, were extended to India: and the troops were ordered to be paid in ready money, on account of the Crown; the pay of the Soldiers having formerly paſſed through the hands of the Captains, who exerciſed conſiderable monopolies in the management of it, by paying them in proviſions and cloaths, &c. from their own warehouſes.

Ambitious of giving his hiſtorical narrative the laſt confirmation, the Tranſlator applied for aſſiſtance to ſome gentlemen, who, on the appearance of the Engliſh

‖ *Monçoon* means here the ſtated times in which the Portugueſe India ſhips uſed to ſail to Liſbon.

§ Beſides the Eaſt-India ware-houſes at Liſbon, there were other ware-houſes at Antwerp, with a conſul, and at Rotterdam and Amſterdam, with two reſpective factors, for the diſpoſal of the India goods ſent to them from Liſbon.

† The Queens of Portugal have a kind of patrimony aſſigned to them by the State: it conſiſts of different cities, towns, and villages, whoſe duties and cuſtoms belong to the Queen's houſhold or revenue. They have a Secretary of State, with a council of their own, an exchequer for their own revenue: and all the juſtices of peace, judges, and officers of the Queen's State, are of her majeſty's nomination.

* A kind of red wood, for dying with, like the Brazil wood.

Luſiad, honoured him with their correſpondence. He entreated that, if poſſible, a copy of the commiſſion of the Viceroys, might be procured, together with an abſtract of the laws and conſtitution of Portugueſe Aſia. And the foregoing papers, of which he has given a tranſlation, were remitted to him from the Continent. During the Spaniſh uſurpation, the affairs of India fell into the deepeſt anarchy. When John IV. aſcended the throne of Portugal, he endeavoured to reſtore regularity to the government of his eaſtern empire; and from the regulations of that monarch and his ſucceſſors the above *Noticias* were carefully extracted. There is no copy of the Viceroy's commiſſion of older date than the beginning of the reign of John IV. the former papers relative to the government of India having probably been removed to Madrid. But the commiſſion itſelf bears a proof that it was in the *uſual form*; and the regulations of John, which remain upon record, appear, by the teſtimony of hiſtory, to be only a confirmation of the former government of India, with a great diminution of the Viceroy's ſalary, and perhaps ſome few novel eſtabliſhments which did not affect the ſpirit of the conſtitution. By the lateſt alterations, it appears, that the conſtitution of Liſbon, ever was, and is, the grand model of the government of Portugueſe Aſia.

*** Whatever circumſtances have a tendency to elucidate the manners and policy of former times, or to give us an accurate idea of the energy and ſtrength of her various governments, when Europe began to emerge from the inactivity of the Gothic ages, are highly worthy of the careful inveſtigation of the philoſopher and politician. Rouſed into action by Prince Henry of Portugal, the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the ſixteenth century became the great æra of maritime diſcovery. The three grand expeditions were thoſe of Gama, Columbus, and Magalhaens. And the object of all was the ſame, the Diſcovery of India. The force of the various fleets which attempted this arduous undertaking, will give us an idea of the ſtate of maritime affairs in the reigns when they were fitted out. In 1486, Bartholomew Diaz, a Portugueſe captain, with three ſhips, attempted the Diſcovery of India by the coaſt of Africa; but, harraſſed by tempeſts, his crew mutinied, and having diſcovered the river *del Infante*, on the eaſtern ſide of Africa, he returned to Europe. About 14 years after, this expedition was happily completed by Gama; and the force with which he went out is thus circumſtantially deſcribed by Hernan Lopez de Caſtaneda, a cotemporary writer, and careful journaliſt of facts.

"Emmanuel, earneſt to proſecute what "his predeceſſor Don John had begun for "the diſcovery of India, ordered Fernan "Lorenzo, Treaſurer of the houſe of the "Myna *(on the golden coaſt)* to build with "the timber that was bought in king John's "time, two ſhips, which, after they were "finiſhed, he named, the Angel Gabriel, "being of one hundred and twenty tons "burthen, and the Saint Raphael, of one "hundred tons. And to accompany theſe "ſhips, the king bought of a pilot who was "born in Lagos, named Berrio, a caravel "of fifty tons, which bore the name of "the pilot. Beſide theſe, he bought a "ſhip of two hundred tons of one Ayres "Correa. . . . . The king alſo appointed "Bartholomew Diaz to go along with "them in a caravel to the Myna. And "becauſe the ſhips of war could not "carry proviſions ſufficient for the voyage, "the king gave orders that the ſhip of "Correa ſhould be laden with proviſions, "and accompany the fleet to the bay of St. "Blaſs, where it would be neceſſary to take "in freſh water; and the ſtore ſhip was to "be there unloaded and burnt. The Cap-"tain General went in the ſhip called St. "Gabriel, having for pilot one Pedro de "Alanquer, who had been pilot to Bartho-"lomew Diaz, when he diſcovered the river "called *El ryo del Ynfante*. Paulus de "Gama, brother of the Captain General, "went in the ſhip called St. Raphael; Ni-"colas Coello went in the caravel named "Berrio; and Gonſalo Gomez commanded "the ſtore ſhip." The number of the crews of this ſquadron, according to Caſtaneda, was 148 men; according to others, 160. Gama and his brother, and the ten malefactors who were on board, were perhaps not included in Caſtaneda's account.

The voyage of Columbus has been called the moſt daring and grand ever attempted by man. Columbus himſelf, however, ſeems to have had a very different idea of it; for certain it is, he expected to reach India

India by the weſtward paſſage in the ſpace of not many weeks. The ſquadron with which he attempted this diſcovery, conſiſted of only three veſſels. Dr. Robertſon calls the largeſt which Columbus commanded, "of no conſiderable burden;" and the two others, "hardly ſuperior in burden or force "to large boats." The crew conſiſted of ninety men, and a few adventurers. And the expence of fitting out this equipment did not exceed 4000l. ſterling, for which queen Iſabella pawned her jewels.

The enterprize of Magalhaens was infinitely more daring than that of Columbus. India and the continent of America were now both diſcovered, and now known to be at vaſt diſtance from each other. To find a rout to India beyond the great American continent was the bold deſign of Magalhaens; which he attempted, according to Faria, with 250 men and five ſhips; which, with reſpect to its purpoſe, Dr. Robertſon calls, "a proper ſquadron."

When Gama ſailed from Liſbon, it was unknown that a great and potent Commonwealth of Mohammedan merchants, deeply ſkilled in all the arts and views of Commerce, were ſcattered over the eaſtern world. Gama, therefore, did not ſail to India with a warlike fleet, like that which firſt followed him, under Cabral, but with a ſquadron every way proper for diſcovery. The Portugueſe hiſtorians aſcribe the ſhipwreck of many Portugueſe veſſels on the voyage between Europe and India to the avarice of their owners, in building them of an enormous bulk, of 4, 5, and 600 tons. The fleet of Gama was therefore not only of the moſt perfect ſize which the art of ſhipbuilding could then produce, but was alſo ſuperior in number, and nearly of the draught * of water with the veſſels which at this day are ſent out on voyages of diſcovery. The diſpoſition of Gama's voyage is alſo worthy of notice: the captain who had already paſt the great ſouthern promontary of Africa, to accompany him to a certain latitude; the pilot who had ſailed with that captain, to go the whole voyage; the ſize of Coello's caravel, proper to enter creeks and rivers; and the appointment of the ſtore-ſhip; are circumſtances which diſplay a knowledge of and attention to maritime affairs, greatly ſuperior to any thing diſcovered by the court of Spain in the equipments of Columbus and Magalhaens. The warlike ſtrength of Gama's fleet was greatly ſuperior to that of the firſt voyage of Columbus, and little inferior to that of Magalhaens; though Magalhaens, who had been in India, well knew the hoſtile diſpoſition of the natives. In the art of war the Indians were greatly inferior to the Moors, and the Moors were as inferior to the Portugueſe. And the ſquadron of Gama not only defeated the whole naval force of the firſt maritime ſtate of India, but in every attack was victorious over the ſuperior numbers of the Moors. Theſe circumſtances are clearly evinced in our hiſtory of the Diſcovery of India; and this comparative diſcuſſion will not only give an accurate idea of the progreſs which the Portugueſe had made in navigation, but is alſo, perhaps, neceſſary in ſupport of the reputation of this work. Had an Author of ordinary rank repreſented the ſquadron of Gama as *extremely feeble, conſiſting only of Three* ‡ *veſſels, of neither burthen nor force adequate to the ſervice*—ſuch condemnation of our narrative had been here unnoticed. But when a celebrated and juſtly admired hiſtorian, in a work publiſhed about one year and an half after the firſt appearance of the Luſiad, has given ſuch repreſentation of the equipment of Gama, directly contrary to the light in which it is there placed, the foregoing detail, will not appear, it is hoped, an unneceſſary or rude vindication. We have followed the ample and circumſtantial accounts of the Portugueſe writers, and not the imperfect and curſory abſtracts of the Spaniſh hiſtorians when they allude to the affairs of their ſiſter kingdom.

*** To our former accounts of Portugueſe Literature let the following be added: In 1741, an Heroic poem was publiſhed in Portugueſe by the Count de Ericeyra. It is named *Henriqueida*, and celebrates the eſtabliſhment of the kingdom of Portugal. Though it has ſome extravagancies, it

* Capt. Cooke's *two veſſels* have, by the lateſt experience, been found the fitteſt for diſcovery. The one was of 462 tons burthen, the other of 336; and built to draw little water. And certain it is that veſſels of ſuch burthen are now built, which draw as little water as thoſe of 120 tons in the infancy of modern navigation.

‡ See Hiſt. Americ. vol. i. p. 145.

contains

contains an ardent ſpirit of true poetry. And in the preface and notes the author has given many judicious criticiſms, and by his opinion of Milton diſcovers a ſtrength of mind greatly ſuperior to that frivolouſneſs, that poverty of taſte, which the French generally betray, when they criticiſe the works of that great Poet. The Tranſlator has been favoured with the following account of this noble author by a learned and ingenious gentleman of Portugal; for whoſe favours he here returns his acknowledgements.

" Dom Franciſco Xavier de Menezes, " fourth Count of Ericeyra, was one of the " moſt learned men of this age, and a great " ornament to Portugal; he was born at " Liſbon the 29th of January, 1673, and " died in the ſame city the 21ſt of December, 1743. To the qualities of a ſoldier, " a politician, a philoſopher, a mathema- " tician, an hiſtorian, and a poet, he joined " that of a man of honour and probity. " He was director and cenſor of the royal " academy of Portugueſe Hiſtory; he " ſpoke the Latin, French, Italian, and " Spaniſh languages with as much eaſe and " elegance as his own, and wrote in them " all with accuracy. Although he never " went out of Portugal, he was known and " admired in all Europe, and obtained " the eſteem and the praiſes of Pope In- " nocent XIII. and Lewis XIV. of France, " as well as ſome of the moſt eminent men " of that age, ſuch as Muratori, Bianchini, " Creſcimbeni, Dumont, Garelli, Le " Clerc, Bayle, Deſpreaux, Renaudot, " Bignon, Salazar, Feijoò, Mayans, &c. " With all theſe he appears to have kept a " literary correſpondence; was member of " the Arcadian academy of Italy, and of " the Royal Society of London, and much " reſpected by the Ruſſian academy. He " compoſed a great number of excellent " pieces in proſe and verſe, many of which " have been publiſhed."

The Reader is deſired to correct the following

ERRATA.

In p. clxi. line 9. in place of *Philip* II. read PHILIP III.——P. clxxv. line ult. in place of *which its imported luxuries afford, forms*, read *which its imported luxuries afford*, A TAX WHICH *forms*.——And in p. 223. in the ſecond line of the firſt note, in place of *Camoens was miſled*, read *Camoens was* NOT *miſled*.

THE

Engraved for the English Lusiad.

THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK I.

ARMS and the Heroes, who from Liſbon's ſhore[a],
Thro' Seas [b] where ſail was never ſpread before,
Beyond where Ceylon lifts her ſpicy breaſt,
And waves her woods above the watery waſte,

[a] *The Luſiad*; in the original, *Os Luſiadas*, The Luſiads, from the Latin name of Portugal, derived from Luſus or Lyſas, the companion of Bacchus in his travels, and who ſettled a colony in Luſitania. See Plin. l. iii. c. 1.

[b] *Thro' Seas where ſail was never ſpread before.*——M. Duperron de Caſtera, the French Tranſlator of the Luſiad, has given a long note on this paſſage, which he tells us, muſt not be underſtood literally. His arguments are theſe: Our author, ſays he, could not be ignorant that the African and Indian Oceans had been navigated before the times of the Portugueſe. The Phœnicians, whoſe fleets paſſed the ſtraits of Gibraltar, made frequent voyages in theſe ſeas, though they carefully concealed the courſe of their navigation that other nations might not become partakers of their lucrative traffic. It is certain that Solomon, and Hiram king of Tyre, ſent ſhips to the Eaſt by the Red Sea. It is alſo certain that Hanno, a Carthaginian captain, made a voyage round the whole coaſt of Africa, as is evident from the hiſtory of the expedition, written by himſelf in the Punic language; a Greek tranſlation of which is now extant. Beſides, Pliny, Pomponius Mela, Ptolomy and Strabo, aſſure us, that Mozambic and the adjacent

With proweſs more than human forc'd their way
To the fair kingdoms of the riſing day:
What wars they wag'd, what ſeas, what dangers paſt,
What glorious Empire crown'd their toils at laſt,
Vent'rous I ſing, on ſoaring pinions borne,
And all my Country's wars the ſong [c] adorn;

jacent iſlands, and ſome parts of India, were known to the Romans: and theſe words of Macrobius, *Sed nec monſtruoſis carnibus abſtinetis, inferentes poculis teſticulos Caſtorum et venenata corpora Viperarum; quibus admiſcetis quidquid India nutrit*, ſufficiently prove that they carried on a conſiderable traffic with the Eaſt. From all which, ſays M. Caſtera, we may conclude that the Portugueſe were rather the Reſtorers than the Diſcoverers of the navigation to the Indies.

In this firſt book, and throughout the whole Poem, Camoens frequently deſcribes his Heroes as paſſing through ſeas which had never before been navigated; and

Que ſó dos feyos focas ſe navega.
Where but Sea-monſters cut the waves before.

That this ſuppoſition afforded our author a number of poetical images, and adds a ſolemn grandeur to his ſubject, might perhaps with M. Caſtera be eſteemed a ſufficient apology for the poetical licence in ſuch a violation of hiſtorical truth. Yet whatever liberties an Epic or Tragic Poet may commendably take in embelliſhing the actions of his heroes, an aſſertion relative to the ſcene where his Poem opens, if falſe, muſt be equally ridiculous as to call Veſpaſian the firſt who had ever aſſumed the title of Cæſar. But it will be found that Camoens has not fallen into ſuch abſurdity. The Poem opens with a deſcription of the Luſitanian fleet, after having doubled the Cape of Hope, driving about in the great Ethiopian Ocean, ſo far from land that it required the care of the Gods to conduct it to ſome hoſpitable ſhore. Therefore, though it is certain that the Phœnicians paſſed the *Ne plus ultra* of the antients; though it is probable they traded on the coaſt of Cornwall, and the iſles of Scilly; though there is ſome reaſon to believe that the Madeiras and Carribees were known to them; and though it has been *ſuppoſed* that ſome of their ſhips *might* have been driven by ſtorm to the Brazils or North-America; yet there is not the leaſt foundation in hiſtory to ſuppoſe that they traded to the Indies by the Cape of Good Hope. There is rather a demonſtration of the contrary; for it is certain they carried on their traffic with the Eaſt, by a much nearer and ſafer way, by the two ports of Elath and Eziongeber on the Red Sea. Neither is it certainly known in what particular part, whether in the Perſian gulph, or in the Indian Ocean, the Tarſhiſh and Ophir of the ancients are ſituated. Though it is certain that Hanno doubled the Cape of Good Hope, it is alſo equally certain that his voyage was merely a coaſting one, like that of Nearchus in Alexander's time, and that he never ventured into the great Ocean, or went ſo far as Gama. The citation from Macrobius proves nothing at all relative to the point in queſtion, for it is certain that the Romans received the Merchandiſe of India by the way of Syria and the Mediterranean, in the ſame manner as the Venetians imported the commodities of the Eaſt from Alexandria before the diſcoveries of the Portugueſe. It remains, therefore, that Gama, who ſailed by the Compaſs, after having gone further than his cotemporary Bartholomew Diaz, was literally the firſt who ever ſpread ſail in the great ſouthern Ocean, and that the Portugueſe were not the Reſtorers, but literally the Diſcoverers of the preſent rout of Navigation to the Eaſt Indies.

[c] *And all my Country's wars.* — "He interweaves artfully the hiſtory of Portugal." *Voltaire.*

What

What Kings, what Heroes of my native land
Thunder'd on Aſia's and on Afric's ſtrand:
Illuſtrious ſhades, who levell'd in the duſt
The idol-temples and the ſhrines of luſt;
And where, erewhile, foul demons were rever'd,
To Holy Faith unnumber'd altars [d] rear'd:
Illuſtrious names, with deathleſs laurels crown'd,
While time rolls on in every clime renown'd!

Let Fame with wonder name the Greek no more,
What lands he ſaw, what toils at ſea he bore;
No more the Trojan's wandering voyage boaſt,
What ſtorms he brav'd on many a per'lous coaſt:
No more let Rome exult in Trajan's name,
Nor eaſtern conqueſts Ammon's pride proclaim;

[d] *To Holy Faith unnumber'd altars rear'd.* ——In no period of Hiſtory does Human Nature appear with more ſhocking features than in the Spaniſh Conqueſt of South America. To the immortal honour of the *firſt* Portugueſe Diſcoverers, their conduct was in every reſpect the reverſe. To eſtabliſh a traffic equally advantageous to the natives as to themſelves, was the principle they profeſſed, and the ſtricteſt honour, and that humanity which is ever inſeparable from true bravery, preſided over their tranſactions. Nor did they ever proceed to hoſtilities till provoked, either by the open violence or by the perfidy of the Natives. Their honour was admired, and their friendſhip courted by the Indian Princes. To mention no more, the name of Gama was dear to them, and the great Albuquerque was beloved as a father, and his memory honoured with every token of affection and reſpect by the people and princes of India. It was owing to this ſpirit of honour and humanity, which in the heroical days of Portugal characteriſed that nation, that the religion of the Portugueſe was eagerly embraced by many kings and provinces of Africa and India; while the Mexicans with manly diſdain rejected the faith of the Spaniards, profeſſing they would rather go to hell to eſcape theſe cruel Tyrants, than go to heaven, where they were told, they ſhould meet them. Zeal for the Chriſtian religion was eſteemed, at the time of the Portugueſe grandeur, as the moſt cardinal Virtue, and to propagate Chriſtianity and extirpate Mohammediſm were the moſt certain proofs of that zeal. In all their expeditions this was profeſſedly a principal motive of the Luſitanian Monarchs; and Camoëns underſtood the nature of Epic poetry too well to omit, That the deſign of his Hero was to deliver the Law of heaven to the eaſtern world; a circumſtance which gives a noble air of importance and of intereſt to the buſineſs of his Poem.

A nobler Hero's deeds demand my lays
Than e'er adorn'd the ſong of ancient days;
Illuſtrious Gama, whom the waves obey'd,
And whoſe dread ſword the fate of Empire ſway'd.

And you, fair Nymphs of Tagus, parent ſtream,
If e'er your meadows were my paſtoral theme,
While you have liſtened, and by moonſhine ſeen
My footſteps wander o'er your banks of green,
O come auſpicious, and the ſong inſpire
With all the boldneſs of your Hero's fire:
Deep and majeſtic let the numbers flow,
And, rapt to heaven, with ardent fury glow;
Unlike the verſe that ſpeaks the lover's grief,
When heaving ſighs afford their ſoft relief,
And humble reeds bewail the ſhepherd's pain:
But like the warlike trumpet be the ſtrain
To rouſe the Hero's ire; and far around,
With equal rage, your warriors' deeds reſound.

And thou, [f] O born the pledge of happier days,
To guard our freedom and our glories raiſe,

[f] *And thou, O born* —— King Sebaſtian, who came to the throne in his minority. Though the warm imagination of Camoens anticipated the praiſes of the future Hero, the young monarch, like Virgil's Pollio, had not the happineſs to fulfil the prophecy. His endowments and enterpriſing genius promiſed indeed a glorious reign. Ambitious of military laurels, he led a powerful army into Africa, on purpoſe to replace Muley Hamet on the throne of Morocco, from which he had been depoſed by Muley Molucco. On the 4th of Auguſt in the 25th year of his age, he gave battle to the Uſurper on the plains of Alcazar. This was that memorable engagement, to which the Mooriſh Emperor, extremely weakened by ſickneſs, was carried in a litter. By the impetuoſity of the attack, the firſt line of the Mooriſh army was

Given to the world to ſpread Religion's ſway,
And pour o'er many a land the mental day,
Thy future honours on thy ſhield behold,
The croſs, and victor's wreath, emboſt in gold:

broken, and the ſecond diſordered. Muley Molucco on this mounted his horſe, drew his ſabre, and would have put himſelf at the head of his troops, but was prevented by his attendants. On this act of violence, his emotion of mind was ſo great that he fell from his horſe, and one of his guards having caught him in his arms, conveyed him to his litter, where, putting his finger on his lips to enjoin them ſilence, he immediately expired. Hamet Taba ſtood by the curtains of the carriage, opened them from time to time, and gave out orders as if he had received them from the Emperor. Victory declared for the Moors, and the defeat of the Portugueſe was ſo total, that not above fifty of their whole army eſcaped. Hieron de Mendoça, and Sebaſtian de Meſa relate, that Don Sebaſtian, after having two horſes killed under him, was ſurrounded and taken; but the party who had ſecured him quarrelling among themſelves whoſe priſoner he was, a Mooriſh officer rode up and ſtruck the King a blow over the right eye, which brought him to the ground; when, deſpairing of ranſom, the others killed him. Faria y Souſa, an exact and judicious hiſtorian, reports, that Lewis de Brito meeting the King with the royal ſtandard wrapped round him, Sebaſtian cried out, "Hold it "faſt, let us die upon it." Brito affirmed, that after he himſelf was taken priſoner, he ſaw the King at a diſtance unpurſued. Don Lewis de Lima afterwards met him making towards the river; and this, ſays the hiſtorian, was the laſt time he was ever ſeen alive. About twenty years after this fatal defeat there appeared a ſtranger at Venice, who called himſelf Sebaſtian, King of Portugal. His perſon ſo perfectly reſembled Sebaſtian, that the Portugueſe of that city acknowledged him for their Sovereign. Philip II. of Spain was now Maſter of the crown and kingdom of Portugal. His ambaſſador at Venice charged this ſtranger with many attrocious crimes, and had intereſt to get him apprehended and thrown into priſon as an impoſtor. He underwent twenty-eight examinations before a committee of the nobles, in which he clearly acquitted himſelf of all the crimes that had been laid to his charge; and he gave a diſtinct account of the manner in which he had paſſed his time from the fatal defeat at Alcazar. It was objected, that the ſucceſſor of Muley Molucco ſent a corpſe to Portugal which had been owned as that of the King by the Portugueſe nobility who ſurvived the battle. To this he replied, that his valet de chambre had produced that body to facilitate his eſcape, and that the nobility acted upon the ſame motive: and Meſa and Baena confeſs, that ſome of the nobility, after their return to Portugal, acknowledged, that the corpſe was ſo disfigured with wounds that it was impoſſible to know it. He ſhewed natural marks on his body, which many remembered on the perſon of the King whoſe name he aſſumed. He entered into a minute detail of the tranſactions that had paſſed between himſelf and the republic, and mentioned the ſecrets of ſeveral converſations with the Venetian ambaſſadors in the palace of Liſbon. The Committee were aſtoniſhed, and ſhewed no diſpoſition to declare him an Impoſtor; the Senate however refuſed to diſcuſs the great point, unleſs requeſted by ſome Prince or State in alliance with them. This generous part was performed by the Prince of Orange, and an examination was made with great ſolemnity, but no deciſion followed, only the Senate ſet him at liberty, and ordered him to depart their dominions in three days. In his flight he fell into the hands of the Spaniards, who conducted him to Naples, where they treated him with the moſt barbarous indignities. After they had often expoſed him, mounted on an aſs, to the cruel inſults of the brutal mob, he was ſhipped on board a galley as a ſlave. He was then carried to St. Lucar, from thence to a caſtle in the heart of Caſtile, and never was heard of more. The firmneſs of his behaviour, his ſingular

At thy commanding frown we truſt to ſee,
The Turk and Arab bend the ſuppliant knee:
Beneath the [g] morn, dread King, thine Empire lies,
When midnight veils thy Luſitanian ſkies;
And when deſcending in the weſtern main
The Sun [h] ſtill riſes on thy lengthening reign:
Thou blooming Scion of the nobleſt ſtem,
Our nation's ſafety, and our age's gem,
O young Sebaſtian, haſten to the prime
Of manly youth, to Fame's high temple climb:
Yet now attentive hear the Muſe's lay
While thy green years to manhood ſpeed away:
The youthful terrors of thy brow ſuſpend,
And, O propitious, to the ſong attend,
The numerous ſong, by Patriot-paſſion fir'd,
And by the glories of thy race inſpir'd:

ſingular modeſty and heroical patience, are mentioned with admiration by Le Clede. To the laſt he maintained the truth of his aſſertions; a word never ſlipt from his lips which might countenance the charge of Impoſture, or juſtify the cruelty of his perſecutors. All Europe were aſtoniſhed at the Miniſtry of Spain, who, by their method of conducting it, had made an affair ſo little to their credit, the topic of general converſation; and their aſſertion, that the unhappy ſufferer was a magician, was looked upon as a tacit acknowledgement of the truth of his pretenſions.

[g] *Beneath the morn, dread King, thine Empire lies.*—When we conſider the glorious ſucceſſes which had attended the arms of the Portugueſe in Africa and India, and the high reputation of their military and naval proweſs, for Portugal was then Empreſs of the Ocean, it is no matter of wonder that the imagination of Camoens was warmed with the view of his Country's greatneſs, and that he talks of its power and grandeur in a ſtrain, which muſt appear as mere hyperbole to thoſe whoſe ideas of Portugal are drawn from its preſent broken ſpirit, and diminiſhed ſtate.

[h] *The Sun*—Imitated perhaps from Rutilius, ſpeaking of the Roman Empire,

Volvitur ipſe tibi, qui conſpicit omnia, Phœbus,
Atque tuis ortos in tua condit equos.

or more probably from theſe lines of Buchanan, addreſſed to John III. king of Portugal, the grandfather of Sebaſtian.

Inque tuis Phœbus regnis orienſque cadenſque
Vix kngum feſſo conderet axe diem.
Et quæcunque vago ſe circumvolvit Olympo
Affulget ratibus flamma miniſtra tuis.

To

To be the Herald of my Country's fame
My firſt ambition and my deareſt aim:
Nor conqueſts fabulous, nor actions vain,
The Muſe's paſtime, here adorn the ſtrain:
Orlando's fury, and Rugero's rage,
And all the heroes of th' Aonian page,
The dreams of Bards ſurpaſs'd the world ſhall view,
And own their boldeſt fictions may be true;
Surpaſs'd, and dimm'd by the ſuperior blaze
Of GAMA's mighty deeds, which here bright Truth diſplays.
Nor more let Hiſtory boaſt her heroes old;
Their glorious rivals here, dread Prince, behold:
Here ſhine the valiant Nunio's deeds unfeign'd,
Whoſe ſingle arm the falling ſtate ſuſtain'd;
Here fearleſs Egas' wars, and, Fuas, thine,
To give full ardour to the ſong combine;
But ardour equal to your martial ire
Demands the thundering ſounds of Homer's lyre.
To match the Twelve [1] ſo long by Bards renown'd,
Here brave Magricio and his Peers are crown'd
(A glorious Twelve!) with deathleſs laurels, won
In gallant arms before the Engliſh throne.
Unmatch'd no more the Gallic Charles ſhall ſtand,
Nor Cæſar's name the firſt of praiſe command:

[1] *To match the Twelve ſo long by Bards renown'd* — The Twelve Peers of Charlemagne, often mentioned in the old Romances. For the Epiſode of Magricio and his eleven companions, ſee the ſixth Luſiad.

Of

Of nobler acts the crown'd Alonzos ſee,
Thy valiant Sires, to whom the bended knee
Of vanquiſh'd Afric bow'd. Nor leſs in fame,
He who confin'd the rage of civil flame,
The godlike John, beneath whoſe awful ſword
Rebellion crouch'd, and trembling own'd him Lord.
Thoſe Heroes too, who thy bold flag unfurl'd,
And ſpread thy banners o'er the eaſtern world,
Whoſe ſpears ſubdued the kingdoms of the morn,
Their names, and glorious wars the ſong adorn:
The daring Gama, whoſe unequall'd name
Proud monarch ſhines o'er all of naval fame:
Caſtro the bold, in arms a peerleſs knight,
And ſtern Pacheco, dreadful in the fight:
The two Almeydas, names for ever dear,
By Tago's nymphs embalm'd with many a tear;
Ah, ſtill their early fate the nymphs ſhall mourn,
And bathe with many a tear their hapleſs urn:
Nor ſhall the godlike Albuquerk reſtrain
The Muſe's fury; o'er the purpled plain
The Muſe ſhall lead him in his thundering car
Amidſt his glorious brothers of the war,
Whoſe fame in arms reſounds from ſky to ſky,
And bids their deeds the power of death defy.
And while, to thee, I tune the duteous lay,
Aſſume, O potent King, thine Empire's ſway;

With

With thy brave hoſt through Afric march along,
And give new triumphs to immortal ſong:
On thee with earneſt eyes the nations wait,
And cold with dread the Moor expects his fate;
The barbarous Mountaineer on Taurus' brows
To thy expected yoke his ſhoulder bows:
Fair Thetis wooes thee with her blue domain,
Her nuptial ſon, and fondly yields her reign;
And from the bowers of heaven thy Grandſires [k] ſee
Their various virtues bloom afreſh in thee;
One for the joyful days of Peace renown'd,
And one with War's triumphant laurels crown'd:
With joyful hands, to deck thy manly brow,
They twine the laurel and the olive-bough;
With joyful eyes a glorious throne they ſee,
In Fame's eternal dome, reſerv'd [l] for thee.
Yet while thy youthful hand delays to wield
The ſcepter'd power, or thunder of the field,
Here view thine Argonauts, in ſeas unknown,
And all the terrors of the burning zone,
Till their proud ſtandards, rear'd in other ſkies,
And all their conqueſts meet thy wondering [m] eyes.

[k] *Thy Grandſires*—John III. King of Portugal, celebrated for a long and peaceful reign; and the Emperor Charles V. who was engaged in almoſt continual wars.

[l] —— *reſerv'd for thee.* ——
Anne novum tardis ſidus te menſibus addas,
Qua locus Erigonen inter chelaſque ſequentes
Panditur: ipſe tibi jam brachia contrahit ardens
Scorpius, et cœli juſtaplus parte reliquit. VIRG.

[m] —— *thy wondering eyes* — Some Critics have condemned Virgil for ſtopping his narrative to introduce even a ſhort obſervation of his own. Milton's beautiful complaint of his blindneſs has been blamed for the ſame reaſon, as being no part of the ſubject of his Poem. The addreſs of Camoens to Don Sebaſtian has not eſcaped the ſame cenſure; though in ſome meaſure undeſervedly, as the Poet has had the art to interweave therein ſome part of the general argument of his poem.

Now far from land, o'er Neptune's dread abode
The Luſitanian fleet triumphant rode;
Onward they traced the wide and loneſome main,
Where changeful Proteus leads his ſcaly train;
The dancing vanes before the Zephyrs flow'd,
And their bold keels the trackleſs Ocean plow'd;
Unplow'd before the green-ting'd billows roſe,
And curl'd and whiten'd round the nodding prows.
When Jove, the God who with a thought controuls
The raging ſeas, and balances the poles,
From heav'n beheld, and will'd, in ſovereign ſtate,
To fix the Eaſtern World's depending fate:
Swift at his nod th' Olympian herald flies,
And calls th' immortal ſenate of the ſkies;
Where, from the ſovereign throne of earth and heaven,
Th' immutable decrees of fate are given.
Inſtant the Regents of the ſpheres of light,
And thoſe who rule the paler orbs of night,
With thoſe, the gods whoſe delegated ſway
The burning South and frozen North obey;
And they whoſe empires ſee the day-ſtar riſe,
And evening Phœbus leave the weſtern ſkies;
All inſtant pour'd along the milky road,
Heaven's chryſtal pavements glittering as they trode:
And now, obedient to the dread command,
Before their awful Lord in order ſtand.

Sublime

Sublime and dreadful on his regal throne,
That glow'd with ſtars, and bright as lightning ſhone,
Th' immortal Sire, who darts the thunder, ſate,
The crown and ſceptre added ſolemn ſtate;
The crown, of heaven's own pearls, whoſe ardent rays,
Flam'd round his brows, outſhone the diamond's blaze:
His breath ſuch gales of vital fragrance ſhed,
As might, with ſudden life, inſpire the dead:
Supreme Controul throned in his awful eyes
Appear'd, and mark'd the Monarch of the ſkies.
On ſeats that burn'd with pearl and ruddy gold,
The ſubject Gods their ſovereign Lord enfold,
Each in his rank, when, with a voice that ſhook
The towers of heaven the world's dread Ruler ſpoke:

Immortal Heirs of light, my purpoſe hear,
My counſels ponder, and the Fates revere:
Unleſs Oblivion o'er your minds has thrown
Her dark blank ſhades, to you, ye Gods, are known
The Fate's Decree, and ancient warlike Fame
Of that bold race which boaſts of Luſus' name;
That bold advent'rous race the Fates declare,
A potent empire in the Eaſt ſhall rear,
Surpaſſing Babel's or the Perſian fame,
Proud Grecia's boaſt, or Rome's illuſtrious name.

Oft from theſe brilliant ſeats have you beheld
The ſons of Luſus on the duſty field,
Though few, triumphant o'er the numerous Moors,
Till from the beauteous lawns on Tago's ſhores
They drove the cruel foe. And oft has heaven
Before their troops the proud Caſtilians driven;
While Victory her eagle-wings diſplay'd
Where-e'er their Warriors waved the ſhining blade.
Nor reſts unknown how Luſus' heroes ſtood
When Rome's ambition dy'd the world with blood;
What glorious laurels Viriatus [n] gain'd,
How oft his ſword with Roman gore was ſtain'd;

[n] *What glorious laurels Viriatus gain'd.* ——This brave Luſitanian, who was firſt a ſhepherd and a famous hunter, and afterwards a captain of banditti, exaſperated at the tyranny of the Romans, encouraged his countrymen to revolt and ſhake off the yoke. Being appointed General, he defeated Vetilius the Prætor, who commanded in Luſitania, or farther Spain. After this he defeated in three pitched battles, the Prætors C. Plautius Hypſæus, and Claudius Unimanus, though they led againſt him very numerous armies. For ſix years he continued victorious, putting the Romans to flight wherever he met them, and laying waſte the countries of their allies. Having obtained ſuch advantages over the Proconſul Servilianus, that the only choice which was left to the Roman army was death or ſlavery; the brave Viriatus, inſtead of putting them all to the ſword, as he could eaſily have done, ſent a deputation to the General, offering to conclude a peace with him on this ſingle condition, *That he ſhould continue Maſter of the Country now in his power, and that the Romans ſhould remain poſſeſſed of the reſt of Spain.*

The Proconſul, who expected nothing but death or ſlavery, thought theſe very favourable and moderate terms, and without heſitation concluded a peace, which was ſoon after ratified by the Roman ſenate and people. Viriatus, by this treaty, compleated the glorious deſign he had always in view, which was to erect a kingdom in the vaſt country he had conquered from the Republic. And had it not been for the treachery of the Romans, he would have become, as Florus calls him, the Romulus of Spain: He would have founded a monarchy capable of counterbalancing the power of Rome.

The Senate, ſtill deſirous to revenge their late defeat, ſoon after this peace ordered Q. Servilius Cæpio to exaſperate Viriatus, and force him by repeated affronts to commit the firſt acts of hoſtility. But this mean artifice did not ſucceed. Viriatus would not be provoked to a breach of the peace. On this the Conſcript Fathers, to the eternal diſgrace of their Republic, ordered Cæpio to declare war, and to proclaim Viriatus, who had given no provocation, an enemy to Rome. To this baſeneſs Cæpio added ſtill a greater; he corrupted the ambaſſadors which Viriatus had ſent to negociate with him, who, at the inſtigation of the Roman, treacherouſly murdered their Protector and General while he ſlept.——Univ. Hist.

And

And what fair palms their martial ardour crown'd,
When led to battle by the Chief renown'd,
Who [o] feign'd a dæmon, in a deer conceal'd,
To him the counſels of the Gods reveal'd.
And now ambitious to extend their ſway
Beyond their conqueſts on the ſouthmoſt bay
Of Afric's ſwarthy coaſt, on floating wood
They brave the terrors of the dreary flood,
Where only black-wing'd miſts have hover'd o'er,
Or driving clouds have ſail'd the wave before;
Beneath new ſkies they hold their dreadful way
To reach the cradle of the new-born day:
And Fate, whoſe mandates unrevok'd remain,
Has will'd, that long ſhall Luſus' offspring reign
The lords of that wide ſea, whoſe waves behold
The ſun come forth enthroned in burning gold.
But now the tedious length of winter paſt,
Diſtreſs'd and weak, the heroes faint at laſt.
What gulphs they dared, you ſaw, what ſtorms they braved;
Beneath what various heavens their banners waved!
Now Mercy pleads, and ſoon the riſing land
To their glad eyes ſhall o'er the waves expand.
As welcome friends the natives ſhall receive,
With bounty feaſt them, and with joy relieve.

[o] *Who feign'd a dæmon.* — Sertorius, who was invited by the Luſitanians to defend them againſt the Romans. He had a tame white Hind, which he had accuſtomed to follow him, and from which he pretended to receive the inſtructions of Diana. By this artifice he impoſed upon the ſuperſtition of that people. — Vid. Plut.

And

And when refreſhment ſhall their ſtrength renew,
Thence ſhall they turn, and their bold rout purſue.

So ſpoke high Jove: The Gods in ſilence heard,
Then riſing each, by turns, his thoughts preferr'd:
But chief was Bacchus [p] of the adverſe train;
Fearful he was, nor fear'd his pride in vain,
Should Luſus' race arrive on India's ſhore,
His ancient honours would be known no more;
No more in Nyſa [q] ſhould the native tell
What kings, what mighty hoſts before him fell.
The fertile vales beneath the riſing ſun
He view'd as his, by right of victory won,
And deem'd that ever in immortal ſong
The Conqueror's title ſhould to him belong.
Yet Fate, he knew, had will'd, that loos'd from Spain
Boldly advent'rous through the polar main,
A warlike race ſhould come, renown'd in arms,
And ſhake the Eaſtern World with war's alarms,
Whoſe glorious conqueſts and eternal fame
In black Oblivion's waves ſhould whelm his name.

[p] *But chief was Bacchus.*——The French Tranſlator has the following note on this place: *Le Camoens n'a pourtant fait en cela que ſuivre l'exemple de l'Ecriture, comme on le voit dans ces paroles du premiere chapitre de Job.* Quidam autem die cum veniſſent, &c. *Un jour que les enfans du Seigneur s'etoient aſſemble devant ſon trone, Satan y vint auſſi, &c.*

[q] *No more in Nyſa.* — An antient city in India, ſacred to Bacchus.

Urania-

Urania-Venus [r], Queen of ſacred Love,
Aroſe, and fixt her aſking eyes on Jove:
Her eyes, well pleas'd, in Luſus' ſons could trace
A kindred likeneſs to the Roman race,
For whom of old ſuch kind regard ſhe [s] bore;
The ſame their triumphs on Barbaria's ſhore,
The ſame the ardour of their warlike flame,
The manly muſic of their tongue the [t] ſame.
Affection thus the lovely Goddeſs ſway'd,
Nor leſs what Fate's unblotted page diſplay'd;
Where'er this people ſhould their empire raiſe,
She knew her altars would unnumbered blaze,
And barbarous nations at her holy ſhrine
Be humaniz'd, and taught her lore divine.
Her ſpreading honours thus the One inſpired,
And One the dread to loſe his worſhip fired.
Their ſtruggling factions ſhook th' Olympian ſtate
With all the clamorous tempeſt of debate.

[r] *Urania-Venus.*——We have already obſerved, that an allegorical machinery has always been eſteemed an eſſential requiſite of the Epopœia, and the reaſon upon which it is founded has been pointed out. The allegorical machinery of the Luſiad has now commenced; and throughout the Poem the Hero is guarded and conducted by the Celeſtial Venus, or Divine Love. The true poetical colouring is thus ſupported and preſerved: but in illuſtration of this, ſee the preface, and the note on the allegory of Homer, near the end of the Sixth Luſiad.

[s] *For whom of old.*—See the note in the Second Book on the following paſſage:

As when in Ida's bower ſhe ſtood of yore, &c.

[t] *The manly muſic of their tongue the ſame.* ——Camoens ſays,

E na lingoa, na qual quando imagina,
Com pouca corrupçao cré que he Latina.

Qualifications are never elegant in poetry. Fanſhaw's tranſlation, and the original, both prove this.

——————— *their tongue*
Which ſhe thinks Latin with ſmall droſs among.

Thus

Thus when the ſtorm with ſudden guſt invades
The antient foreſt's deep and lofty ſhades,
The burſting whirlwinds tear their rapid courſe,
The ſhatter'd oaks craſh, and with echoes hoarſe
The mountains groan, while whirling on the blaſt
The thickening leaves a gloomy darkneſs caſt.
Such was the tumult in the bleſt abodes,
When Mars, high towering o'er the rival Gods,
Stept forth; ſtern ſparkles from his eye-balls glanc'd;
And now, before the throne of Jove advanc'd,
O'er his left ſhoulder his broad ſhield he throws,
And lifts his helm above his dreadful brows:
Bold and enrag'd he ſtands, and, frowning round,
Strikes his tall ſpear-ſtaff on the ſounding ground;
Heaven trembled, and the light turn'd pale[n]—Such dread
His fierce demeanour o'er Olympus ſpread:
When thus the Warrior,—O Eternal Sire,
Thine is the ſceptre, thine the thunder's fire,
Supreme dominion thine; then, Father, hear,
Shall that bold Race which once to thee was dear,
Who, now fulfilling thy decrees of old,
Through theſe wild waves their fearleſs journey hold,
Shall that bold Race no more thy care engage,
But ſink the victims of unhallowed rage!

[n] —— *and the light turn'd pale* —— The thought in the Original has ſomething in it wildly great, though it is not expreſſed in the happieſt manner of Camoens,

O Ceo tremeo, e Apollo detor vado
Hum pouco a luz perdeo, como infiado.

Did

Did Bacchus yield to Reaſon's voice divine,
Bacchus the cauſe of Luſus' ſons would join;
Luſus, the lov'd companion of his cares,
His earthly toils, his dangers, and his wars:
But Envy ſtill a foe to worth will prove,
To worth though guarded by the arm of Jove.

Then thou, dread Lord of Fate, unmov'd remain,
Nor let weak change thine awful counſels ſtain,
For Luſus' Race thy promis'd favour ſhew:
Swift as the arrow from Apollo's bow
Let Maia's ſon explore the watery way,
Where ſpent with toil, with weary hopes, they ſtray;
And ſafe to harbour, through the deep untried,
Let him, impower'd, their wandering veſſels guide;
There let them hear of India's wiſh'd-for ſhore,
And balmy reſt their fainting ſtrength reſtore.

He ſpoke: high Jove aſſenting bow'd the head,
And floating clouds of nectar'd fragrance ſhed:
Then lowly bending to th' Eternal Sire,
Each in his duteous rank, the Gods retire.

Whilſt thus in Heaven's bright palace Fate was weigh'd,
Right onward ſtill the brave Armada ſtray'd:

Right on they ſteer by Ethiopia's ſtrand
And paſtoral Madagaſcar's [b] verdant land.
Before the balmy gales of cheerful ſpring,
With heav'n their friend, they ſpread the canvas wing;
The ſky cerulean, and the breathing air,
The laſting promiſe of a calm declare.
Behind them now the Cape of Praſo bends,
Another Ocean to their view extends,
Where black-topt iſlands, to their longing eyes,
Lav'd by the gentle waves [c], in proſpect riſe.
But Gama, (captain of the vent'rous band,
Of bold emprize, and born for high command,
Whoſe martial fires, with prudence cloſe allied,
Enſured the ſmiles of fortune on his ſide)
Bears off thoſe ſhores which waſte and wild appear'd,
And eaſtward ſtill for happier climates ſteer'd:
When gathering round and blackening o'er the tide,
A fleet of ſmall canoes the Pilot ſpied;
Hoiſting their ſails of palm-tree leaves, inwove
With curious art, a ſwarming crowd they move:
Long were their boats, and ſharp to bound along
Through the daſh'd waters, broad their oars and ſtrong:

[b] *And paſtoral Madagaſcar* — Called by the ancient Geographers Menuthia, and Cerna Ethiopica; by the natives, the Iſland of the Moon; and by the Portugueſe, the Iſle of St. Laurence, on whoſe feſtival they diſcovered it.

[c] *Lav'd by the gentle waves*—The Original ſays, the Sea ſhewed them new iſlands, which it encircled and laved. Thus rendered by Fanſhaw,

Neptune diſclos'd new iſles which he did play
About, and with his billows danc't the bay.

The

The bending rowers on their features bore
The ſwarthy marks of Phaeton's [d] fall of yore;
When flaming lightnings ſcorch'd the banks of Po,
And nations blacken'd in the dread o'erthrow.
Their garb, diſcover'd as approaching nigh,
Was cotton ſtrip'd with many a gaudy dye:
'Twas one whole piece; beneath one arm, confin'd;
The reſt hung looſe and flutter'd on the wind;
All, but one breaſt, above the loins was bare,
And ſwelling turbans bound their jetty hair:
Their arms were bearded darts and faulchions broad,
And warlike muſic ſounded as they row'd.
With joy the ſailors ſaw the boats draw near,
With joy beheld the human face appear:
What nations theſe, their wondering thoughts explore,
What rites they follow, and what God adore!
And now with hands and kerchiefs wav'd in air
The barb'rous race their friendly mind declare.
Glad were the crew, and ween'd that happy day
Should end their dangers and their toils repay.

[d] ——— of Phaeton's fall ———

——ferunt luctu Cycnum Phaëtonis amati,
Populeas inter frondes umbramque ſororum
Dum canit, & mœſtum muſa ſolatur amorem:
Canentem molli pluma duxiſſe ſenectam,
Linquentem terras, et ſidera voce ſequentem.
VIRG. ÆN.

The hiſtorical foundation of the fable of Phaeton is this: Phaeton was a young enterpriſing Prince of Libya. Croſſing the Mediterranean in queſt of adventures, he landed at Epirus, from whence he went to Italy to ſee his intimate friend Cygnus. Phaeton was ſkilled in aſtrology, from whence he arrogated to himſelf the title of the ſon of Apollo. One day in the heat of ſummer, as he was riding along the banks of the Po, his horſes took fright at a clap of thunder, and plunged into the river, where, together with their maſter, they periſhed. Cygnus, who was a Poet, celebrated the death of his friend in verſe, from whence the fable.
Vid. Plutar. in vit. Pyrr.

The lofty maſts the nimble youths aſcend,
The ropes they haule, and o'er the yard-arms bend;
And now their bowſprits pointing to the ſhore,
(A ſafe moon'd bay,) with ſlacken'd ſails they bore:
With cheerful ſhouts they furl the gather'd ſail
That leſs and leſs flaps quivering on the gale;
The prows, their ſpeed ſtopt, o'er the ſurges nod,
The falling anchors daſh the foaming flood:
When ſudden as they ſtopt, the ſwarthy race
With ſmiles of friendly welcome on each face,
The ſhip's high ſides ſwift by the cordage climb:
Illuſtrious Gama, with an air ſublime,
Soften'd by mild humanity, receives,
And to their Chief the hand of friendſhip gives;
Bids ſpread the board, and, inſtant as he ſaid,
Along the deck the feſtive board is ſpread:
The ſparkling wine in chryſtal goblets glows,
And round and round with cheerful welcome flows.
While thus the Vine its ſprightly glee inſpires,
From whence the fleet, the ſwarthy Chief enquires,
What ſeas they paſt, what vantage would attain,
And what the ſhore their purpoſe hop'd to gain?
From fartheſt weſt, the Luſian race reply,
To reach the golden eaſtern ſhores we try.
Through that unbounded ſea whoſe billows roll
From the cold northern to the ſouthern pole;

And by the wide extent, the dreary vaſt
Of Afric's bays, already have we paſt;
And many a ſky have ſeen, and many a ſhore,
Where but ſea-monſters cut the waves before.
To ſpread the glories of our Monarch's reign,
For India's ſhore we brave the trackleſs main,
Our glorious toil, and at his nod would brave
The diſmal gulphs of Acheron's black wave.
And now, in turn, your race, your Country tell,
If on your lips fair truth delights to dwell,
To us, unconſcious of the falſehood, ſhew,
What of theſe ſeas and India's ſite you know.

Rude are the natives here, the Moor reply'd,
Dark are their minds, and brute-deſire their guide:
But we, of alien blood and ſtrangers here,
Nor hold their cuſtoms nor their laws revere.
From Abram's [c] race our holy Prophet ſprung,
An Angel taught, and heaven inſpir'd his tongue;
His ſacred rites and mandates we obey,
And diſtant Empires own his holy ſway.
From iſle to iſle our trading veſſels roam,
Mozambic's harbour our commodious home.
If then your ſails for India's ſhores expand,
For ſultry Ganges or Hydaſpes' ſtrand,

[c] *From Abram's race our holy Prophet ſprung.*——Mohammed, who was deſcended from Iſhmael, the ſon of Abraham by Hagar.

Here

Here ſhall you find a Pilot ſkill'd to guide
Through all the dangers of the per'lous tide,
Though wide ſpread ſhelves and cruel rocks unſeen,
Lurk in the way, and whirlpools rage between.
Accept, mean while, what fruits theſe iſlands hold,
And to the Regent let your wiſh be told.
Then may your mates the needful ſtores provide,
And all your various wants be here ſupplied.

So ſpake the Moor, and bearing ſmiles untrue,
And ſigns of friendſhip, with his bands withdrew.
O'erpower'd with joy unhoped the Sailors ſtood,
To find ſuch kindneſs on a ſhore ſo rude

Now ſhooting o'er the flood his fervid blaze,
The red-brow'd ſun withdraws his beamy rays;
Safe in the bay the crew forget their cares,
And peaceful reſt their wearied ſtrength repairs.
Calm Twilight [f] now his drowſy mantle ſpreads,
And ſhade on ſhade, the gloom ſtill deepening ſheds.

[f] *Calm Twilight now*——Camoens, in this paſſage, has imitated Homer in the manner of Virgil: by diverſifying the ſcene he has made the deſcription his own. The paſſage alluded to is in the eighth Iliad:

Ως δ' ὅτ' ἰν ὐρανῷ ἄστρα φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σελήνην
Φαίνετ' ἀριπρεπέα, &c.

Thus elegantly tranſlated by Pope:

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure ſpreads her ſacred light,
When not a breath diſturbs the deep ſerene,
And not a cloud o'ercaſts the ſolemn ſcene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And ſtar's unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure ſhed,
And tip with ſilver every mountain's head;
Then ſhine the vales, the rocks in proſpect riſe,
A flood of glory burſts from all the ſkies:
The conſcious ſwains rejoicing in the ſight,
Eye the blue vault, and bleſs the uſeful light.

The

The Moon, full orb'd, forſakes her watery cave,
And lifts her lovely head above the wave.
The ſnowy ſplendors of her modeſt ray
Stream o'er the gliſtening waves, and quivering play:
Around her, glittering on the heaven's arch'd brow,
Unnumber'd ſtars, encloſed in azure, glow,
Thick as the dew-drops of the April dawn,
Or May-flowers crouding o'er the daiſy-lawn:
The canvas whitens in the ſilvery beam,
And with a mild pale red the pendants gleam:
The maſts' tall ſhadows tremble o'er the deep;
The peaceful winds an holy ſilence keep;
The watchman's carol echo'd from the prows,
Alone, at times, awakes the ſtill repoſe.

Aurora now, with dewy luſtre bright,
Appears; aſcending on the rear of night.
With gentle hand, as ſeeming oft to pauſe,
The purple curtains of the morn ſhe draws;
The Sun comes forth, and ſoon the joyful crew,
Each aiding each, their joyful taſks purſue.
Wide o'er the decks the ſpreading ſails they throw;
From each tall maſt the waving ſtreamers flow;
All ſeems a feſtive holiday on board
To welcome to the fleet the iſland's Lord.

With equal joy the Regent ſails to meet,
And brings freſh cates, his ŏfferings, to the fleet:
For of his kindred Race their line he deems,
That ſavage Race who ruſh'd from Caſpia's ſtreams,
And triumph'd o'er the Eaſt, and, Aſia won,
In proud Byzantium fixt their haughty throne.
Brave Vasco hails the chief with honeſt ſmiles,
And gift for gift with liberal hand he piles.
His gifts, the boaſt of Europe's arts diſcloſe,
And ſparkling red the wine of Tagus flows.
High on the ſhrouds the wondering ſailors hung,
To note the Mooriſh garb, and barbarous tongue:
Nor leſs the ſubtle Moor, with wonder fired,
Their mien, their dreſs, and lordly ſhips admired:
Much he enquires, their King's, their Country's name,
And, if from Turkey's fertile ſhores they came?
What God they worſhipp'd, what their ſacred lore,
What arms they wielded, and what armour wore?
To whom brave Gama; Nor of Hagar's blood
Am I, nor plow from Izmael's ſhores the flood;
From Europe's ſtrand I trace the foamy way,
To find the regions of the infant day.
The God we worſhip ſtretch'd yon heaven's high bow,
And gave theſe ſwelling waves to roll below;
The hemiſpheres of night and day he ſpread,
He ſcoop'd each vale, and rear'd each mountain's head:

His

His Word produced the nations of the earth,
And gave the ſpirits of the ſky their birth.
On Earth, by Him, his holy lore was given,
On Earth he came to raiſe mankind to heaven.
And now behold, what moſt your eyes deſire,
Our ſhining armour, and our arms of fire;
For who has once in friendly peace beheld,
Will dread to meet them on the battle-field.

Straight as he ſpoke the warlike Stores diſplay'd
Their glorious ſhew, where, tire on tire inlaid,
Appear'd of glittering ſteel the carabines;
There the plumed helms, and ponderous brigandines;
O'er the broad bucklers ſculptur'd orbs emboſt,
The crooked faulchions dreadful blades were croſt:
Here claſping greaves, and plated mail-quilts ſtrong,
The long-bows here, and rattling quivers hung,
And like a grove the burniſh'd ſpears were ſeen,
With darts, and halberts double-edged between;
Here dread grenadoes, and tremendous bombs,
With deaths ten thouſand lurking in their wombs
And far around of brown, and duſky red,
The pointed piles of iron balls were ſpread.
The Bombadeers, now to the Regent's view
The thundering mortars and the cannon drew;

Yet at their Leader's nod, the ſons of flame
(For brave and generous ever are the ſame)
Withheld their hands, nor gave the ſeeds of fire
To rouſe the thunders of the dreadful tire.
For GAMA's ſoul diſdain'd the pride of ſhew
Which acts the lion o'er the trembling roe.

His joy and wonder oft the Moor expreſt,
But rankling hate lay brooding in his breaſt;
With ſmiles obedient to his will's controul,
He veils the purpoſe of his treacherous ſoul:
For Pilots, conſcious of the Indian ſtrand,
Brave VASCO ſues, and bids the Moor command
What bounteous gifts ſhall recompenſe their toils;
The Moor prevents him with aſſenting ſmiles,
Reſolved that deeds of death, not words of air,
Shall firſt the hatred of his ſoul declare:
Such ſudden rage his rankling mind poſſeſt,
When [s] GAMA's lips Meſſiah's name confeſt.

[s] *When Gama's lips Meſſiah's name confeſt.* —This, and of conſequence, the reaſon of the Moor's hate, together with the fine deſcription of the armoury, is entirely omitted by Caſtera. The original is, the Moor conceived hatred, "knowing they were "followers of the truth which the Son "of David taught." Thus rendered by Fanſhaw,

Knowing they follow that unerring light,
The Son of David holds out in his Book.

By this Solomon muſt be underſtood, not the Meſſiah, as meant by Camoens.

"Zacocia (governor of Mozambic) made no doubt but our people were of ſome Mohammedan country.—The mutual exchange of good offices between our people and theſe iſlanders promiſed a long continuance of friendſhip, but it proved otherwiſe. No ſooner did Zacocia underſtand the ſtrangers were Chriſtians, than all his kindneſs was turned into the moſt bitter hatred; he began to meditate their ruin, and fought by every means to deſtroy the fleet.——*Oſorius Silvenſis Epiſc. de Rebus Eman. Regis Luſit. geſtis.*

Oh

Oh depth of heaven's dread will, that rancorous hate
On heaven's beſt lov'd in every clime ſhould wait!
Now ſmiling round on all the wondering crew,
The Moor attended by his bands withdrew:
His nimble barges ſoon approach'd the land,
And ſhouts of joy received him on the ſtrand.

From heaven's high dome the Vintage-God beheld,
(Whom [h] nine long months his father's thigh conceal'd)
Well-pleaſed he mark'd the Moor's determined hate,
And thus his mind revolved in ſelf-debate:

Has heaven, indeed, ſuch glorious lot ordain'd!
By Luſus' race ſuch conqueſts to be gain'd
O'er warlike nations, and on India's ſhore,
Where I, unrival'd, claim'd the palm before!
I, ſprung from Jove! and ſhall theſe wandering few,
What Ammon's ſon unconquer'd left, ſubdue!
Ammon's brave ſon, who led the God of war
His ſlave auxiliar at his thundering car!
Muſt theſe poſſeſs what Jove to him deny'd,
Poſſeſs what never ſooth'd the Roman pride!

[h] *Whom nine long months his father's thigh conceal'd.* —— According to the Arabians, Bacchus was nouriſhed during his infancy in a cave of Mount Meros, which in Greek ſignifies a thigh. Hence the fable.

Muſt theſe the Victor's lordly flag diſplay
With hateful blaze beneath the riſing day,
My name diſhonour'd, and my victories ſtain'd,
O'erturn'd my altars, and my ſhrines profaned!
No—be it mine to fan the Regent's hate;
Occaſion ſeized commands the action's fate.
'Tis mine—this Captain now my dread no more,
Shall never ſhake his ſpear on India's ſhore.

So ſpake the Power, and with the lightning's flight
For Afric darted thro' the fields of light.
His form [1] divine he cloath'd in human ſhape,
And ruſh'd impetuous o'er the rocky cape:
In the dark ſemblance of a Moor he came
For art and old experience known to fame:
Him all his peers with humble deference heard,
And all Mozambic and it's prince rever'd:
The Prince in haſte he ſought, and thus expreſt
His guileful hate in friendly counſel dreſt:

And to the Regent of this iſle alone
Are theſe Adventurers and their fraud unknown?

[1] *His form divine he cloath'd in human ſhape——*
Alecto torvam faciem et furialia membra
Exuit: in vultus ſeſe transformat anilis,
Et frontem obſcœnum rugis arat.——VIR. ÆN. 7.

Has

Has Fame conceal'd their rapine from his ear?
Nor brought the groans of plunder'd nations here?
Yet ſtill their hands the peaceful olive bore
Whene'er they anchor'd on a foreign ſhore:
But nor their ſeeming, nor their oaths I truſt,
For Afric knows them bloody and unjuſt.
The nations ſink beneath their lawleſs force,
And fire and blood have mark'd their deadly courſe.
We too, unleſs kind heaven and Thou prevent,
Muſt fall the victims of their dire intent,
And, gaſping in the pangs of death, behold
Our wives led captive, and our daughters ſold.
By ſtealth they come, ere morrow dawn, to bring
The healthful beverage from the living ſpring:
Arm'd with his troops the Captain will appear;
For conſcious fraud is ever prone to fear.
To meet them there, ſelect a truſty band,
And in cloſe ambuſh take thy ſilent ſtand;
There wait, and ſudden on the heedleſs foe
Ruſh, and deſtroy them ere they dread the blow.
Or ſay, ſhould ſome eſcape the ſecret ſnare
Saved by their fate, their valour, or their care,
Yet their dread fall ſhall celebrate our iſle,
If fate conſent, and thou approve the guile.
Give then a Pilot to their wandering fleet,
Bold in his art, and tutor'd in deceit;

Whoſe

Whoſe hand adventurous ſhall their helms miſguide
To hoſtile ſhores, or whelm them in the tide.

So ſpoke the God, in ſemblance of a ſage
Renown'd for counſel and the craft of age.
The Prince with tranſport glowing in his face
Approved, and caught him in a kind embrace;
And inſtant at the word his bands prepare
Their bearded darts and iron fangs of war,
That Luſus' ſons might purple with their gore
The chryſtal fountain which they ſought on ſhore:
And ſtill regardful of his dire intent,
A ſkilful pilot to the bay he ſent,
Of honeſt mien, yet practiſed in deceit,
Who far at diſtance on the beach ſhould wait,
And to the 'ſcaped, if ſome ſhould 'ſcape the ſnare,
Should offer friendſhip and the pilot's care;
But when at ſea, on rocks ſhould daſh their pride,
And whelm their lofty vanes beneath the tide.

Apollo now had left his watery bed,
And o'er the mountains of Arabia ſpread
His rays that glow'd with gold; when Gama roſe,
And from his bands a truſty ſquadron choſe:
Three ſpeedy barges brought their caſks to fill
From gurgling fountain, or the chryſtal rill:

Full-arm'd

Full-arm'd they came, for brave defence prepared,
For martial care is ever on the guard:
And ſecret warnings ever are impreſt
On wiſdom ſuch as waked in GAMA's breaſt.

And now, as ſwiftly ſpringing o'er the tide
Advanced the boats, a troop of Moors they ſpy'd;
O'er the pale ſands the ſable warriors crowd,
And toſs their threatening darts, and ſhout aloud.
Yet ſeeming artleſs, though they dared the fight,
Their eager hope they placed in artful flight,
To lead brave GAMA where unſeen by day
In dark-brow'd ſhades their ſilent ambuſh lay.
With ſcornful geſtures o'er the beach they ſtride,
And puſh their levell'd ſpears with barbarous pride;
Then fix the arrow to the bended bow,
And ſtrike their ſounding ſhields, and dare the foe.
With generous rage the Luſian Race beheld,
And each brave breaſt with indignation ſwell'd,
To view ſuch foes like ſnarling dogs diſplay
Their threatening tuſks, and brave the ſanguine fray:
Together with a bound they ſpring to land,
Unknown whoſe ſtep firſt trode the hoſtile ſtrand.

Thus [k], when to gain his beauteous Charmer's ſmile,
The youthful Lover dares the bloody toil,

[k] *Thus, when to gain his beauteous Charmer's ſmile,*
The youthful Lover dares the bloody toil——

This ſimilie is taken from a favourite exerciſe in Spain, where it is uſual to ſee young Gentlemen of the beſt families, adorned

Before the nodding Bull's ſtern front he ſtands,
He leaps, he wheels, he ſhouts, and waves his hands:
The lordly brute diſdains the ſtripling's rage,
His noſtrils ſmoke, and, eager to engage,
His horned brows he levels with the ground,
And ſhuts his flaming eyes, and wheeling round
With dreadful bellowing ruſhes on the foe,
And lays the boaſtful gaudy champion low.
Thus to the fight the ſons of Luſus ſprung,
Nor ſlow to fall their ample vengeance hung:
With ſudden roar the carabines reſound,
And burſting echoes from the hills rebound;
The lead flies hiſſing through the trembling air,
And death's fell dæmons through the flaſhes glare.
Where, up the land, a grove of palms encloſe,
And caſt their ſhadows where the fountain flows,
The lurking ambuſh from their treacherous ſtand
Beheld the combat burning on the ſtrand:
They ſee the flaſh with ſudden lightnings flare,
And the blue ſmoke ſlow rolling on the air:
They ſee their warriors drop, and, ſtarting, hear
The lingering thunders burſting on their ear.

ed with ribbons, and armed with a javelin or kind of cutlas, which the Spaniards call *Machete*, appear the candidates of fame in the liſts of the bull-fight. Though Camoens in this deſcription of it has given the victory to the Bull, it very ſeldom ſo happens, the young Caballeros being very expert at this valorous exerciſe, and ambitious to diſplay their dexterity, which is a ſure recommendation to the favour and good opinion of the Ladies.

Amaz'd

Amazed, appall'd, the treacherous ambuſh fled,
And raged [l], and curſt their birth, and quaked with dread.
The bands that vaunting ſhew'd their threaten'd might,
With ſlaughter gored, precipitate in flight;
Yet oft, though trembling, on the foe they turn
Their eyes, that red with luſt of vengeance burn:
Aghaſt with fear and ſtern with deſperate rage
The flying war with dreadful howls they wage,
Flints [m], clods, and javelins hurling as they fly,
As rage and wild deſpair their hands ſupply.
And ſoon diſperſt, their bands attempt no more
To guard the fountain or defend the ſhore:
O'er the wide lawns no more their troops appear:
Nor ſleeps the vengeance of the Victor here;
To teach the nations what tremendous fate
From his dread arm on perjur'd vows ſhould wait,
He ſeized the time to awe the Eaſtern World,
And on the breach of faith his thunders hurl'd.
From his black ſhips the ſudden lightnings blaze,
And o'er old Ocean flaſh their dreadful rays:

[l] ——— *e maldizia*
O velho inerte, e a mãy, que o filho cria.
Thus tranſlated by Fanſhaw,
——— *curſt their ill luck,*
Th' old Devil, and the Dam that gave them ſuck.

[m] *Flints, clods, and javelins hurling as they fly,*
As rage, &c.
Jamque faces et ſaxa volant, furor arma miniſtrat. VIRG. Æn. I.
The Spaniſh Commentator on this Place relates a very extraordinary inſtance of the *furor arma miniſtrans*. A Portugueſe Soldier, at the ſiege of Diu in the Indies, being ſurrounded by the enemy, and having no ball to charge his muſket, pulled out one of his teeth, and with it ſupplied the place of a bullet.

White clouds on clouds inroll'd the ſmoke aſcends,
The burſting tumult heaven's wide concave rends:
The bays and caverns of the winding ſhore
Repeat the cannon's and the mortar's roar:
The bombs, far-flaming, hiſs along the ſky,
And whirring through the air the bullets fly:
The wounded air with hollow deafen'd ſound,
Groans to the direful ſtrife, and trembles round.

Now from the Mooriſh town the ſheets of fire,
Wide blaze ſucceeding blaze, to heaven aſpire.
Black riſe the clouds of ſmoke, and by the gales
Borne down, in ſtreams hang hovering o'er the vales;
And ſlowly floating round the mountain's head
Their pitchy mantle o'er the landſcape ſpread.
Unnumber'd ſea-fowl riſing from the ſhore,
Beat round in whirls at every cannon's roar:
Where o'er the ſmoke the maſts' tall heads appear,
Hovering they ſcream, then dart with ſudden fear;
On trembling wings far round and round they fly,
And fill with diſmal clang their native ſky.
Thus fled in rout confus'd the treacherous Moors
From field to field, then, haſt'ning to the ſhores,
Some truſt in boats their wealth and lives to ſave,
And wild with dread they plunge into the wave;

Some

Some ſpread their arms to ſwim, and ſome beneath
The whelming billows, ſtruggling, pant for breath,
Then whirl'd aloft their noſtrils ſpout the brine;
While ſhowering ſtill from many a carabine
The leaden hail their ſails and veſſels tore,
Till ſtruggling hard they reach'd the neighb'ring ſhore:
Due vengeance thus their perfidy repay'd,
And GAMA's terrors to the Eaſt diſplay'd.

Imbrown'd with duſt a beaten pathway ſhews
Where 'midſt umbrageous palms the fountain flows;
From thence at will they bear the liquid health;
And now ſole maſters of the iſland's wealth,
With coſtly ſpoils and eaſtern robes adorn'd,
The joyful victors to the fleet return'd.

With hell's keen fires, ſtill for revenge athirſt,
The Regent burns, and weens, by fraud accurſt,
To ſtrike a ſurer, yet a ſecret blow,
And in one general death to whelm the foe.
The promiſed Pilot to the fleet he ſends,
And deep repentance for his crime pretends.
Sincere the Herald ſeems, and while he ſpeaks,
The winning tears ſteal down his hoary cheeks.
Brave GAMA, touch'd with generous woe, believes,
And from his hand the Pilot's hand receives:

A dreadful gift! inſtructed to decoy,
In gulphs to whelm them, or on rocks deſtroy.

The valiant Chief, impatient of delay,
For India now reſumes the watery way;
Bids weigh the anchor and unfurl the ſail,
Spread full the canvas to the riſing gale;
He ſpoke; and proudly o'er the foaming tide,
Borne on the wind, the full-wing'd veſſels ride;
While as they rode before the bounding prows
The lovely forms of ſea-born nymphs aroſe.
The while brave VASCO's unſuſpecting mind
Yet fear'd not ought the crafty Moor deſign'd:
Much of the coaſt he aſks, and much demands
Of Afric's ſhores and India's ſpicy lands.
The crafty Moor, by vengeful Bacchus taught,
Employ'd on deadly guile his baneful thought;
In his dark mind he plann'd, on GAMA's head
Full to revenge Mozambic and the dead.
Yet all the Chief demanded he reveal'd,
Nor ought of truth, that truth he knew, conceal'd:
For thus he ween'd to gain his eaſy faith,
And gain'd, betray to ſlavery or to death.
And now ſecurely truſting to deſtroy,
As erſt falſe Sinon ſnared the ſons of Troy,

Behold,

Behold, diſcloſing from the ſky, he cries,
Far to the north, yon cloud-like iſle ariſe:
From ancient times the natives of the ſhore
The blood-ſtain'd Image on the Croſs adore.
Swift at the word, the joyful GAMA cry'd,
For that fair iſland turn the helm aſide,
O bring my veſſels where the Chriſtians dwell,
And thy glad lips my gratitude ſhall tell:
With ſullen joy the treacherous Moor comply'd,
And for that iſland turn'd the helm aſide.
For well Quiloa's ſwarthy race he knew,
Their laws and faith to Hagar's offspring true;
Their ſtrength in war, through all the nations round,
Above Mozambic and her powers renown'd;
He knew what hate the Chriſtian name they bore,
And hoped that hate on VASCO's bands to pour.

Right to the land the faithleſs Pilot ſteers,
Right to the land the glad Armada bears;
But heavenly Love's fair Queen [n], whoſe watchful care
Had ever been their guide, beheld the ſnare.

[n] *But heavenly Love's fair Queen*—When GAMA arrived in the Eaſt, the Moors were the only people who engroſſed the trade of thoſe parts. Jealous of ſuch formidable rivals as the Portugueſe, they employed every artifice to accompliſh the deſtruction of GAMA's fleet, for they foreſaw the conſequences of his return to Portugal. As the Moors were acquainted with theſe ſeas and ſpoke the Arabic language, GAMA was obliged to employ them both as Pilots and Interpreters. The circumſtance now mentioned by Camoens is an hiſtorical truth. The Mooriſh Pilot, ſays De Barros, intended to conduct the Portugueſe into Quiloa, telling them that place was inhabited by Chriſtians; but a ſudden ſtorm ariſing, drove the fleet from that ſhore, where death

or

A ſudden ſtorm ſhe rais'd: Loud howl'd the blaſt,
The yard-arms rattled, and each groaning maſt
Bended beneath the weight. Deep ſunk the prows,
And creaking ropes the creaking ropes oppoſe;
In vain the Pilot would the ſpeed reſtrain;
The Captain ſhouts, the Sailors toil in vain;
Aſlope and gliding on the leeward ſide
The bounding veſſels cut the roaring tide:
Soon far they paſt; and now the ſlacken'd ſail
Trembles and bellies to the gentle gale:
Till many a league before the tempeſt toſt
The treacherous Pilot ſees his purpoſe croſt:
Yet vengeful ſtill, and ſtill intent on guile,
Behold, he cries, yon dim emerging iſle:
There live the votaries of Meſſiah's lore
In faithful peace and friendſhip with the Moor.
Yet all was falſe, for there Meſſiah's name,
Reviled and ſcorn'd, was only known by fame.
The groveling natives there, a brutal herd,
The ſenſual lore of Hagar's ſon preferr'd.

or ſlavery would have been the certain fate of Gama and his companions. The villany of the Pilot was afterwards diſcovered. As Gama was endeavouring to enter the port of Mombaze his ſhip ſtruck on a ſand bank, and finding their purpoſe of bringing him into the harbour defeated, two of the Mooriſh Pilots leaped into the ſea and ſwam aſhore. Alarmed at this tacit acknowledgement of guilt, Gama ordered two other Mooriſh Pilots who remained on board to be examined by whipping, who, after ſome time, made a full confeſſion of their intended villany. This diſcovery greatly encouraged Gama and his men, who now interpreted the ſudden ſtorm which had driven them from Quiloa as a miraculous interpoſition of the Divine Providence in their favour.

With

With joy brave GAMA hears the artful tale,
Bears to the harbour, and bids furl the ſail.
Yet watchful ſtill fair Love's celeſtial Queen
Prevents the danger with a hand unſeen;
Nor paſt the bar his vent'rous veſſels guides:
And ſafe at anchor in the road he rides.

Between the iſle and Ethiopia's land
A narrow current laves each adverſe ſtrand;
Cloſe by the margin where the green tide flows,
Full to the bay a lordly city roſe:
With fervid blaze the glowing Evening pours
It's purple ſplendors o'er the lofty towers;
The lofty towers with milder luſtre gleam,
And gently tremble in the glaſſy ſtream.
Here reign'd an hoary King of ancient fame;
Mombaze the town, Mombaze the iſland's name.

As when the Pilgrim, who with weary pace
Through lonely waſtes untrod by human race,
For many a day diſconſolate has ſtray'd,
The turf his bed, the wild-wood boughs his ſhade,
O'erjoy'd beholds the cheerful ſeats of men
In grateful proſpect riſing on his ken:
So GAMA joy'd, who many a dreary day
Had trac'd the vaſt, the loneſome watery way,

Had

Had ſeen new ſtars, unknown to Europe, riſe,
And brav'd the horrors of the polar ſkies:
So joy'd his bounding heart, when proudly rear'd
The ſplendid City o'er the wave appear'd,
Where heaven's own lore, he truſted, was obey'd,
And Holy Faith her ſacred rites diſplay'd.
And now ſwift crowding through the horned bay
The Mooriſh barges wing'd their foamy way:
To GAMA's fleet with friendly ſmiles they bore
The choiceſt products of their cultured ſhore.
But there fell rancour veil'd its ſerpent-head,
Though feſtive roſes o'er the gifts were ſpread.
For Bacchus veil'd, in human ſhape, was here,
And pour'd his counſel in the Sovereign's ear.

O piteous lot of Man's uncertain ſtate!
What woes on life's unhappy journey wait!
When joyful hope would graſp it's fond deſire,
The long-ſought tranſports in the graſp expire.
By ſea what treacherous calms, what ruſhing ſtorms,
And death attendant in a thouſand forms!
By land what ſtrife, what plots of ſecret guile,
How many a wound from many a treacherous ſmile!
O where ſhall Man eſcape his numerous foes,
And reſt his weary head in ſafe repoſe!

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE LUSIAD.

BOOK II.

THE fervent luſtre of the evening ray
Behind the weſtern hills now died away,
And night aſcending from the dim-brow'd eaſt,
The twilight gloom with deeper ſhades increaſt;
When GAMA heard the creaking of the oar,
And markt the white waves lengthening from the ſhore.
In many a ſkiff the eager natives came,
Their ſemblance friendſhip, but deceit their aim.
And now by GAMA's anchor'd ſhips they ride,
And, Hail illuſtrious Chief, their Leader cried,
Your fame already theſe our regions own,
How your bold prows from worlds to us unknown

Have braved the horrors of the ſouthern main,
Where ſtorms and darkneſs held their endleſs reign,
Whoſe whelmy waves our weſtward prows have barr'd
From oldeſt times, and ne'er before were dar'd
By boldeſt Leader: Earneſt to behold
The wond'rous Hero of a toil ſo bold,
To you the Sovereign of theſe iſlands ſends
The holy vows of peace, and hails you Friends.
If friendſhip you accept, whate'er kind heaven
In various bounty to theſe ſhores has given,
Whate'er your wants, your wants ſhall here ſupply,
And ſafe in port your gallant fleet ſhall lie;
Safe from the dangers of the faithleſs tide,
And ſudden burſting ſtorms, by you untry'd;
Yours every bounty of the fertile ſhore,
'Till balmy reſt your wearied ſtrength reſtore.
Or if your toils and ardent hopes demand
The various treaſures of the Indian ſtrand,
The fragrant cinnamon, the glowing clove,
And all the riches of the ſpicy grove;
Or drugs of power the fever's rage to bound,
And give ſoft langour to the ſmarting wound;
Or if the ſplendor of the diamond's rays,
The ſapphire's azure, or the ruby's blaze,
Invite your ſails to ſearch the Eaſtern world,
Here may theſe ſails in happy hour be furl'd:

For

For here the ſplendid treaſures of the mine,
And richeſt offspring the field, combine
To give each boon that human want requires,
And every gem that lofty pride deſires:
Then here, a potent King your generous friend,
Here let your per'lous toils and wandering ſearches end.

He ſaid: Brave GAMA ſmiles with heart ſincere,
And prays the herald to the king to bear
The thanks of grateful joy: But now, he cries,
The blackening evening veils the coaſt and ſkies,
And through theſe rocks unknown forbids to ſteer;
Yet when the ſtreaks of milky dawn appear
Edging the eaſtern wave with ſilver hore,
My ready prows ſhall gladly point to ſhore;
Aſſured of friendſhip, and a kind retreat,
Aſſured and proffer'd by a King ſo great.
Yet mindful ſtill of what his [a] hopes had cheer'd,
That here his nation's holy ſhrines were rear'd,

[a] ——*What his hopes had cheer'd*—— After Gama had been driven from Quiloa by a ſudden ſtorm, the aſſurances of the Mozambic pilot that the city was chiefly inhabited by Chriſtians, ſtrongly inclined him to enter the harbour of Mombaze; "Nec ullum locum (ſays Oſorius) magis opportunum curandis atque reficiendis ægrotis poſſe reperiri. Jam eo tempore bona pars eorum, qui cum Gama conſcenderant, variis morbis conſumpta fuerat, et qui evaſerant, erant gravi invaletudine debilitati. . . . . Tellus abundat fructibus et oleribus, et frugibus, et pecorum et armentorum gregibus, et aquis dulcibus. Utitur præterea mira cælitemperie. Homines vivunt admodum laute, et domos more noſtro ædificant.—Miſit rex nuncios, qui Gamam nomine illius ſalutarent. . . . Aiunt deinde regionem illam eſſe opulentiſſimam, earumque rerum omnium pleniſſimam, quarum gratia multi in Indiam navigabant. Regem adeò eſſe in illos voluntate propenſum ut nihil eſſet tam difficile, quod non ſe eorum gratia facturum polliceretur." *Oſor.*

He aſks, if certain as the Pilot told,
Meſſiah's lore had flouriſh'd there of old,
And flouriſh'd ſtill? The Herald mark'd with joy
The pious wiſh, and watchful to decoy,
Meſſiah here, he cries, has altars more
Than all the various ſhrines of other lore.
O'erjoyed brave Vasco heard the pleaſing tale,
Yet fear'd that fraud its viper-ſting might veil
Beneath the glitter of a ſhew ſo fair;
He half believes the tale, and arms againſt the ſnare.

With [b] Gama ſail'd a bold advent'rous band,
Whoſe headlong rage had urg'd the guilty hand:
Stern Juſtice for their crimes had aſk'd their blood,
And pale in chains condemn'd to death they ſtood;
But ſav'd by Gama from the ſhameful death,
The [b] bread of peace had ſeal'd their plighted faith,

[b] Erant enim in ea claſſe decem homines capite damnati, quibus fuerat ea lege vita conceſſa, ut quibuſcunque in locis a Gama relicti fuiſſent, regiones luſtrarent, hominumque mores et inſtituta cogneſcerent. *Oſor.*

During the reign of Emmanuel, and his predeceſſor John II. few criminals were executed in Portugal. Theſe great and political princes employed the lives which were forfeited to the public in the moſt dangerous undertakings of public utility. In their foreign expeditions the condemned criminals were ſent upon the moſt hazardous emergencies. If death was their fate, it was the puniſhment they had merited: if ſucceſsful in what was required, their crimes were expiated; and often, as in the voyage of Gama, they rendered their country the greateſt atonement for their guilt, which men in their circumſtances could poſſibly make. Beſides the merit of thus rendering forfeited lives of ſervice to the community, the Portugueſe Monarchs have the honour of carrying this idea ſtill farther. They were the firſt who deviſed that moſt political of all puniſhments, tranſportation to foreign ſettlements. India and the Brazils received their criminals; many of whom became afterwards uſeful members to ſociety. When the ſubject thus obtrudes the occaſion, a ſhort digreſſion, it is hoped, will be pardoned. While every feeling breaſt muſt be pleaſed with the wiſdom and humanity of the Portugueſe monarchs, indignation and regret muſt riſe on the view of

The deſolate coaſt, when ordered, to explore,
And dare each danger of the hoſtile ſhore:
From this bold band he choſe the ſubtleſt two,
The port, the city, and its ſtrength to view,
To mark if fraud its ſecret head betrayed,
Or if the rites of heaven were there diſplayed.
With coſtly gifts, as of their truth ſecure,
The pledge that GAMA deem'd their faith was pure,
Theſe two his Heralds to the King he ſends:
The faithleſs Moors depart as ſmiling friends.
Now thro' the wave they cut their foamy way,
Their chearful ſongs reſounding through the bay:
And now on ſhore the wondering natives greet,
And fondly hail the ſtrangers from the fleet.
The Prince their gifts with friendly vows receives,
And joyful welcome to the Luſians gives;
Where'er they paſs, the joyful tumult bends,
And through the town the glad applauſe attends.
But he whoſe cheeks with youth immortal ſhone,
The God whoſe wondrous birth two mothers own,
Whoſe rage had ſtill the wandering fleet annoyed,
Now in the town his guileful rage employed.

of the preſent ſtate of the penal laws of England. What multitudes every year, in the prime of their life, end their days by the hand of the executioner! That the Legiſlature *might* deviſe means to make the greateſt part of theſe lives uſeful to ſociety, is a fact, which ſurely cannot be diſputed; —— though perhaps the remedy of an evil ſo ſhocking to humanity, may be at ſome diſtance.

A Chriſtian

A Chriſtian prieſt he ſeem'd; a ſumptuous [c] ſhrine
He rear'd, and tended with the rites divine:
O'er the fair altar waved the croſs on high,
Upheld by angels leaning from the ſky;
Deſcending o'er the Virgin's ſacred head
So white, ſo pure, the Holy Spirit ſpread
The dove-like pictured wings, ſo pure, ſo white;
And, hovering o'er the choſen twelve, alight
The tongues of hallowed fire. Amazed, oppreſt,
With ſacred awe their troubled looks confeſt
The inſpiring Godhead, and the prophet's glow,
Which gave each language from their lips to flow.
Where thus the guileful Power his magic wrought,
De Gama's heralds by the guides are brought:
On bended knees low to the earth they fall,
And to the Lord of heaven in tranſport call;
While the feign'd Prieſt awakes the cenſer's fire,
And clouds of incenſe round the ſhrine aſpire.
With chearful welcome here, careſs'd, they ſtay,
Till bright Aurora, meſſenger of day,
Walk'd forth; and now the ſun's reſplendent rays,
Yet half emerging o'er the waters, blaze,

[c] *On it, the picture of that ſhape he plac't,*
In which the Holy Spirit did alight,
The picture of the Dove, ſo white, ſo chaſte,
On the bleſt Virgin's head, ſo chaſte, ſo white.

In theſe lines, the beſt of all Fanſhaw, the happy repetition "ſo chaſte, ſo white," is a beauty which, though not contained in the original, the preſent tranſlator was unwilling to loſe.

When

When to the fleet the Mooriſh oars again
Daſh the curl'd waves, and waft the guileful train:
The lofty decks they mount. With joy elate,
Their friendly welcome at the palace-gate,
The King's ſincerity, the people's care,
And treaſures of the coaſt the ſpies declare:
Nor paſt untold what moſt their joys inſpired,
What moſt to hear the valiant Chief deſired,
That their glad eyes had ſeen the rites divine,
Their country's worſhip, and the ſacred ſhrine.
The pleaſing tale the joyful GAMA hears;
Dark fraud no more his generous boſom fears:
As friends ſincere, himſelf ſincere, he gives
The hand of welcome, and the Moors receives.
And now, as conſcious of the deſtin'd prey,
The faithleſs race, with ſmiles and geſtures gay,
Their ſkiffs forſaking, GAMA's ſhips aſcend,
And deep to ſtrike the treacherous blow attend.
On ſhore the truthleſs Monarch arms his bands,
And for the fleet's approach impatient ſtands;
That ſoon as anchor'd in the port they rode
Brave GAMA's decks might reek with Luſian blood:
Thus weening to revenge Mozambic's fate,
And give full ſurfeit to the Mooriſh hate;
And now, their bowſprits bending to the bay,
The joyful crew the ponderous anchors weigh,

Their

Their ſhouts the while reſounding. To the gale
With eager hands they ſpread the fore-maſt ſail.
But Love's fair Queen the ſecret fraud beheld:
Swift as an arrow o'er the battle-field,
From heaven ſhe darted to the watery plain,
And call'd the ſea-born Nymphs, a lovely train,
From Nereus ſprung; the ready Nymphs obey,
Proud [e] of her kindred birth, and own her ſway.
She tells what ruin threats her fav'rite race;
Unwonted ardour glows on every face;
With keen rapidity they bound away,
Daſh'd by their ſilver limbs, the billows grey

[e] *Proud of her kindred birth*—The French tranſlator has the following note on this place, "*Cet endroit eſt l'un de ceux qui montrent combien l'Auteur eſt habile dans la mythologie, et en même tems combien de pénétration ſon allégorie demande. Il y a bien peu de gens, qui en liſant ici,* &c.——This is one of the places which diſcover our Author's intimate acquaintance with Mythology, and at the ſame time how much attention his allegory requires. Many readers, on finding that the protectreſs of the Luſians ſprung from the ſea, would be apt to exclaim, Behold, the birth of the terreſtrial Venus! How can a nativity ſo diſgraceful be aſcribed to the celeſtial Venus, who repreſents Religion? I anſwer, that Camoens had not his eye on thoſe fables, which derive the birth of Venus from the foam of the waves, mixed with the blood which flowed from the diſhoneſt wound of Saturn; he carries his views higher; his Venus is from a fable more noble. Nigidius relates, that two fiſhes one day conveyed an egg to the ſea ſhore: This egg was hatched by two pigeons whiter than ſnow, and gave birth to the Aſſyrian Venus, which, in the Pagan theology, is the ſame with the celeſtial: She inſtructed mankind in Religion, gave them the leſſons of virtue and the laws of equity. Jupiter, in reward of her labours, promiſed to grant her whatever ſhe deſired. She prayed him to give immortality to the two fiſhes, who had been inſtrumental in her birth, and the fiſhes were accordingly placed in the Zodiac. . . . . This fable agrees perfectly with Religion, as I could clearly ſhew; but I think it more proper to leave to the ingenious reader the pleaſure of tracing the allegory." Thus *Caſtera.*—Beſides the above, Mythology gives two other accounts of the origin of the ſign Piſces. When Venus and Cupid fled from the rage of Typhon, they were ſaved by two fiſhes, who carried them over the river Euphrates. The fiſhes, in return, were placed in the Zodiac. Another fable ſays that, that favour was obtained by Neptune for the two Dolphins, who firſt brought him his beloved Amphitrite. This variety in the Pagan Mythology is, at leaſt, a proof that the allegory of a Poet ought not, without full examination, to be condemned on the appearance of inconſiſtency.

Foam

Foam round: Fair Doto, fir'd with rage divine,
Darts through the wave; and onward o'er the brine
The [f] lovely Nyſe and Nerine ſpring
With all the vehemence and the ſpeed of wing.
The curving billows to their breaſts divide,
And give a yielding paſſage through the tide.
With furious ſpeed the Goddeſs ruſh'd before;
Her beauteous form a joyful Triton bore,
Whoſe eager face, with glowing rapture fired,
Betray'd the pride which ſuch a taſk inſpired.
And now arriv'd, where to the whiſtling wind
The warlike Navy's bending maſts reclin'd,
As through the billows ruſh'd the ſpeedy prows,
The nymphs, dividing, each her ſtation choſe.

[f] *Doto, Nyſe, and Nerine* — Cloto, or Clotho, as Caſtera obſerves, has by ſome error crept into almoſt all the Portugueſe editions of the Luſiad. Clotho was one of the Fates, and neither Heſiod, Homer, nor Virgil have given ſuch a name to any of the Nereides; but in the ninth Æneid Doto is mentioned,

——— *Magnique jubebo*
Æquoris eſſe Deas, qualis Nereïa Doto
Et Galatea ſecat ſpumantem pectore pontum.

The Nereides, in the Luſiad, ſays Caſtera, are the virtues divine and human. In the firſt book they accompany the Portugueſe fleet;

——— *before the bounding prows*
The lovely forms of ſea-born nymphs aroſe.

"And without doubt, ſays he, this allegory, in a lively manner, repreſents the condition of mankind. The virtues languiſh in repoſe; adverſities animate and awake them. The fleet ſailing before a favourable wind is followed by the Nereides, but the Nereides are ſcattered about in the ſea. When danger becomes imminent, Venus, or Religion, aſſembles them to its ſafety." That this manner of allegory is in the true ſpirit of Homer, ſee the note on the allegorical machinery of that great father of poetry, near the end of the ſixth Luſiad. The following, from Caſtera, is indeed highly pedantic. "Doto, continues he, is derived "from the verb Δίδωμι, *I give*. Accord- "ing to this etymology Doto is Charity. "Nyſe is Hope, and Nerine Faith. For "the name Nyſe comes from Νέω, *I ſwim*. "For the action of Hope agrees with that "of ſwimming, and is the ſymbol of it. "Nerine is a term compoſed of νήρις, an "old word, which ſignifies *the waters of "the ſea*, and of εἶρη, *a file*; as if one "ſhould ſay, *the file of the ſea waters*, a "myſterious expreſſion, applicable to Faith, "which is the file of our ſoul, and which "is rendered perfect by the water of bap- "tiſm." Our French Paraphriſt wiſely adds, that perhaps ſome perſons may deſpiſe this etymology, but that for his part, he is unwilling to reject it, as it tends to unravel the allegory of his author.

Againſt the Leader's prow, her lovely breaſt
With more than mortal force the Goddeſs preſt;
The ſhip recoiling trembles on the tide,
The nymphs in help pour round on every ſide,
From the dread bar the threaten'd keels to ſave;
The ſhip bounds up, half lifted from the wave,
And, trembling, hovers o'er the watery grave.
As when alarm'd, to ſave the hoarded grain,
The care-earn'd ſtore for Winter's dreary reign,
So toil, ſo tug, ſo pant, the labouring Emmet train.
So toil'd the Nymphs, and ſtrain'd their panting force
To turn[s] the Navy from its fatal courſe:
Back, back the ſhip recedes; in vain the crew
With ſhouts on ſhouts their various toils renew;
In vain each nerve, each nautic art they ſtrain,
And the rough wind diſtends the ſail in vain:
Enraged, the Sailors ſee their labours croſt;
From ſide to ſide the reeling helm is toſt;
High on the poop the ſkilful maſter ſtands;
Sudden he ſhrieks aloud, and ſpreads his hands——
A lurking rock its dreadful rifts betrays,
And right before the prow its ridge diſplays;
Loud ſhrieks of horror from the yard-arms riſe,
And a dire general yell invades the ſkies.

[s] Imitated from Virgil.

Cymothoë ſimul, et Triton adnixus acuto
Detrudunt naves ſcopulo.——VIRG. Æn. I.

The

The Moors ſtart, fear-ſtruck, at the horrid ſound,
As if the rage of combat roar'd around.
Pale are their lips, each look in wild amaze
The horror of detected guilt betrays.
Pierc'd by the glance of GAMA's awful eyes
The conſcious Pilot quits the helm and flies,
From the high deck he plunges in the brine;
His mates their ſafety to the waves conſign;
Daſh'd by their plunging falls on every ſide
Foams and boils up around the rolling tide.
Thus [h] the hoarſe tenants of the ſylvan lake,
A Lycian race of old, to flight betake;
At every ſound they dread Latona's hate,
And doubled vengeance of their former fate;

[h] *Thus the hoarſe tenants* ——— Latona, ſays the fable, flying from the ſerpent Python, and faint with thirſt, came to a pond, where ſome Lycian peaſants were cutting the bulruſhes. In revenge of the inſults which they offered her in preventing her to drink, ſhe changed them into frogs. This fable, ſays Caſtera, like almoſt all the reſt, is drawn from hiſtory. Philocorus, as cited by Boccace, relates, that the Rhodians having declared war againſt the Lycians, were aſſiſted by ſome troops from Delos, who carried the image of Latona on their ſtandards. A detachment of theſe going to drink at a lake in Lycia, a croud of peaſants endeavoured to prevent them. An encounter enſued; the peaſants fled to the lake for ſhelter, and were there ſlain. Some months afterwards their companions came in ſearch of their corpſes, and finding an unuſual quantity of frogs, imagined, according to the ſuperſtition of their age, that the ſouls of their friends appeared to them under that metamorphoſis.

Is it allowable in Epic Poetry to introduce a compariſon taken from a low image? This is a queſtion which has exerciſed the abilities of Critics and Tranſlators, till criticiſm has degenerated into trifling, and learning into pedantry. To ſome it may perhaps appear needleſs to vindicate Camoens, in a point wherein he is ſupported by the authority of Homer and Virgil. Yet as many readers are infected with the *ſang froid* of a Rollin or a Perrault, an obſervation in defence of our Poet cannot be thought impertinent. If we examine the fineſt effuſions of genius, we ſhall find, that the moſt genuine poetical feeling has often dictated thoſe ſimilies which are drawn from familiar and low objects. The Sacred Writers, and the greateſt Poets of every nation, have uſed them. We may therefore conclude, that the criticiſm which condemns them is a refinement not founded on Nature. But, allowing them admiſſible, it muſt be obſerved, that to render them pleaſing requires a peculiar happineſs and delicacy of management. When the Poet attains this

All ſudden plunging leave the margin green,
And but their heads above the pool are ſeen.
So plung'd the Moors, when, horrid to behold!
From the bar'd rock's dread jaws the billows roll'd,
Opening in inſtant fate the fleet to whelm,
When ready Vasco caught the ſtaggering helm:
Swift as his lofty voice reſounds aloud
The ponderous anchors daſh the whitening flood,
And round his veſſel, nodding o'er the tide,
His other ſhips, bound by their anchors, ride.
And now revolving in his piercing thought
Theſe various ſcenes with hidden import fraught;
The boaſtful Pilot's ſelf-accuſing flight,
The former treaſon of the Mooriſh ſpight;
How headlong to the rock the furious wind,
The boiling current, and their art combin'd,
Yet though the groaning blaſt the canvas ſwell'd,
Some wondrous cauſe, unknown, their ſpeed witheld:
Amaz'd, with hands high rais'd, and ſparkling eyes,
A[1] miracle! the raptur'd Gama cries,

indiſpenſible point, he gives a ſtriking proof of his elegance, and of his maſterſhip in his art. That the ſimilies of the Emmets and of the Frogs in Camoens are happily expreſſed and applied, is indiſputable. In that of the Frogs there is a peculiar propriety, both in the compariſon itſelf, and in the alluſion to the fable; as it was the intent of the Poet to repreſent not only the flight, but the baſeneſs of the Moors. The ſimilie he ſeems to have copied from Dante, Inf. Cant. 9.

Come le rane innanzi a la nemica
Biſcia per l'acqua ſi dileguan' tutte
Fin che a la terra ciaſcuna s'abbic.

And Cant. 22.

E come a l'orlo de l'acqua d'un foſſo
Stan' li ranocchi pur col muſo fuori
Si' che celano i piedi, e l'altro groſſo.

[1] *A miracle*——Oſorius gives the following account of this adventure. Talking of the two Exiles whom Gama had ſent on ſhore; Rex læta et hilari fronte exules accepit, imperavitque domeſticis ſuis, ut illis urbis

A miracle! O hail thou ſacred ſign,
Thou pledge illuſtrious of the Care Divine!
Ah! fraudful Malice! how ſhall Wiſdom's care
Eſcape the poiſon of thy gilded ſnare!
The front of honeſty, the ſaintly ſhew,
The ſmile of friendſhip, and the holy vow;
All, all conjoin'd our eaſy faith to gain,
To whelm us, ſhipwreck'd, in the ruthleſs main;
But where our prudence no deceit could ſpy,
There, heavenly Guardian, there thy watchful eye
Beheld our danger: ſtill, O ſtill prevent,
Where human foreſight fails, the dire intent,
The lurking treaſon of the ſmiling foe;
And let our toils, our days of lengthening woe,
Our weary wanderings end. If ſtill for thee,
To ſpread thy rites, our toils and vows agree,
On India's ſtrand thy ſacred ſhrines to rear,
Oh, let ſome friendly land of reſt appear!

urbis ſitum et pulchritudinem demonſtrarent. Ubi vero reverſi ſunt, Rex multa aromatum genera, quæ ex India deportari ſolent, illis oſtentat, et quantulum viſum eſt donat, ut Gamæ monſtrare poſſent, et admonere, quanto eſſet utilius apud Regem amicum rem gerere, quàm vitam tam periculoſæ navigationi committere. Cum his mandatis redeunt exules in claſſem, Gama mirificè lætatus eſt, et poſtridie anchoras tolli jubet, et naves prope urbem conſtitui. Cùm verò illius navis æſtus incitati vi celerius, quam commodum eſſet, inveheretur, timens ille nè in vadum incideret, vela contrahere et anchoras demittere confeſtim juſſit. . . . . Quo facto Mozambiquenſes gubernatores metu repentino perculſi, ſe præcipites in mare dejiciunt, et ad lintres quaſdam, quæ non procul aberat, nando confugiunt. . . . . At Gama magnis vocibus ad eos, qui in lintribus erant, inclamavit, ut ſibi ſuos gubernatores redderent: at illi clamores illius aſpernati, gubernatores in terram expoſuerunt. Hic Gama cum et conjectura, et aliquo etiam Arabis gubernatoris indicio, et multis præterea ſignis, perſpexiſſet è quanto periculo fuiſſet auxilio divino liberatus, manus in cœlum ſuſtulit. Barros and Caſtaneda, in relating this part of the voyage of Gama, ſay, that the fleet, juſt as they were entering the port of Mombaſſa were driven back, as it were, by an inviſible hand. The ſafety of the Armada depended upon this circumſtance.

If for thine honour we theſe toils have dar'd,
Theſe toils let India's long-ſought ſhore reward!

So ſpoke the Chief: the pious accents move
The gentle boſom of Celeſtial Love:
The beauteous Queen to heaven now darts away;
In vain the weeping nymphs implore her ſtay:
Behind her now the morning ſtar ſhe leaves,
And the [k] ſixth heaven her lovely form receives.
Her radiant eyes ſuch living ſplendors caſt,
The ſparkling ſtars were brighten'd as ſhe paſt;
The frozen pole with ſudden ſtreamlets flow'd,
And as the burning zone with fervor glow'd.
And now, confeſt before the throne of Jove,
In all her charms appears the Queen of Love:
Fluſh'd by the ardour of her rapid flight
Through fields of æther and the realms of light,
Bright as the bluſhes of the roſeate morn,
New blooming tints her glowing cheeks adorn;
And all that pride of beauteous grace ſhe wore,
As [l] when in Ida's bower ſhe ſtood of yore,

[k] As the planet of Jupiter is in the ſixth heaven, the Author has with propriety there placed the throne of that God. Caſtera.

[l] *As when in Ida's bower ſhe ſtood of yore.* ——" *J'entends les cenſeurs,* ſays Caſtera, " *ſe récrier que cet endroit-ci ne convient* " *nullement à la Venus celeſte.* —I am aware " of the objection, that this paſſage is by " no means applicable to the celeſtial " Venus. I anſwer once for all, that the " names and adventures of the Pagan Di- " vinities are ſo blended and uncertain in " Mythology, that a Poet is at great li- " berty to adapt them to his allegory as he " pleaſes. Even the fables, which to " thoſe who penetrate no deeper than the " Rhind, may appear as profane, even " theſe contain hiſtorical, phyſical, and " moral truths, which fully attone for the " ſeeming licenciouſneſs of the letter.

" cou

When every charm and every hope of joy
Enraptured and allured the Trojan boy.
Ah! [m] had that hunter, whoſe unhappy fate
The human viſage loſt by Dian's hate,
Had he beheld this fairer goddeſs move
Not hounds had ſlain him, but the fires of love.
Adown her neck, more white than virgin ſnow,
Of ſofteſt hue the golden treſſes flow;
Her heaving breaſts of purer, ſofter white,
Than ſnow hills gliſtening in the moon's pale light,
Except where covered by the ſaſh, were bare,
And [n] Love, unſeen, ſmil'd ſoft, and panted there.
Nor leſs the zone the god's fond zeal employs;
The zone awakes the flame of ſecret joys.

" could prove this in many inſtances, but " let the preſent ſuffice. Paris, ſon of " Priam, king of Troy, ſpent his firſt " years as a ſhepherd in the country. At " this time Juno, Minerva, and Venus diſ- " puted for the apple of gold, which was " deſtined to be given to the moſt beautiful " goddeſs. They conſented that Paris " ſhould be their judge. His equity claim- " ed this honour. He ſaw them all naked. " Juno promiſed him riches, Minerva the " ſciences, but he decided in favour of " Venus, who promiſed him the poſſeſſion " of the moſt beautiful woman. What a " ray of light is contained in this philoſo- " phical fable! Paris repreſents a ſtudious " man, who, in the ſilence of ſolitude, " ſeeks the ſupreme good. Juno is the " emblem of riches and dignities, Minerva, " that of the ſciences purely human, Venus " is that of Religion, which contains the " ſciences both human and divine; the " charming female, which ſhe promiſes to " the Trojan ſhepherd, is that Divine Wiſ- " dom which gives tranquility of heart. " A Judge ſo philoſophical as Paris would " not heſitate a moment to whom to give " the apple of gold."

[m] *Ah, had that hunter* —— " The alle- " gory of Camoens is here obvious. If " Acteon, and the ſlaves of their violent " paſſions could diſcover the beauties of " true religion, they would be aſtoniſhed " and reclaimed; according to the expreſ- " ſion of Seneca, *Si virtus cerni poſſet* " *oculis corporeis, omnes ad amorem ſuum* " *pelliceret.* Caſtera.

[n] *And Love, unſeen* —— " That is Divine " Love, which always accompanies Reli- " gion. Behold how our Author inſinuates " the excellence of his moral!" *Caſtera.*

Camoens, as obſerved in the preface, has twice aſſerted, that his machinery is allegorical. The Poet's aſſertion, and the taſte of the age in which he wrote, ſufficiently vindicate the *Endeavour* to unravel and explain the allegory of the Luſiad.

As ivy tendrils, round her limbs divine
Their ſpreading arms the young deſires entwine:
Below her waiſt, and quivering on the gale,
Of thinneſt texture flows the ſilken veil:
(Ah! where the lucid curtain dimly ſhows,
With doubled fires the roving fancy glows!)
The hand of modeſty the foldings threw,
Nor all conceal'd, nor all was given to view.
Yet her deep grief her lovely face betrays,
Though on her cheek the ſoft ſmile faultering plays.
All heaven was mov'd—as when ſome damſel coy,
Hurt by the rudeneſs of the amorous boy,
Offended chides and ſmiles; with angry mien
Thus mixt with ſmiles, advanc'd the plaintive queen;
And ° thus: O Thunderer! O potent Sire!
Shall I in vain thy kind regard require!
Alas! and cheriſh ſtill the fond deceit,
That yet on me thy kindeſt ſmiles await!
Ah heaven! and muſt that valour which I love
Awake the vengeance and the rage of Jove!
Yet mov'd with pity for my fav'rite race
I ſpeak, though frowning on thine awful face
I mark the tenor of the dread decree,
That to thy wrath conſigns my Sons and Me.

° *And thus, O Thunderer* —— The following ſpeech of Venus and the reply of Jupiter, are a fine imitation from the firſt Æneid, and do great honour to the Claſſical taſte of the Portugueſe Poet.

Yes!

Yes! let ſtern Bacchus bleſs thy partial care,
His be the triumph, and be mine deſpair.
The bold advent'rous ſons of Tago's clime
I loved—alas! that love is now their crime:
O happy they, and proſp'rous gales their fate,
Had I purſued them with relentleſs hate!
Yes! let my woeful ſighs in vain implore,
Yes! let them periſh on ſome barb'rous ſhore,
For I have loved them—Here, the ſwelling ſigh
And pearly tear-drop ruſhing in her eye,
As morning dew hangs trembling on the roſe,
Though fond to ſpeak, her farther ſpeech oppoſe—
Her lips, then moving, as the pauſe of woe
Were now to give the voice of grief to flow;
When kindled by thoſe charms, whoſe woes might move,
And melt the prowling Tyger's rage to love,
The thundering God her weeping ſorrows ey'd,
And ſudden threw his awful ſtate aſide:
With that mild look which ſtills the driving ſtorm,
When black roll'd clouds the face of heaven deform;
With that mild viſage and benignant mien
Which to the ſky reſtores the blue ſerene,
Her ſnowy neck and glowing cheek he preſt,
And wip'd her tears, and claſp'd her to his breaſt:
Yet ſhe, ſtill ſighing, dropt the trickling tear,
As the chid nurſling mov'd with pride and fear,

Still ſighs and moans, though fondled and careſt;
Till thus great Jove the Fates' decrees confeſt:
O thou, my daughter, ſtill belov'd as fair,
Vain are thy fears, thy heroes claim my care:
No power of gods could e'er my heart incline,
Like one fond ſmile, one powerful tear of thine.
Wide o'er the Eaſtern ſhores ſhalt thou behold
The flags far ſtreaming, and thy thunders roll'd;
While nobler triumphs ſhall thy nation crown,
Than thoſe of Roman or of Greek renown.

If by mine aid the ſapient Greek could brave
The Ogycian ſeas, nor [p] ſink a deathleſs ſlave;
If through th' Illyrian ſhelves Antenor bore,
Till ſafe he landed on Timavus' ſhore;
If, by his fate, the pious Trojan led,
Safe through Charibdis's barking whirlpools ſped:
Shall thy bold Heroes, by my care diſclaim'd,
Be left to periſh, who, to worlds unnam'd
By vaunting Rome, purſue their dauntleſs way?
No—ſoon ſhalt thou with raviſh'd eyes ſurvey,
From ſtream to ſtream their lofty cities ſpread,
And their proud turrets rear the warlike head:

[p] ——*Nor ſink a deathleſs ſlave*—— i. e. The ſlave of Calypſo, who offered Ulyſſes immortality on condition he would live with her.

The

The ſtern-brow'd Turk ſhall bend the ſuppliant knee,
And Indian Monarchs, now ſecure and free,
Beneath thy potent Monarch's yoke ſhall bend,
Till thy juſt Laws wide o'er the Eaſt extend.
Thy Chief, who now in Error's circling maze,
For India's ſhore through ſhelves and tempeſts ſtrays;
That Chief ſhalt thou behold, with lordly pride,
O'er Neptune's trembling realm triumphant ride.
O wondrous fate! when not a breathing [9] gale
Shall curl the billows, or diſtend the ſail,
The wave ſhall boil and tremble, aw'd with dread,
And own the terror o'er their empire ſpread.
That hoſtile coaſt, with various ſtreams ſupplied,
Whoſe treacherous ſons the fountain's gifts deny'd;
That coaſt ſhalt thou behold his Port ſupply,
Where oft thy weary fleets in reſt ſhall lie.
Each ſhore which weav'd for him the ſnares of death,
To him theſe ſhores ſhall pledge their offer'd faith;
To him their haughty Lords ſhall lowly bend,
And yield him tribute for the name of friend.

[9] ——*When not a breathing gale ſhall curl the billows*—After the Portugueſe had made great conqueſts in India, Gama had the honour to be appointed Viceroy. In 1524, as he ſailed thither to take poſſeſſion of his government, his fleet was becalmed on the coaſt of Cambaya, and the ſhips ſtood motionleſs on the water: inſtantly, without the leaſt change of weather, the waves were ſhaken with the moſt violent agitation. The ſhips were toſſed about; the ſailors were terrified, and in the utmoſt confuſion, thinking themſelves loſt; when Gama, perceiving it to be the effect of an earthquake, with his wonted heroiſm and prudence, exclaimed, "*Of what are you afraid? Do you not ſee how the Ocean trembles under its Sovereigns!*" Barros, L. 9. C. 1. and Faria (tom. 1. C. 9.) who ſays, that ſuch as lay ſick of fevers were cured by the fright.

The Red-ſea wave ſhall darken in the ſhade
Of thy broad ſails in frequent pomp diſplay'd;
Thine eyes ſhall ſee the golden Ormuz' ſhore,
Twice thine, twice conquered, while the furious Moor,
Amazed, ſhall view his arrows backward [r] driven,
Showered on his legions by the hand of heaven.
Though twice aſſailed by many a vengeful band,
Unconquered ſtill ſhall Dio's ramparts ſtand;
Such proweſs there ſhall raiſe the Luſian name
That Mars ſhall tremble for his blighted fame;
There ſhall the Moors, blaſpheming, ſink in death,
And curſe their Prophet with their parting breath.

Where Goa's warlike ramparts frown on high,
Pleas'd ſhalt thou ſee thy Luſian banners fly;
The Pagan tribes in chains ſhall crowd her gate,
While ſhe ſublime ſhall tower in regal ſtate,
The fatal ſcourge, the dread of all who dare
Againſt thy ſons to plan the future war.
Though few thy troops who Conanour ſuſtain,
The foe, though numerous, ſhall aſſault in vain.
Great Calicut, for potent hoſts renown'd,
By Liſboa's ſons aſſail'd ſhall ſtrew the ground:

[r] ——*his arrows backward driven*—— Both Barros and Caſtaneda relate this fact. Albuquerk, during the war of Ormuz, having given battle to the Perſians and Moors, by the violence of a ſudden wind the arrows of the latter were driven back upon themſelves, whereby many of their troops were wounded.

What

What floods on floods of vengeful hoſts ſhall wage
On Cochin's walls their ſwift repeated rage!
In vain: a [s] Luſian Hero ſhall oppoſe
His dauntleſs boſom, and diſperſe the foes,
As high-ſwell'd waves, that thunder'd to the ſhock,
Diſperſe in feeble ſtreamlets from the rock.
When [t] blackening broad and far o'er Actium's tide
Auguſtus' fleets the Slave of love defy'd,
When that fallen Warrior to the combat led
The braveſt troops in Bactrian Scythia bred,
With Aſian legions, and, his ſhameful bane,
The Egyptian Queen attendant in the train;
Though Mars raged high, and all his fury pour'd,
Till with the ſtorm the boiling ſurges roar'd;
Yet ſhall thine eyes more dreadful ſcenes behold,
On burning ſurges burning ſurges roll'd,
The ſheets of fire far billowing o'er the brine,
While I my thunder to thy ſons reſign.
Thus many a ſea ſhall blaze, and many a ſhore
Reſound the horror of the combat's roar,

[s] —— *A Luſian Hero* —— Pacheco; in the ſiege of Cochin he defeated ſucceſſively ſeven numerous armies raiſed by the Zamorim for the reduction of that city.

[t] *When blackening broad and far o'er Actium's tide* ——

Hinc ope barbarica variiſque Antonius armis
Victor, ab Auroræ populis & litore rubro
Ægyptum, viresque Orientis, & ultimâ ſecum
Bactra vehit: ſequiturque nefas! Ægyptia conjux.
Unà omnes ruere, ac totum ſpumare reductis
Convulſum remis roſtriſque tridentibus æquor.
Alta petunt: pelago credas innare revulſas
Cycladas, aut montes concurrere montibus altos:
Tanta mole viri turritis puppibus inſtant.
Stupea flamma manu, teliſque volatile ferrum
Spargitur: arva nova Neptunia cæde rubeſcunt,
——*ſævit medio in certamine Mavors.*
VIRG. ÆN. VIII.

While

While thy bold prows triumphant ride along
By trembling China to the iſles unſung
By ancient bard, by ancient chief unknown,
Till Ocean's utmoſt ſhore thy bondage own.

Thus from the Ganges to the Gadian ſtrand,
From the moſt northern wave to ſouthmoſt land;
That land decreed to bear the injur'd name
Of Magalhaens, the Luſian [u] pride and ſhame;
From all that Vaſt, tho' crown'd with heroes old,
Who with the gods were demi-gods enroll'd;
From all that Vaſt no equal heroes ſhine
To match in arms, O lovely Daughter, thine.

So ſpake the awful Ruler of the ſkies,
And Maia's ſon ſwift at his mandate flies:
His charge, from treaſon and Mombaſſa's king
The weary fleet in friendly port to bring,
And while in ſleep the brave De Gama lay,
To warn, and fair the ſhore of reſt diſplay.
Fleet through the yielding air Cyllenius glides,
As to the light, the nimble air divides.

[u] *The Luſian pride and ſhame.*—Magalhaens, a moſt celebrated navigator. Neglected by John II. king of Portugal, he offered his ſervice to the kingdom of Spain, under whom he made moſt important diſcoveries round the Straits, which bear his name, and in the back parts of South America; acquirements, *which at this day are of the utmoſt value to the Spaniſh Empire.* Of this hero ſee farther, X. Luſiad, in the notes.

The

The myſtic helmet on his head he wore,
And in his right the fatal rod he [*] bore;
That rod, of power to wake the ſilent dead,
Or o'er the lids of care ſoft ſlumbers ſhed.
And now, attended by the herald Fame,
To fair Melinda's gate conceal'd he came;
And ſoon loud Rumour echoed through the town,
How from the weſtern world, from waves unknown,
A noble band had reach'd the Æthiop ſhore,
Through ſeas and dangers never dared before:
The godlike dread attempt their wonder fires,
Their generous wonder fond regard inſpires,
And all the city glows their aid to give,
To view the heroes, and their wants relieve.

'Twas now the ſolemn hour when midnight reigns,
And dimly twinkling o'er the ethereal plains
The ſtarry hoſt, by gloomy ſilence led,
O'er earth and ſea a glimmering paleneſs ſhed;
When to the fleet, which hemm'd with dangers lay,
The ſilver-wing'd Cyllenius darts away.
Each care was now in ſoft oblivion ſteep'd,
The Watch alone accuſtom'd vigils kept;

[*] ——— *The fatal rod he bore* ———
Tum virgam capit: hac animas ille evocat Orco
Pallentes, alias ſub triſtia Tartara mittit,
Dat ſomnos adimitque, & lumina morte reſignat.
VIRG. ÆN. IV.

E'en

E'en Gama, wearied by the day's alarms,
Forgets his cares, reclined in ſlumber's arms.
Scarce had he cloſed his careful eyes in reſt,
When Maia's ſon in viſion ſtood confeſt:
And fly, he cried, O Luſitanian, fly;
Here guile and treaſon every nerve apply:
An impious king for thee the toil prepares,
An impious people weave a thouſand ſnares:
Oh fly theſe ſhores, unfurl the gather'd ſail,
Lo, heaven, thy guide, commands the riſing gale;
Hark, loud it ruſtles, ſee, the gentle tide
Invites thy prows; the winds thy lingering chide.
Here ſuch dire welcome is for thee prepared
As [x] Diomed's unhappy ſtrangers ſhared;
His hapleſs gueſts at ſilent midnight bled,
On their torn limbs his ſnorting courſers fed.
Oh fly, or here with ſtrangers' blood imbrew'd
Buſiris' altars thou ſhalt find renew'd:
Amidſt his ſlaughter'd gueſts his altars ſtood
Obſcene with gore, and bark'd with human blood:
Then thou, beloved of heaven, my counſel hear;
Right by the coaſt thine onward journey ſteer,

[x] *As Diomed's unhappy ſtrangers* — Diomede, a tyrant of Thrace, who fed his horſes with human fleſh; a thing, ſays the grave Caſtera, *preſque incroyable*, almoſt incredible. Buſiris was a king of Egypt, who ſacrificed ſtrangers.

Quis — illaudati neſcit Buſiridis aras?
Virg. Geor. iii.

Hercules vanquiſhed both theſe tyrants, and put them to the ſame puniſhments which their cruelty had inflicted on others. Iſocrates compoſed an oration in honour of Buſiris; a maſterly example of Attic raillery and ſatire. To this Caſtera wiſely appeals, to prove the truth of the hiſtory of that tyrant.

Till where the ſun of noon no ſhade begets,
But day with night in equal tenor ſets.
A Sovereign there, of generous faith unſtain'd,
With ancient bounty, and with joy unfeign'd
Your glad arrival on his ſhore ſhall greet,
And ſoothe with every care your weary fleet.
And when again for India's golden ſtrand
Before the proſperous gale your ſails expand,
A ſkilful Pilot oft in danger try'd,
Of heart ſincere, ſhall prove your faithful guide.

6. Thus Hermes ſpoke, and as his flight he takes
Melting in ambient air, De Gama wakes.
Chill'd with amaze he ſtood, when through the night
With ſudden ray appear'd the burſting light;
The winds loud whizzing through the cordage ſigh'd——
Spread, ſpread the ſail, the raptured Vasco cried;
Aloft, aloft, this, this the gale of heaven;
By heaven our guide th' auſpicious ſign is given;
Mine eyes beheld the Meſſenger divine;
O fly, he cried, and gave the favouring ſign,
Here treaſon lurks.——Swift as the Captain ſpake
The mariners ſpring boarding to the deck,
And now with ſhouts far-ecchoing o'er the ſea,
Proud of their ſtrength the ponderous anchors weigh.

When [y] heaven again its guardian care diſplay'd;
Above the wave roſe many a Mooriſh head——
Conceal'd by night they gently ſwam along,
And with their weapons ſawed the cables ſtrong,
That by the ſwelling currents whirl'd and toſt,
The navy's wrecks might ſtrew the rocky coaſt:
But now diſcover'd, every nerve they ply,
And dive, and ſwift as frighten'd vermin fly.

Now through the ſilver waves that curling roſe,
And gently murmur'd round the ſloping prows,
The gallant fleet before the ſteady wind
Sweeps on, and leaves long foamy tracks behind;
While as they ſail the joyful crew relate
Their wondrous ſafety from impending fate;
And every boſom feels how ſweet the joy
When dangers paſt the grateful tongue employ.

The ſun had now his annual journey run,
And blazing forth another courſe begun,
When ſmoothly gliding o'er the hoary tide
Two ſloops afar the watchful maſter ſpied;

[y] *When heaven again its guardian care diſplay'd*—— Having mentioned the eſcape of the Mooriſh pilots, Oſorius proceeds: Rex deinde homines magno cum ſilentio ſcaphis & lintribus ſubmittebat, qui ſecuribus anchoralia nocte præciderent. Quod niſi fuiſſet à noſtris ſingulari Gamæ induſtria vigilatum, et inſidiis ſcelerati illius regis occurſum, noſtri in ſummum vitæ diſcrimen incidiſſent.

Their

Their Mooriſh make the ſeaman's art diſplay'd;
Here GAMA weens to force the Pilot's aid:
One, baſe with fear, to certain ſhipwreck flew;
The keel daſh'd on the ſhore, eſcap'd the crew.
The other bravely truſts the generous foe,
And yields, ere ſlaughter ſtruck the lifted blow,
Ere Vulcan's thunders bellowed. Yet again
The Captain's prudence and his wiſh were vain;
No Pilot here his wandering courſe to guide,
No lip to tell where rolls the Indian tide;
The voyage calm, or perilous, or afar,
Beneath what heaven, or which the guiding ſtar:
Yet this they told, that by the neighbouring bay
A potent monarch reign'd, whoſe pious ſway
For truth and nobleſt bounty far renown'd,
Still with the Stranger's grateful praiſe was crown'd.
O'erjoyed brave GAMA heard the tale, which ſeal'd
The ſacred truth that Maia's ſon reveal'd;
And bids the Pilot, warn'd by heaven his guide,
For fair Melinda turn the helm aſide.

'Twas now the jovial ſeaſon, when the morn
From Taurus flames, when Amalthea's horn
O'er hill and dale the roſe-crown'd Flora pours,
And ſcatters corn and wine, and fruits and flowers.

Right to the port their courſe the fleet purſued,
And the glad dawn that ſacred day renewed,
When with the ſpoils of vanquiſh'd death adorn'd
To heaven the Victor of the tomb return'd.
And ſoon Melinda's ſhore the ſailors ſpy;
From every maſt the purple ſtreamers fly;
Rich-figured tap'ſtry now ſupplies the ſail,
The gold and ſcarlet tremble in the gale;
The ſtandard broad its brilliant hues bewrays,
And floating on the wind wide-billowing plays;
Shrill through the air the quivering trumpet ſounds,
And the rough drum the rouſing march rebounds.
As thus regardful of the ſacred day
The feſtive Navy cut the watery way,
Melinda's ſons the ſhore in thouſands crowd,
And offering joyful welcome ſhout aloud:
And truth the voice inſpired. Unawed by fear,
With warlike pomp adorn'd, himſelf ſincere,
Now in the port the generous GAMA rides;
His ſtately veſſels range their pitchy ſides
Around their chief; the bowſprits nod the head,
And the barb'd anchors gripe the harbour's bed.
Strait to the king, as friends to generous friends,
A captive Moor the valiant GAMA ſends.
The Luſian fame the king already knew,
What gulphs unknown the fleet had labour'd through,

What

What ſhelves, what tempeſts dared: His liberal mind
Exults the Captain's manly truſt to find;
With that ennobling worth, whoſe fond employ
Befriends the brave, the Monarch owns his joy,
Entreats the Leader and his weary band
To taſte the dews of ſweet repoſe on land,
And all the riches of his cultured fields
Obedient to the nod of GAMA yields.
His care meanwhile their preſent want attends,
And various fowl, and various fruits he ſends;
The oxen low, the fleecy lambkins bleat,
And rural ſounds are ecchoed through the fleet.
His gifts with joy the valiant Chief receives,
And gifts in turn, confirming friendſhip, gives.
Here the proud ſcarlet darts its ardent rays,
And here the purple and the orange blaze:
O'er theſe profuſe the branching coral ſpread,
The [z] coral wondrous in its watery bed:
Soft there it creeps, in curving branches thrown;
In air it hardens to a precious ſtone.
With theſe an Herald, on whoſe melting tongue
The [a] copious rhet'ric of Arabia hung,

[z] *The coral wondrous in its watery bed*——
Vimen erat dum ſtagna ſubit, proceſſerat undis
Gemma fuit. CLAUD.
Sic et coralium, quo primum contigit auras,
Tempore dureſcit, mollis fuit herba ſub undis. OVID.

[a] *The copious rhet'ric of Arabia* —— There were on board Gama's fleet ſeveral perſons ſkilled in the Oriental Languages. *Oſor.*

He

He ſends, his wants and purpoſe to reveal,
And holy vows of laſting peace to ſeal.
The Monarch ſits amid his ſplendid bands,
Before the regal throne the Herald ſtands,
And thus, as eloquence his lips inſpired,
O King! he cries, for ſacred truth admired,
Ordain'd by heaven to bend the ſtubborn knees
Of haughtieſt nations to thy juſt decrees;
Fear'd as thou art, yet ſet by heaven to prove
That Empire's ſtrength reſults from Public love:
To thee, O King, for friendly aid we come;
Nor lawleſs Robbers o'er the deep we roam:
No luſt of gold could e'er our breaſts inflame
To ſcatter fire and ſlaughter where we came;
Nor ſword, nor ſpear our harmleſs hands employ
To ſeize the careleſs, or the weak deſtroy.
At our moſt potent Monarch's dread command
We ſpread the ſail from lordly Europe's ſtrand:
Through ſeas unknown, through gulphs untry'd before,
We force our journey to the Indian ſhore.

Alas, what rancour fires the human breaſt!
By what ſtern tribes are Afric's ſhores poſſeſt!
How many a wile they try'd, how many a ſnare!
Not wiſdom ſav'd us, 'twas the heaven's own care:

Not

Not harbours only, e'en the barren ſands
A place of reſt deny'd our weary bands:
From us, alas, what harm could prudence fear!
From us ſo few, their numerous friends ſo near!
While thus from ſhore to cruel ſhore long driven,
To thee conducted by a guide from heaven,
We come, O Monarch, of thy truth aſſured,
Of hoſpitable rites by heaven ſecured;
Such [a] rites as old Alcinous' palace graced,
When lorn Ulyſſes ſat his favour'd gueſt.
Nor deem, O King, that cold ſuſpicion taints
Our valiant Leader, or his wiſh prevents:
Great is our Monarch, and his dread command
To our brave Captain interdicts the land
Till Indian earth he tread: What nobler cauſe
Than loyal faith can wake thy fond applauſe,
O thou, who knoweſt the ever-preſſing weight
Of kingly [b] office, and the cares of ſtate!
And hear, ye conſcious heavens, if Gama's heart
Forget thy kindneſs, or from truth depart,

[a] See the Eighth Odyſſey, &c.

[b] *Of kingly office* — Caſtera's note on this place is ſo characteriſtical of a Frenchman, that the Reader will perhaps be pleaſed to ſee it tranſcribed. In his text he ſays, "*Toi qui occupes ſi dignement le rang ſu-preme* — In the note he thus apologiſes, "*Le Poete dit, Tens de Rey o officio, Toi qui fais le metier de Roi*—The Poet ſays, *thou who holdeſt the buſineſs of a king.* "I confeſs I found a ſtrong inclination to tranſlate this ſentence literally. I find much nobleneſs in it. However, I ſubmitted to the opinion of ſome friends, who were afraid that the ears of Frenchmen would be ſhocked at the word *buſineſs* applied to a King. It is true, nevertheleſs, that Royalty is a *buſineſs*. Philip II. of Spain was convinced of it, as we may diſcern from one of his letters. "*Hallo*, ſays he, *me muy embaraçado*, &c. "*I am ſo entangled and incumbered with the multiplicity of buſineſs, that I have not a moment to myſelf. In truth, we kings hold a laborious office, there is little reaſon to envy us.*" May the politeneſs of England never be diſguſted with the word *buſineſs* applied to a king!

The

The ſacred light ſhall periſh from the Sun,
And Rivers to the ſea ſhall ceaſe to [c] run.
He ſpoke; a murmur of applauſe ſucceeds,
And each with wonder own'd the val'rous deeds
Of that bold race, whoſe flowing vanes had wav'd
Beneath ſo many a Sky, ſo many an Ocean brav'd.
Nor leſs the King their loyal faith reveres,
And Liſboa's Lord in awful ſtate appears,
Whoſe leaſt command on fartheſt ſhores obey'd,
His ſovereign grandeur to the world diſplay'd.
Elate with joy, uproſe the royal Moor,
And, ſmiling, thus,—O welcome to my ſhore!
If yet in you the fear of treaſon dwell,
Far from your thoughts th' ungenerous fear expel:
Still with the brave, the brave will honour find,
And equal ardour will their friendſhip bind.

[c] *The Herald's ſpeech* —— The propriety and artfulneſs of Homer's ſpeeches have been often and juſtly admired. Camoens is peculiarly happy in the ſame department of the Epopœia. The ſpeech of Gama's herald to the King of Melinda is a ſtriking inſtance of it. The compliments with which it begins have a direct tendency to the favours afterwards to be aſked. The aſſurance of the innocence, the purpoſe of the Voyagers, and the greatneſs of their king, are happily touched. The exclamation on the barbarous treatment they had experienced, "Not wiſdom ſaved us, but heaven's own care," are maſterly inſinuations. Their barbarous treatment is again repeated in a manner to move compaſſion: Alas! what could they fear, &c. is reaſoning joined with the pathos. That they were conducted to the King of Melinda by heaven, and were by heaven aſſured of his truth, is a moſt delicate compliment, and in the true ſpirit of the Epic Poem. The alluſion to Alcinous is well timed. The apology for Gama's refuſal to come on ſhore, is exceeding artful. It conveys a proof of the greatneſs of the Portugueſe Sovereign, and affords a compliment to Loyalty, which could not fail to be acceptable to a Monarch. In ſhort, the whole of the ſpeech ſupplicates warmly, but at the ſame time in the moſt manly manner; and the adjuration concludes it with all the appearance of warmth and ſincerity. Euſtathius would have written a whole chapter on ſuch a ſpeech in the Iliad or Odyſſey.

But thoſe who ſpurn'd you, men alone in ſhew,
Rude as the beſtial herd, no worth they know;
Such dwell not here: and ſince your laws require
Obedience ſtrict, I yield my fond deſire.
Though much I wiſh'd your Chief to grace my board,
Fair be his duty to his ſovereign Lord:
Yet when the morn walks forth with dewy feet
My barge ſhall waft me to the warlike fleet;
There ſhall my longing eyes the heroes view,
And holy vows the mutual peace renew.
What from the bluſtering winds and lengthening tide
Your ſhips have ſuffer'd, ſhall be here ſupply'd.
Arms and proviſions I myſelf will ſend,
And, great of ſkill, a Pilot ſhall attend.

So ſpoke the King: And now, with purpled ray,
Beneath the ſhining wave the god of day
Retiring, left the evening ſhades to ſpread;
And to the fleet the joyful herald ſped:
To find ſuch friends each breaſt with rapture glows,
The feaſt is kindled, and the goblet flows;
The trembling comet's imitated rays
Bound to the ſkies, and trail a ſparkling blaze:
The vaulting bombs awake their ſleeping fire,
And like the Cyclops' bolts, to heaven aſpire:

The Bombadeers their roaring engines ply,
And earth and ocean thunder to the ſky.
The trump and fyfe's ſhrill clarion far around
The glorious muſic of the fight reſound.
Nor leſs the joy Melinda's ſons diſplay,
The ſulphur burſts in many an ardent ray,
And to the heaven aſcends in whizzing gyres,
And Ocean flames with artificial fires.
In feſtive war the ſea and land engage,
And ecchoing ſhouts confeſs the joyful rage.
So paſt the night: and now with ſilvery ray
The Star of morning uſhers in the day.
The ſhadows fly before the roſeate hours,
And the chill dew hangs glittering on the flowers:
The pruning hook or humble ſpade to wield,
The chearful labourer haſtens to the field;
When to the fleet with many a ſounding oar
The Monarch ſails; the natives croud the ſhore.
Their various robes in one bright ſplendor join,
The purple blazes, and the gold-ſtripes ſhine;
Nor as ſtern warriors with the quivering lance,
Or moon-arch'd bow, Melinda's ſons advance;
Green boughs of palm with joyful hands they wave,
An omen of the meed that crowns the Brave.
Fair was the ſhow the royal Barge diſplay'd,
With many a flag of gliſtening ſilk array'd,

Whoſe

Whoſe various hues, as waving thro' the bay,
Return'd the luſtre of the riſing day:
And onward as they came, in ſovereign ſtate
The mighty King amid his Princes ſate:
His robes the pomp of eaſtern ſplendor ſhew,
A proud Tiara decks his lordly brow:
The various tiſſue ſhines in every fold,
The ſilken luſtre and the rays of gold.
His purple mantle boaſts the dye of Tyre,
And in the ſun-beam glows with living fire.
A golden chain, the ſkilful Artiſt's pride,
Hung from his neck; and glittering by his ſide
The dagger's hilt of ſtar-bright diamond ſhone,
The girding baldric burns with precious ſtone;
And precious ſtone in ſtuds of gold enchaſed,
The ſhaggy velvet of his buſkins graced:
Wide o'er his head, of various ſilks inlaid,
A fair umbrella caſt a grateful ſhade.
A band of menials, bending o'er the prow,
Of horn-wreath'd round the crooked trumpets blow;
And each attendant barge aloud rebounds
A barbarous diſcord of rejoicing ſounds.
With equal pomp the Captain leaves the fleet,
Melinda's Monarch on the tide to greet:
His barge nods on amidſt a ſplendid train,
Himſelf adorn'd in all the pride of Spain:

With fair embroidery [d] ſhone his armed breaſt,
For poliſh'd ſteel ſupply'd the warrior's veſt;
His ſleeves, beneath, were ſilk of paly blue,
Above, more looſe, the purple's brighteſt hue
Hung as a ſcarf, in equal gatherings roll'd,
With golden buttons and with loops of gold:
Bright in the Sun the poliſh'd radiance burns,
And the dimm'd eye-ball from the luſtre turns.
Of crimſon ſattin, dazzling to behold,
His caſſoc ſwell'd in many a curving fold;
The make was Gallic, but the lively bloom
Confeſt the labour of Venetia's loom:
Gold was his ſword, and warlike trowſers laced
With thongs of gold his manly legs embraced:
With graceful mien his cap aſſant was turn'd;
The velvet cap a nodding plume adorn'd.
His noble aſpect, and the purple's ray,
Amidſt his train the gallant Chief bewray.
The various veſtments of the warrior train,
Like flowers of various colours on the plain,
Attract the pleaſed beholders wondering eye,
And with the ſplendor of the rainbow vie.

[d] *With fair embroidery ſhone his armed breaſt*——Camoens ſeems to have his eye on the picture of Gama, which is thus deſcribed by *Faria y Souſa*. "He is painted "with a black cap, cloak and breeches "edged with velvet, all ſlaſhed, through "which appears the crimſon lining, the "doublet of crimſon ſattin, and over it "his armour inlaid with gold."

Now

Now GAMA's bands the quivering trumpet blow,
Thick o'er the wave the crowding barges row,
The Mooriſh flags the curling waters ſweep,
The Luſian mortars thunder o'er the deep;
Again the fiery roar heaven's concave tears,
The Moors aſtoniſh'd ſtop their wounded ears:
Again loud thunders rattle o'er the bay,
And clouds of ſmoke wide-rolling blot the day;
The Captain's barge the generous King aſcends,
His arms the Chief enfold; the Captain bends,
A reverence to the ſcepter'd grandeur due:
In ſilent awe the Monarch's wondering view
Is fixt [c] on VASCO's noble mien; the while
His thoughts with wonder weigh the Hero's toil.
Eſteem and friendſhip with his wonder riſe,
And free to GAMA all his kingdom lies.
Though never ſon of Luſus' race before
Had met his eye, or trod Melinda's ſhore,
To him familiar was the mighty name,
And much his talk extols the Luſian fame;
How through the vaſt of Afric's wildeſt bound
Their deathleſs feats in gallant arms reſound;
When that fair land where Heſper's offspring reign'd,
Their valour's prize the Luſian youth obtain'd.

[c] —— *The Monarch's wondering view is fixt on Vaſco's noble mien* — The admiration and friendſhip of the king of Melinda, ſo much inſiſted on by Camoens, is a judicious imitation of Virgil's Dido. In both caſes ſuch preparation was neceſſary to introduce the long epiſodes which follow.

Much

Much ſtill he talk'd, enraptured of the theme,
Though but the faint vibrations of their fame
To him had ecchoed. Pleaſed his warmth to view,
Convinced his promiſe and his heart were true,
The illuſtrious Gama thus his ſoul expreſt,
And own'd the joy that laboured in his breaſt:
Oh Thou, benign, of all the tribes alone,
Who feel the rigour of the burning zone,
Whoſe piety, with mercy's gentle eye
Beholds our wants, and gives the wiſh'd ſupply;
Our navy driven from many a barbarous coaſt,
On many a tempeſt-harrowed ocean toſt,
At laſt with thee a kindly refuge finds,
Safe from the fury of the howling winds.
O generous King, may He whoſe mandate rolls
The circling heavens, and human pride controuls,
May the Great Spirit to thy breaſt return
That needful aid, beſtowed on us forlorn!
And while yon Sun emits his rays divine,
And while the ſtars in midnight azure ſhine,
Where'er my ſails are ſtretch'd the world around,
Thy praiſe ſhall brighten, and thy name reſound.

He ſpoke; the painted barges ſwept the flood,
Where, proudly gay, the anchored navy rode;
Earneſt the King the lordly fleet ſurveys;
The mortars thunder, and the trumpets raiſe

Their

Their martial ſounds Melinda's ſons to greet;
Melinda's ſons with timbrels hail the fleet.
And now no more the ſulphury tempeſt roars;
The boatmen leaning on the reſted oars
Breathe ſhort; the barges now at anchor moor'd,
The King, while ſilence liſten'd round, implored
The glories of the Luſian wars to hear,
Whoſe fainteſt ecchoes long had pleaſed his ear:
Their various triumphs on the Afric ſhore
O'er thoſe who hold the ſon of Hagar's lore,
Fond he demands, and now demands again
Their various triumphs on the weſtern main:
Again, ere readieſt anſwer found a place,
He aſks the ſtory of the Luſian race;
What God was founder of the mighty line,
Beneath what heaven their land, what ſhores adjoin;
And what their climate, where the ſinking day
Gives the laſt glimpſe of twilight's ſilvery ray.
But moſt, O Chief, the zealous Monarch cries,
What raging ſeas you braved, what louring ſkies;
What tribes, what rites you ſaw; what ſavage hate
On our rude Afric proved your hapleſs fate:
Oh tell, for lo, the chilly dawning ſtar
Yet rides before the morning's purple car;
And o'er the wave the ſun's bold courſers raiſe
Their flaming fronts, and give the opening blaze;

Soft

Soft on the glaſſy wave the zephyrs ſleep,
And the ſtill billows holy ſilence keep.
Nor leſs are we, undaunted Chief, prepared
To hear thy nation's gallant deeds declared;
Nor think, tho' ſcorch'd beneath the car of day,
Our minds too dull the debt of praiſe to pay;
Melinda's ſons the teſt of greatneſs know,
And on the Luſian race the palm beſtow.

If Titan's [f] giant brood with impious arms
Shook high Olympus' brow with rude alarms;
If Theſeus and Perithous dared invade
The diſmal horrors of the Stygian ſhade,
Nor leſs your glory, nor your boldneſs leſs,
That thus exploring Neptune's laſt receſs
Contemn his waves and tempeſts! If the thirſt
To live in fame, though famed for deeds accurſt,
Could urge the caitiff, who to win a name
Gave Dian's temple to the waſting flame:
If ſuch the ardour to attain renown,
How bright the luſtre of the hero's crown,
Whoſe deeds of fair empriſe his honours raiſe,
And bind his brows, like thine, with deathleſs bays!

[f] For a defence of the king of Melinda's learning, ignorantly objected to by Voltaire, ſee the Preface.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE LUSIAD.

BOOK III.

OH now, Calliope, thy potent aid!
What to the King th' illuſtrious GAMA ſaid
Cloath in immortal verſe. With ſacred fire
My breaſt, if e'er it loved thy lore, inſpire:
So may the patron of the healing art,
The God of day to thee conſign his heart;
From thee, the Mother of his darling [a] Son,
May never wandering thought to Daphne run:

[a] *Calliope*—the Muſe of Epic Poeſy, and mother of Orpheus. Daphne, daughter of the river Peneus, flying from Apollo, was turned into the laurel. Clytia was metamorphoſed into the Sun-flower, and Leucothoe, who was buried alive by her Father for yielding to the ſolicitations of Apollo, was by her Lover changed into an Incenſe tree. The phyſical meaning of theſe fables is obvious.

May never Clytia, nor Leucothoe's pride
Henceforth with thee his changeful love divide.
Then aid, O faireſt Nymph, my fond deſire,
And give my verſe the Luſian warlike fire:
Fired by the Song, the liſtening world ſhall know
That Aganippe's ſtreams from Tagus flow.
Oh, let no more the flowers of Pindus ſhine
On thy fair breaſt, or round thy temples twine:
On Tago's banks a richer chaplet blows,
And with the tuneful God my boſom glows:
I feel, I feel the mighty power infuſe,
And bathe my ſpirit in Aonian dews!

Now ſilence wooed th' illuſtrious Chief's reply,
And keen attention watch'd on every eye;
When ſlowly turning with a modeſt grace,
The noble Vasco raiſed his manly face;
O mighty King, he cries, at thy [b] command
The martial ſtory of my native land
I tell; but more my doubtful heart had joy'd
Had other wars my praiſeful lips employ'd.
When men the honours of their race commend,
The doubts of ſtrangers on the tale attend:

[b] O *mighty king, he cries*——The preface to the ſpeech of Gama, and the deſcription of Europe which follows, are happy imitations of the manner of Homer. When Camoens deſcribes countries, or muſters an army, it is after the example of the great models of antiquity: By adding ſome characteriſtical feature of the climate or people, he renders his narrative pleaſing, picturesque, and poetical.

Yet

Yet though reluctance faulter on my tongue,
Though day would fail a narrative ſo long,
Yet well aſſured no fiction's glare can raiſe,
Or give my country's fame a brighter praiſe;
Though leſs, far leſs, whate'er my lips can ſay,
Than truth muſt give it, I thy will obey.

Between that zone, where endleſs winter reigns,
And that, where flaming heat conſumes the plains;
Array'd in green, beneath indulgent ſkies,
The Queen of arts and arms fair Europe lies.
Around her northern and her weſtern ſhores,
Throng'd with the finny race old Ocean roars;
The midland ſea, where tide ne'er ſwell'd the waves,
Her richeſt lawns, the ſouthern border, laves.
Againſt the riſing morn, the northmoſt bound
The whirling Tanais parts from Aſian ground,
As tumbling from the Scythian mountains cold
Their crooked way the rapid waters hold
To dull Mæotis' lake: Her eaſtern line
More to the ſouth, the Phrygian waves confine;
Thoſe waves, which, black with many a navy, bore
The Grecian heroes to the Dardan ſhore;
Where now the ſeaman rapt in mournful joy
Explores in vain the ſad remains of Troy.

Wide to the north beneath the pole ſhe ſpreads;
Here piles of mountains rear their rugged heads,
Here winds on winds in endleſs tempeſts rowl,
The valleys ſigh, the lengthening echoes howl.
On the rude cliffs with froſty ſpangles grey,
Weak as the twilight gleams the ſolar ray;
Each mountain's breaſt with ſnows eternal ſhines,
The ſtreams and ſeas eternal froſt confines.
Here dwelt the numerous Scythian tribes of old,
A dreadful race! by victor ne'er controul'd,
Whoſe pride maintain'd that theirs the ſacred earth,
Not that of Nile, which firſt gave man his birth.
Here diſmal Lapland ſpreads a dreary wild,
Here Norway's waſtes where harveſt never ſmil'd,
Whoſe groves of fir in gloomy horror frown,
Nod o'er the rocks, and to the tempeſt groan.
Here Scandia's clime her rugged ſhores extends,
And far projected, through the Ocean bends;
Whoſe ſons' dread footſteps yet Auſonia [c] wears,
And yet proud Rome in mournful ruin bears.

[c] *Whoſe ſons' dread footſteps yet Auſonia wears*—In the year 409 the city of Rome was ſacked, and Italy laid deſolate by Alaric, king of the Scandian and other northern tribes. In mentioning this circumſtance Camoens has not fallen into the common error of little Poets, who on every occaſion bewail the outrage which the Goths and Vandals did to the Arts and Sciences. Thoſe arts and ſciences, however, which give vigour to the mind, long ere the irruption of the northern tribes, were in the moſt languid ſtate. The Southern nations of Europe were ſunk into the moſt contemptible degeneracy. The Sciences, with every branch of manly literature, were almoſt unknown. For near two centuries no Poet or Writer of note had adorned the Roman Empire. Thoſe arts only, the abuſe of which have a certain and fatal tendency to enervate the mind, the arts of Muſic and Cookery, were paſſionately cultivated in all the refinements of effeminate

When ſummer burſts ſtern winter's icy chain,
Here the bold Swede, the Pruſſian, and the Dane
Hoiſt the white ſail, and plough the foamy way,
Chear'd by whole months of one continual day.
Between theſe ſhores and Tanais' ruſhing tide
Livonia's ſons and Ruſſia's hords reſide.
Stern as their clime the tribes, whoſe ſires of yore
The name, far dreaded, of Sarmatians bore.
Where, famed of old, th' Hircinian foreſt lour'd,
Oft ſeen in arms the Poliſh troops are pour'd
Wide foraging the downs. The Saxon race,
The Hungar dextrous in the wild-boar chace,

nate abuſe. The art of war was too laborious for their delicacy, and the generous warmth of heroiſm and patriotiſm was incompatible with their effeminacy. Whoever reads the hiſtory of the later emperors of Rome will find it hard to explain how minds illuminated, as it is pretended, by letters and Science, could at the ſame time be ſo broken as to ſuffer the baſeſt ſubjection to ſuch weak and wanton tyrants. That the general mind of the empire did ſuffer, for ſeveral centuries, the weakeſt and moſt capricious tyranny is a fact beyond diſpute, a fact, which moſt ſtrongly marks their degenerated character. On theſe deſpicable Sybarites [a] the North poured her brave and hardy ſons, who, though ignorant of polite literature, were poſſeſſed of all the manly [b] virtues of the Scythians in a high degree. Under their conqueſts Europe wore a new and a vigorous face; and which however rude, was infinitely preferable to that languid, and ſickly female countenance, which it had lately worn. Even the ideas of civil liberty were loſt. But the rights of mankind were claimed, however rude their laws, by the Northern invaders. And however Ignorance may talk of their barbarity, it is to them that England owes her conſtitution, which, as Monteſquieu obſerves, they brought from the woods of Saxony. The ſpirit of gallantry and romantic attachment to the fair ſex, which diſtinguiſhed the Northern Heroes, will make their manners admired, while, conſidered in the ſame point, the poliſhed ages of Greece and Rome excite our horror and deteſtation. To add no more, it is to the irruption of theſe brave barbarians that modern Europe owes thoſe remains of the ſpirit of Liberty, and ſome other of the greateſt advantages, which ſhe may at preſent poſſeſs. They introduced a vigour of mind, which under the conſequences of the Cruſades, and a variety of other cauſes, has not only been able to revive the arts, and improve every ſcience, but has alſo inveſtigated and aſcertained the political intereſt and rights of mankind, in a manner unknown to the brighteſt ages of the ancient world.

a *Sybaris*, a city in Grecia Magna, whoſe inhabitants were ſo effeminate, that they ordered all the cocks to be killed, that they might not be diſturbed by their early crowing.

b See Warton's Hiſt. Eng. Poetry. Diſſert. II. p. 3.

Of

The various nations whom the Rhine's cold wave
The Elbe, Amaſis, and the Danube lave,
Of various tongues, for various princes known,
Their mighty Lord the German emperor own.
Between the Danube and the lucid tide
Where hapleſs Helle left her name, and died,
The dreadful god of battles' kindred race,
Degenerate now, poſſeſs the hills of Thrace.
Mount Hæmus here, and Rhodope renown'd,
And proud Byzantium, long with empire crown'd;
Their ancient pride, their ancient virtue fled,
Low to the Turk now bend the ſervile head.
Here ſpread the fields of warlike Macedon,
And here thoſe happy lands where genius ſhone
In all the arts, in all the Muſe's charms,
In all the pride of elegance and arms,
Which to the heavens reſounded Grecia's name,
And left in every age a deathleſs fame.
The ſtern Dalmatians till the neighbouring ground;
And where Antenor anchor'd in the ſound,
Proud Venice as a queen majeſtic towers,
And o'er the trembling waves her thunder pours.
For learning glorious, glorious for the ſword,
While Rome's proud monarch reign'd the world's dread lord,
Here Italy her beauteous landſcapes ſhews;
Around her ſides his arms old Ocean throws;

The

The daſhing waves the ramparts aid ſupply;
The hoary Alps, high towering to the ſky,
From ſhore to ſhore a rugged barrier ſpread,
And lour deſtruction on the hoſtile tread.
But now no more her hoſtile ſpirit burns;
There now the ſaint in humble veſpers mourns;
To heaven more grateful than the pride of war,
And all the triumphs of the Victor's car.
Onward fair Gallia opens to the view
Her groves of olive, and her vineyards blue:
Wide ſpread her harveſts o'er the ſcenes renown'd,
Where Julius proudly ſtrode with laurel crown'd.
Here Seyn,—how fair when gliſtening to the moon!
Rolls his white wave; and here the cold Garoon;
Here the deep Rhine the flowery margin laves;
And here the rapid Rhone impervious raves.
Here the gruff mountains, faithleſs to the vows
Of loſt Pyrene[d] rear their cloudy brows;
Whence, when of old the flames their woods devour'd,
Streams of red gold and melted ſilver pour'd.
And now, as head of all the lordly train
Of [e] Europe's realms, appears illuſtrious Spain.

[d] *Faithleſs to the vows of loſt Pyrene, &c.* —She was daughter to Bebryx, a king of Spain, and concubine to Hercules. Having one day wandered from her lover, ſhe was deſtroyed by wild beaſts, on one of the mountains which bear her name. Diodorus Siculus, and others, derive the name of the Pyreneans from πῦρ, *fire*. To ſupport which etymology they relate, that by the negligence of ſome ſhepherds the antient foreſts on theſe mountains were ſet on fire, and burned with ſuch vehemence, that the melted metals ſpouted out and ran down from the ſides of the hills. The alluſion to this old tradition is in the true ſpirit of Homer and Virgil. C.

[e] *Of Europe's realms* — It is remarkable, that in this deſcription of Europe, England

Alas,

Alas, what various fortunes has ſhe known!
Yet ever did her ſons her wrongs atone;
Short was the triumph of her haughty foes,
And ſtill with fairer bloom her honours roſe.
Where, lock'd with land the ſtruggling currents boil,
Fam'd for the godlike Theban's lateſt [f] toil.
Againſt one coaſt the Punic ſtrand extends,
And round her breaſt the midland ocean bends:
Around her ſhores two various oceans ſwell,
And various nations in her boſom dwell;
Such deeds of valour dignify their names,
Each the imperial right of honour claims.
Proud Arragon, who twice her ſtandard reared
In conquer'd Naples; and for art revered,
Galicia's prudent ſons; the fierce Navar;
And he far dreaded in the Mooriſh war,
The bold Aſturian; nor Sevilia's race,
Nor thine, Granada, claim the ſecond place.
Here too the heroes who command the plain
By Betis water'd; here, the pride of Spain,
The brave Caſtilian pauſes o'er his ſword,
His country's dread deliverer and lord.

ſhould be entirely omitted; of ſo little conſequence in the political ſcale did ſhe then ſeem. The time when Camoens wrote this may be eſtimated from the beginning of the ſeventh Book, which appears to have been written in the reign of Henry VIII. though the Luſiad was not publiſhed till the fourteenth of Eliſabeth.

[f] *The Theban's lateſt toil.*—Hercules, ſays the fable, to crown his labours, ſeparated the two mountains Calpe and Abyla, the one now in Spain, the other in Africa, in order to open a canal for the benefit of commerce. Upon this opening, the ocean ruſhed in, and formed the Mediterranean, the Egean, and Euxin ſeas.

Proud

Proud o'er the reſt, with ſplendid wealth array'd,
As crown to this wide empire, Europe's head,
Fair Luſitania ſmiles, the weſtern bound,
Whoſe verdant breaſt the rolling waves ſurround,
Where gentle evening pours her lambent ray,
The laſt pale gleaming of departing day:
This, this, O mighty King, the ſacred earth,
This the loved parent-ſoil that gave me birth.
And oh, would bounteous heaven my prayer regard,
And fair ſucceſs my perilous toils reward,
May that dear land my lateſt breath receive,
And give my weary bones a peaceful grave.

Sublime the honours of my native land,
And high in heaven's regard her heroes ſtand;
By [e] heaven's decree 'twas theirs the firſt to quell
The Mooriſh tyrants, and from Spain expel;
Nor could their burning wilds conceal their flight,
Their burning wilds confeſt the Luſian might.
From Luſus famed, whoſe honour'd name we bear,
(The ſon of Bacchus or the bold compeer,)
The glorious name of Luſitania roſe,
A name tremendous to the Roman foes,

[e] *By heav'n's decree*——This boaſt is according to the truth of hiſtory. In the days of Portugueſe heroiſm, this firſt expulſion of the Moors was eſteemed as a mark of the favour with which heaven had crowned their defence of the Catholic faith. See the Preface.

When her bold troops the valiant ſhepherd led,
And foul with rout the Roman eagles fled;
When haughty Rome atchiev'd the treacherous [f] blow,
That own'd her terror of the matchleſs foe.
But when no more her Viriatus fought,
Age after age her deeper thraldom brought;
Her broken ſons by ruthleſs tyrants ſpurn'd,
Her vineyards languiſh'd, and her paſtures mourn'd;
Till time revolving raiſed her drooping head,
And o'er the wondering world her conqueſts ſpread.
Thus roſe her power: the lands of lordly Spain
Were now the brave Alonzo's wide domain;
Great were his honours in the bloody fight,
And Fame proclaim'd him champion of the right.
And oft the groaning Saracen's proud creſt
And ſhatter'd mail his awful force confeſt.
From Calpe's ſummits to the Caſpian ſhore
Loud-tongued Renown his godlike actions bore.
And many a chief from diſtant regions [g] came
To ſhare the laurels of Alonzo's fame;

[f] ——— *the treacherous blow*———The aſſaſſination of Viriatus. See the note on Book I. p. 12.

[g] *And many a chief from diſtant regions came*——Don Alonzo, king of Spain, apprehenſive of the ſuperior number of the Moors, with whom he was at war, demanded aſſiſtance from Philip I. of France, and of the duke of Burgundy. According to the military ſpirit of the nobility of that age, no ſooner was his deſire known than numerous bodies of troops thronged to his ſtandard. Theſe, in the courſe of a few years, having ſhewn ſignal proofs of their courage, the king diſtinguiſhed the leaders with different marks of his regard. To Henry, a younger ſon of the duke of Burgundy, he gave his daughter Tereſa in marriage, with the ſovereignty of the countries to the ſouth of Galicia, commiſſioning him to enlarge his boundaries by the expulſion of the infidels. Under the government of this great man, who reigned by the title of Count, his dominion was greatly enlarged, and became more rich and populous than before. The two provinces of *Entro Minho e Douro*,

Yet more for holy Faith's unſpotted cauſe
Their ſpears they wielded, than for Fame's applauſe.
Great were the deeds their thundering arms diſplay'd,
And ſtill their foremoſt ſwords the battle ſway'd.
And now to honour with diſtinguiſhed meed
Each hero's worth, the generous king decreed.
The firſt and braveſt of the foreign bands
Hungaria's younger ſon, brave Henry [h] ſtands.
To him are given the fields where Tagus flows,
And the glad King his daughter's hand beſtows;
The fair Tereſa ſhines his blooming bride,
And owns her father's love, and Henry's pride.

e Douro, and *Fra los Montes*, were ſubdued, with that part of *Beira* which was held by the Mooriſh king of *Lamego*, whom he conſtrained to pay tribute. Many thouſands of Chriſtians, who had fled to the mountains, took ſhelter under the protection of Count Henry. Great multitudes of the Moors alſo choſe to ſubmit and remain in their native country under a mild government. Theſe advantages, added to the great fertility of the ſoil of Henry's dominions, will account for the numerous armies and the frequent wars of the firſt ſovereigns of Portugal.

[h] *Hungaria's younger ſon*——Camoens, in making the founder of the Portugueſe monarchy a younger ſon of the King of Hungary, has followed the old chronologiſt *Galvan*. The Spaniſh and Portugueſe hiſtorians differ widely in their accounts of the parentage of this gallant ſtranger. Some bring him from Conſtantinople, and others from the houſe of Lorain. But the cleareſt and moſt probable account of him is in the chronicle of *Fleury*, wherein is preſerved a fragment of French hiſtory, written by a Benedictine monk in the beginning of the twelfth century, and in the time of Count Henry. By this it appears, that he was a younger ſon of Henry, the only ſon of Robert, the firſt duke of Burgundy, who was a younger brother of Henry I. of France. Fanſhaw, having an eye to this hiſtory, has taken the unwarrantable liberty to alter the fact as mentioned by his author.

Amongſt theſe Henry, ſaith the hiſtory,
A younger ſon of France, and a brave prince,
Had Portugal in lot.——
And the ſame king did his own daughter tie
To him in wedlock, to infer from thence
His firmer love——

Nor are hiſtorians agreed on the birth of Donna Tereſa, the ſpouſe of Count Henry. Brandam, and other Portugueſe hiſtorians, are at great pains to prove that ſhe was the legitimate daughter of Alonzo and the beautiful *Ximena de Guzman*. But it appears from the more authentic chronicle of *Fleury*, that *Ximena* was only his concubine. And it is evident from all the hiſtorians, that Donna *Urraca*, the heireſs of her father's kingdom, was younger than her half-ſiſter, the wife of Count Henry.

With her, beſides, the fire confirms in dower
Whate'er his ſword might reſcue from the Moor;
And ſoon on Hagar's race the hero pours
His warlike fury—ſoon the vanquiſh'd Moors
To him far round the neighbouring lands reſign,
And heaven rewards him with a glorious line.
To him is born, heaven's gift, a gallant ſon,
The glorious founder of the Luſian throne.
Nor Spain's wide lands alone his deeds atteſt,
Delivered Judah Henry's might [i] confeſt.
On Jordan's bank the victor-hero ſtrode,
Whoſe hallowed waters bathed the Saviour-God;
And Salem's gate her open folds diſplay'd,
When Godfrey conquer'd by the hero's aid.
But now no more in tented fields oppoſed,
By Tagus' ſtream his honoured age he cloſed;
Yet ſtill his dauntleſs worth, his virtue lived,
And all the father in the ſon ſurvived.
And ſoon his worth was proved; the parent [k] dame
Avowed a ſecond hymeneal flame.

[i] *Deliver'd Judah Henry's might confeſt.*—His expedition to the Holy Land is mentioned by ſome monkiſh writers, but from the other parts of his hiſtory it is highly improbable. Camoens, however, ſhews his judgment in adopting every traditionary circumſtance that might give an air of ſolemnity to his poem.

[k] —— *the parent dame*—— Don Alonzo Enriquez, ſon of Count Henry, was only entered into his third year when his father died. His mother aſſumed the reins of government, and appointed Don *Fernando Perez de Traba* to be her miniſter. When the young prince was in his eighteenth year, ſome of the nobility, who either envied the power of Don *Perez*, or were really offended with the reports that were ſpread of his familiarity with the prince's mother, of his intention to marry her, and to exclude the lawful heir, eaſily perſuaded the young Count to take arms, and aſſume the ſovereignty. A battle enſued, in which the prince was victorious. Tereſa, it is ſaid, retired

The low-born ſpouſe aſſumes the monarch's place,
And from the throne expels the orphan race.
But young Alphonſo, like his ſires of yore,
(His grandſire's virtues as his name he bore)
Arms for the fight, his raviſh'd throne to win,
And the laced helmet graſps his beardleſs chin.
Her fierceſt firebrands Civil Diſcord waved,
Before her troops the luſtful mother raved;
Loſt to maternal love, and loſt to ſhame,
Unawed ſhe ſaw heaven's awful vengeance flame;
The brother's ſword the brother's boſom tore,
And ſad Guimaria's meadows bluſh'd with gore;
With Luſian gore the Peaſant's cot was ſtain'd,
And kindred blood the ſacred ſhrine profaned.

Here, cruel Progne, here, O Jaſon's wife,
Yet reeking with your childrens' purple life,
Here glut your eyes with deeper guilt than yours;
Here fiercer rage her fiercer rancour pours.
Your crime was vengeance on the faithleſs ſires,
But here ambition with foul luſt conſpires.

retired into the caſtle of *Legonaſo*, where ſhe was taken captive by her ſon, who condemned her to perpetual impriſonment, and ordered chains to be put upon her legs. That Don Alonzo made war againſt his mother, vanquiſhed her party, and that ſhe died in priſon about two years after, A. D. 1130, are certain. But the cauſe of the war, that his mother was married to, or intended to marry Don *Perez*, and that ſhe was put in chains, are uncertain.

'Twas

'Twas rage of love, O [1] Scylla, urged the knife
That robb'd thy father of his fated life;
Here groſſer rage the mother's breaſt inflames,
And at her guiltleſs ſon the vengeance aims;
But aims in vain; her ſlaughter'd forces yield,
And the brave youth rides Victor o'er the field.
No more his ſubjects lift the thirſty ſword,
And the glad realm proclaims the youthful Lord.
But ah, how wild the nobleſt tempers run!
His filial duty now forſakes the ſon;
Secluded from the day, in clanking chains
His rage the parent's aged limbs conſtrains.
Heaven frown'd—Dark vengeance lowring on his brows,
And ſheath'd in braſs the proud Caſtilian roſe,
Reſolved the rigour to his daughter ſhewn,
The battle ſhould avenge, and blood atone.
A numerous hoſt againſt the prince he ſped,
The valiant prince his little army led:
Dire was the ſhock; the deep riven helms reſound,
And foes with foes lie grappling on the ground.
Yet though around the Stripling's ſacred head
By angel hands etherial ſhields were ſpread;

[1] *'Twas rage of love, O Scylla* —— The Scylla here alluded to was, according to fable, the daughter of Niſus king of Megara, who had a purple lock, in which lay the fate of his kingdom. Minos of Crete made war againſt him, for whom Scylla conceived ſo violent a paſſion, that ſhe cut off the fatal lock while her father ſlept. Minos on this was victorious, but rejected the love of the unnatural daughter, who in deſpair flung herſelf from a rock, and in the fall was changed into a lark.

Though

Though glorious triumph on his valour ſmiled,
Soon on his van the baffled Foe recoil'd:
With bands more numerous to the field he came,
His proud heart burning with the rage of ſhame.
And now in turn Guimaria's lofty wall,
That ſaw his triumph, ſaw the hero fall:
Within the town immured, diſtreſt he lay,
To ſtern Caſtilia's ſword a certain prey.
When now the guardian of his infant years,
The valiant Egas, as a god appears;
To proud Caſteel the ſuppliant noble bows,
And faithful homage for his prince he vows.
The proud Caſteel accepts his honour'd faith,
And peace ſucceeds the dreadful ſcenes of death.
Yet well, alas, the generous Egas knew
His high-ſoul'd Prince to man would never ſue,
Would never ſtoop to brook the ſervile ſtain,
To hold a borrow'd, a dependent reign.
And now with gloomy aſpect roſe the day,
Decreed the plighted ſervile rites to pay;
When Egas to redeem his faith's diſgrace
Devotes himſelf, his ſpouſe, and infant race.
In gowns of white, as ſentenced felons clad,
When to the ſtake the ſons of guilt are led,
With feet unſhod they ſlowly moved along,
And from their necks the knotted halters hung.

And now, O King, the kneeling Egas cries,
Behold my perjured honour's ſacrifice:
If ſuch mean victims can atone thine ire,
Here let my wife, my babes, myſelf expire.
If generous boſoms ſuch revenge can take,
Here let them periſh for the father's ſake:
The guilty tongue, the guilty hands are theſe,
Nor let a common death thy wrath appeaſe,
For us let all the rage of torture burn,
But to my Prince, thy ſon, in friendſhip turn.

He ſpoke, and bow'd his proſtrate body low,
As one who waits the lifted ſabre's blow,
When o'er the block his languid arms are ſpread,
And death, foretaſted, whelms the heart with dread.
So great a Leader thus in humbled ſtate,
So firm his loyalty, and zeal ſo great,
The brave Alonzo's kindled ire ſubdued,
And loſt in ſilent joy the Monarch ſtood;
Then gave the hand, and ſheath'd the hoſtile ſword,
And to ſuch [m] honour honour'd peace reſtored.

[m] *And to ſuch honour* —— The Author's of the Univerſal Hiſtory having related the ſtory of Egas, add, "All this is very pleaſant and entertaining, but we ſee no ſufficient reaſon to affirm that there is one ſyllable of it true."

But though hiſtory afford no authentic documents of this tranſaction, tradition, the Poet's authority, is not ſilent. And the monument of Egaz in the monaſtery of Paço de Souza gives it countenance. Egaz and his family are there repreſented, in bas relief, in the attitude and garb, ſays Caſtera, as deſcribed by Camoens.

Oh

Oh Luſian faith! oh zeal beyond compare!
What greater danger could the Perſian dare,
Whoſe prince in tears, to view his mangled woe,
Forgot the joy for Babylon's [n] o'erthrow.
And now the youthful hero ſhines in arms,
The banks of Tagus eccho war's alarms:
O'er Ourique's wide campaign his enſigns wave,
And the proud Saracen to combat brave.
Though prudence might arraign his fiery rage
That dared, with one, each hundred ſpears engage,
In heaven's protecting care his courage lies,
And heaven, his friend, ſuperior force ſupplies.
Five Mooriſh Kings againſt him march along,
Iſmar the nobleſt of the armed throng;
Yet each brave Monarch claim'd the Soldier's name,
And far o'er many a land was known to fame.
In all the beauteous glow of blooming years,
Beſide each King a warrior [o] Nymph appears;

[n] ——*Babylon's o'erthrow*—When Darius laid ſeige to Babylon, one of his Lords, named Zopyrus, having cut off his noſe and ears, perſuaded the enemy that he had received theſe indignities from the cruelty of his maſter. Being appointed to a chief command in Babylon, he betrayed the city to Darius. Vid. Juſtin.

[o] *Beſide each King a warrior Nymph appears* —— The Spaniſh and Portugueſe hiſtories afford ſeveral inſtances of the Mooriſh Chiefs being attended in the field of battle by their miſtreſſes, and of the romantic gallantry and Amazonian courage of theſe ladies. Where this is mentioned, the name of George de Sylveyra ought to be recorded. When the Portugueſe aſſiſted the king of Melinda againſt his enemy of Oja, they gave a ſignal defeat to the Moors in a foreſt of palm trees. In the purſuit Sylveyra ſaw a Moor leading off a beautiful young woman through a bye path of the wood. He purſued, and the Moor perceiving his danger, diſcovered the moſt violent agitation for the ſafety of his miſtreſs, whom he entreated to fly while he fought his enemy. But ſhe with equal emotion refuſed to leave him, and perſiſted in the reſolution to ſhare his fate. Sylveyra, ſtruck with this tender ſtrife of affection, generouſly left them, exclaiming, *God forbid that my ſword ſhould interrupt ſuch love!*

Each with her ſword her valiant Lover guards,
With ſmiles inſpires him, and with ſmiles rewards.
Such was the valour of the beauteous [p] Maid,
Whoſe warlike arm proud Ilion's fate delay'd:
Such in the field the virgin warriors ſhone,
Who drank the limpid wave of [q] Thermodon.

'Twas morn's ſtill hour, before the dawning grey
The ſtars' bright twinkling radiance died away;
When lo, reſplendent in the heaven ſerene,
High o'er the Prince the ſacred Croſs was ſeen;
The godlike Prince with faith's warm glow inflamed,
Oh, not to me, my bounteous God, exclaim'd,
Oh, not to me, who well thy grandeur know,
But to the Pagan herd thy wonders ſhew!

The Luſian hoſt, enraptured, mark'd the ſign
That witneſs'd to their Chief the aid divine:
Right on the foe they ſhake the beamy lance,
And with firm ſtrides, and heaving breaſts, advance;
Then burſt the ſilence, Hail, O King, they cry;
Our King, our King, the ecchoing dales reply.
Fired at the ſound, with fiercer ardour glows
The heaven-made Monarch; on the wareleſs foes

[p] *The beauteous maid* ——— Pentheſilea, Queen of the Amazons, who, after having ſignalized her valour at the ſeige of Troy, was killed by Achilles.

[q] *Thermodon*, — A river of Scythia in the country of the Amazons.

Ruſhing,

Ruſhing, he ſpeeds his ardent bands along:
So when the chace excites the ruſtic throng,
Rouſed to fierce madneſs by their mingled cries,
On the wild bull the red-eyed maſtiff flies:
The ſtern-brow'd tyrant roars and tears the ground,
His watchful horns portend the deathful wound;
The nimble maſtiff, ſpringing on the foe,
Avoids the furious ſharp'ned of the blow:
Now by the neck, now by the gory ſides
Hangs fierce, and all his bellowing rage derides:
In vain his eye-balls burn with living fire,
In vain his noſtrils clouds of ſmoke reſpire;
His gorge torn down, down falls the furious prize
With [r] hollow thundering ſound, and raging dies.
Thus on the Moors the hero ruſh'd along,
Th' aſtoniſh'd Moors in wild confuſion throng;
They ſnatch their arms, the haſty trumpet ſounds,
With horrid yell the dread alarm rebounds;
The warlike tumult maddens o'er the plain,
As when the flame devours the bearded grain:
The nightly flames the whiſtling winds inſpire,
Fierce through the braky thicket pours the fire:

[r] It may, perhaps, be agreeable to the Reader to ſee Homer's deſcription of a Bull overpowered, as tranſlated by Pope.

As when a lion, ruſhing from his den,
Amidſt the plain of ſome wide-water'd fen,
(Where num'rous oxen, as at eaſe they feed,
At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead;)
Leaps on the herds before the herdſman's eyes;
The trembling herdſman far to diſtance flies;
Some lordly bull (the reſt diſpers'd and fled)
He ſingles out, arreſts, and lays him dead.
Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew
All Greece in heaps; but one he ſeiz'd, and ſlew;
Mycenian Periphas. Pope. II. XV.

Rous'd by the crackling of the mounting blaze,
From ſleep the ſhepherds ſtart in wild amaze;
They ſnatch their cloaths with many a woeful cry,
And ſcatter'd devious to the mountains fly.
Such ſudden dread the trembling Moors alarms,
Wild and confuſed they ſnatch the neareſt arms;
Yet flight they ſcorn, and eager to engage
They ſpur their foamy ſteeds, and truſt their furious rage:
Amidſt the horror of the headlong ſhock,
With foot unſhaken as the living rock
Stands the bold Luſian firm; the purple wounds
Guſh horrible, deep groaning rage reſounds;
Reeking behind the Mooriſh backs appear
The ſhining point of many a Luſian ſpear;
The mail-coats, hauberks, and the harneſs ſteel'd,
Bruis'd, hackt, and torn, lie ſcatter'd o'er the field;
Beneath the Luſian ſweepy force o'erthrown,
Cruſh'd by their batter'd mails the wounded groan;
Burning with thirſt they draw their panting breath,
And curſe their Prophet as they writhe in death.
Arms ſever'd from the trunks ſtill graſp the [s] ſteel,
Heads gaſping rowl; the fighting ſquadrons reel;

[s] —— *ſtill graſp the ſteel.* — There is a paſſage in Xenophon, upon which perhaps Camoens had his eye. Επεὶ δὲ ἔληξεν ἡ μάχη, παρῆν ἰδεῖν, τὴν μὲν γῆν αἵμασι πεφυρμένην, &c. "When the battle was over one might be-"hold, through the whole extent of the "field, the ground purpled with blood, "the bodies of friends and enemies ſtretch-"ed over each other, the ſhields pierced, "the ſpears broken, and the drawn ſwords, "ſome ſcattered on the earth, ſome plunged "in the boſoms of the ſlain, and ſome yet "graſped in the hands of the dead ſoldiers."

As it was neceſſary in the Preface to give a character of the French tranſlation of the Luſiad, ſome ſupport of that character is neceſſary

Fainty and weak with languid arms they cloſe,
And ſtaggering grapple with the ſtaggering foes,
So when an oak falls headlong on the lake,
The troubled waters, ſlowly ſettling, ſhake:
So faints the languid combat on the plain,
And ſettling ſtaggers o'er the heaps of ſlain.
Again the Luſian fury wakes its fires,
The terror of the Moors new ſtrength inſpires;
The ſcatter'd few in wild confuſion fly,
And total rout reſounds the yelling cry.
Defiled with one wide ſheet of reeking gore,
The verdure of the lawn appears no more:
In bubbling ſtreams the lazy currents run,
And ſhoot red flames beneath the evening ſun.
With ſpoils enrich'd, with glorious trophies [t] crown'd
The heaven-made Sovereign on the battle ground

neceſſary in the notes. To point out every inſtance of the unpoetical taſte of Caſtera, were to give his paraphraſe of every fine paſſage in Camoens. His management of this battle will give an idea of his manner; it is therefore tranſcribed. "*Le Portugais heurte impetueſement les ſoldats d'Iſmar, les renverſe et leur ouvre le ſein à coups de lance; on ſe rencontre, on ſe choque avec une fureur qui ébranleroit le ſommet de montagnes. La terre tremble ſous les pas des courſiers fougueux; l'impitoyable Erinnys voit des bleſſures enormes et de coups dignes d'elles: les guerriers de Luſus briſent, coupent, taillent, enfoncent plaſtrons, armures, boucliers, curaſſes et turbans; la Parque étend ſes ailes affreuſes ſur les Mauritains, l'un expire en mordant la pouſſiere, l'autre implore le ſecours de ſon prophete; têtes jambes et bras volent et bondiſſent de toutes parts, l'œil n'apperçoit que viſages couverts d'une palcur livide, que corps déchirés et qu'entrailles palpitantes.*" Had Caſtera ſeriouſly intended to burleſque his Author he could ſcarcely have better ſucceeded. As tranſlation cannot convey a perfect idea of an author's manner, it is therefore not attempted. *The attack was with ſuch fury that it might ſhake the tops of the mountains:* This bombaſt, and the wretched anticlimax ending with turbans, are not in the original; from which indeed the whole is extremely wide. Had he added any poetical image, any flower to the embroidery of his Author, the increaſe of the richneſs of the tiſſue would have rendered his work more pleaſing. It was therefore his intereſt to do ſo. But it was not in the feelings of Caſtera to tranſlate the Luſiad with the ſpirit of Camoens.

[t] ——*with glorious trophies crown'd*—— This memorable battle was fought in the plains of *Ourique*, in 1139. The engagement

Three days encampt, to reſt his weary train,
Whoſe dauntleſs valour drove the Moors from Spain.
And now in honour of the glorious day,
When five proud Monarchs fell his vanquiſh'd prey,

ment laſted ſix hours; the Moors were totally routed with incredible ſlaughter. On the field of battle Alonzo was proclaimed king of Portugal. The Portugueſe writers have given many fabulous accounts of this victory. Some affirm, that the Mooriſh army amounted to 380,000; others, 480,000, and others ſwell it to 600,000; whereas Don Alonzo's did not exceed 13,000. Miracles muſt alſo be added. Alonzo, they tell us, being in great perplexity, ſat down to comfort his mind by the peruſal of the Holy Scriptures. Having read the ſtory of *Gideon*, he ſunk into a deep ſleep, in which he ſaw a very old man in a remarkable dreſs come into his tent, and aſſure him of victory. His chamberlain coming in, waked him, and told him there was an old man very importunate to ſpeak with him. Don Alonzo ordered him to be brought in, and no ſooner ſaw him than he knew him to be the old man whom he had ſeen in his dream. This venerable perſon acquainted him, that he was a fiſherman, and had led a life of penance for ſixty years on an adjacent rock, where it had been revealed to him, that if the Count marched his army the next morning, as ſoon as he heard a certain bell ring, he ſhould receive the ſtrongeſt aſſurance of victory. Accordingly, at the ringing of the bell, the Count put his army in motion, and ſuddenly beheld in the eaſtern ſky, the figure of the Croſs, and Chriſt upon it, who promiſed him a complete victory, and commanded him to accept the title of King, if it was offered him by the army. The ſame writers add, that as a ſtanding memorial of this miraculous event, Don Alonzo changed the arms which his father had given, of a croſs azure in a field argent, for five eſcutcheons, each charged with five bezants, in memory of the five wounds of Chriſt. Others aſſert, that he gave in a field argent five eſcutcheons azure, in the form of a Croſs, each charged with five bezants argent, placed ſalterwiſe, with a point ſable, in memory of five wounds he himſelf received, and of five Mooriſh kings ſlain in the battle. There is an old record, ſaid to be written by Don Alonzo, in which the ſtory of the viſion is related upon his Majeſty's oath. The Spaniſh Critics, however, have diſcovered many inconſiſtencies in it. They find the language intermixed with phraſes not then in uſe: it bears the date of the year of our Lord, at a time when that æra had not been introduced into Spain; and John, Biſhop of Coimbra, ſigns as a witneſs before John, Metrapolitan of Braja, which is contrary to eccleſiaſtical rule. Theſe circumſtances, however, are not mentioned to prove the falſehood of the viſion, but to vindicate the character of Don Alonzo from any ſhare in the oath which paſſes under his name. The truth is, the Portugueſe were always unwilling to pay any homage to the King of Caſtile. They adorned the battle which gave birth to their Monarchy, with miracle, and the new Sovereignty with a command from heaven, circumſtances extremely agreeable both to the military pride and the ſuperſtition of theſe times. The regal dignity and conſtitution of the Monarchy, however, were not ſettled till about ſix years after the battle of *Ourique*. For mankind, ſay the Authors of the Univerſal Hiſtory, were not then ſo ignorant and barbarous, as to ſuffer a change of government to be made without any farther ceremony, than a tumultuous huzza. An account of the coronation of the firſt king of Portugal, and the principles of liberty which then prevailed in that kingdom, are worthy of our attention. The arms of Don Alonzo having been attended with great ſucceſs, in 1145 he called an aſſembly of the Prelates, Nobility, and Commons, at *Lamego*. When the aſſembly opened, he appeared, ſeated on the throne, but without any other marks of regal dignity. *Laurence de Viegas* then demanded of the aſſembly, whether, according to the election on the field of battle at *Ourique*, and the briefs of Pope Eugenius III. they choſe to have Don *Alonzo Euri-*

que

On his broad buckler, unadorn'd before,
Placed as a Croſs, five azure ſhields he [u] wore,
In grateful memory of the heavenly ſign,
The pledge of conqueſt by the aid divine.

Nor long his faulchion in the ſcabbard ſlept,
His warlike arm increaſing laurels reapt:
From Leyra's walls the baffled Iſmar flies,
And ſtrong Arroncha falls his conquer'd prize;
That honour'd town, through whoſe Elyſian groves
Thy ſmooth and limpid wave, O Tagus, roves.

quez for their king? To this they anſwered they were willing. He then demanded, if they deſired the Monarchy ſhould be elective or hereditary. They declared their intention to be, that the crown ſhould deſcend to the heirs male of *Alonzo*. *Laurence de Viegas* then aſked, "Is it your pleaſure that he be inveſted with the enſigns of Royalty? He was anſwered in the affirmative; and the Archbiſhop of *Braga* placed the crown upon his head, the king having his ſword drawn in his hand. As ſoon as crowned, Alonzo thus addreſſed the aſſembly; "Bleſſed be God, who has always aſſiſted me, and has enabled me, with this ſword, to deliver you from all your enemies. I ſhall ever wear it for your defence. You have made me a king, and it is but juſt that you ſhould ſhare with me in taking care of the ſtate. I am your king, and as ſuch let us make laws to ſecure the happineſs of this kingdom." Eighteen ſhort ſtatutes were then framed, and aſſented to by the people. *Laurence de Viegas* at length propoſed the great queſtion, Whether it was their pleaſure that the king ſhould go to *Leon*,* to do homage and pay tribute to that prince, or to any other. On this, every man drawing his ſword, cried with a loud voice, "We are free, and our king is free; we owe our liberty to our courage. If the king ſhall at any time ſubmit to ſuch an act, he deſerves death, and ſhall not reign either over us, or among us." The king then riſing up, approved this declaration, and declared, That if any of his deſcendents conſented to ſuch a ſubmiſſion, he was unworthy to ſucceed, ſhould be reputed incapable of wearing the crown, and that the election of another ſovereign ſhould immediately take place.

[u] ——*five azure ſhields*——Fanſhaw's tranſlation of this is curious. He is literal in the circumſtances, but the debaſements marked in italic are his own:

In theſe five ſhields he paints the *recompence*

(Os *trinta Dinheiros*; the thirty Denarii, ſays Camoens.)

For which the Lord was ſold, in various *ink*
Writing His hiſtory, who did diſpenſe
Such favour to him, *more than heart could think*.

(Writing the remembrance of him, by whom he was favoured, in various colours. *Camoens*.)

* In every of the five he paints five-*pence*
So ſums the thirty—*by a cinque-fold cinque*
Accounting that which is the center, twice,
Of the five cinques, which he doth place croſs-wiſe.

The

Th' illuſtrious Santarene confeſt his power,
And vanquiſh'd Mafra yields her proudeſt tower.
The Lunar mountains ſaw his troops diſplay
Their marching banners and their brave array;
To him ſubmits fair Cintra's cold domain,
The ſoothing refuge of the Nayad train,
When Love's ſweet ſnares the pining Nymphs would ſhun:
Alas, in vain from warmer climes they run:
The cooling ſhades awake the young deſires,
And the cold fountains cheriſh love's ſoft fires.
And thou, famed Liſboa, whoſe embattled wall
Roſe by the [w] hand that wrought proud Ilion's fall;
Thou queen [x] of Cities, whom the ſeas obey,
Thy dreaded ramparts own'd the Hero's ſway.
Far from the north a warlike navy bore
From Elbe, from Rhine, and Albion's miſty ſhore,
To reſcue Salem's long-polluted ſhrine;
Their force to great Alonzo's force they join:

[w] *Roſe by the hand*——The tradition, that Liſbon was built by Ulyſſes, and thence called *Olyſſipolis*, is as common as that (and of equal authority with it) which ſays, that Brute landed a colony of Trojans in England, and gave the name of Britannia to the iſland.

[x] *Thou queen of cities*——The conqueſt of Liſbon was of the utmoſt importance to the infant Monarchy. It is one of the fineſt ports in the world, and ere the invention of cannon, was of great ſtrength. The old Mooriſh wall was flanked by ſeventy-ſeven towers, was about ſix miles in length, and fourteen in circumference. When beſieged by Don Alonzo, according to ſome, it was garriſoned by an army of 200,000 men. This, not to ſay impoſſible, is highly incredible. That it was ſtrong, however, and well garriſoned, is certain. It is alſo certain, that Alonzo owed the conqueſt of it to a fleet of adventurers, who were going to the Holy Land, the greateſt part of whom were Engliſh. One *Udal ap Rhys*, in his tour through Portugal, ſays, that Alonzo gave them *Almada*, on the ſide of the Tagus oppoſite to Liſbon, and that *Villa Franca* was peopled by them, which they called *Cornualla*, either in honour of their native country, or from the rich meadows in its neighbourhood, where immenſe herds of cattle are kept, as in the Engliſh Cornwall.

Before

Before Ulyſſes' walls the navy rides,
The joyful Tagus laves their pitchy ſides.
Five times the moon her empty horns conceal'd,
Five times her broad effulgence ſhone reveal'd,
When, wrapt in clouds of duſt, her mural pride
Falls thundering,—black the ſmoaking breach yawns wide.
As when th' impriſon'd waters burſt the mounds,
And roar, wide ſweeping o'er the cultured grounds;
Nor cot nor fold withſtand their furious courſe;
So headlong ruſh'd along the Hero's force.
The thirſt of vengeance the aſſailants fires,
The madneſs of deſpair the Moors inſpires;
Each lane, each ſtreet reſounds the conflict's roar,
And every threſhold reeks with tepid gore.

Thus fell the City, whoſe unconquer'd [x] towers
Defy'd of old the banded Gothic powers,
Whoſe harden'd nerves in rigorous climates train'd
The ſavage courage of their ſouls ſuſtain'd;
Before whoſe ſword the ſons of Ebro fled,
And Tagus trembled in his oozy bed;
Aw'd by whoſe arms the lawns of Betis' ſhore
The name Vandalia from the Vandals bore.

[x] *Unconquer'd towers* — This aſſertion of Camoens is not without foundation, for it was by treachery that Herimeneric, the Goth, got poſſeſſion of Liſbon.

When Liſboa's towers before the Luſian fell,
What fort, what rampart might his arms repell!
Eſtremadura's region owns him Lord,
And Torres-vedras bends beneath his ſword;
Obidos humbles, and Alamquer yields,
Alamquer famous for her verdant fields,
Whoſe murmuring rivulets cheer the traveller's way,
As the chill waters o'er the pebbles ſtray.
Elva the green, and Moura's fertile dales,
Fair Serpa's tillage, and Alcazar's vales
Not for himſelf the Mooriſh peaſant ſows;
For Luſian hands the yellow harveſt glows:
And you, fair lawns, beyond the Tago's wave,
Your golden burdens for Alonzo ſave;
Soon ſhall his thundering might your wealth reclaim,
And your glad valleys hail their monarch's name.

Nor ſleep his captains while the ſovereign wars;
The brave Giraldo's ſword in conqueſt ſhares;
Evora's frowning walls, the caſtled hold
Of that proud Roman chief, and rebel bold,
Sertorius dread, whoſe labours ſtill [z] remain;
Two hundred arches, ſtretch'd in length, ſuſtain
The marble duct, where, gliſtening to the ſun,
Of ſilver hue the ſhining waters run.

[z] — *whoſe labours ſtill remain*—The aqueduct of Sertorius, here mentioned, is one of the grandeſt remains of antiquity. It was repaired by John III. of Portugal, about A. D. 1540.

Evora's

Evora's frowning walls now ſhake with fear,
And yield obedient to Giraldo's ſpear.
Nor reſts the monarch while his ſervants toil,
Around him ſtill increaſing trophies ſmile,
And deathleſs fame repays the hapleſs fate
That gives to human life ſo ſhort a date.
Proud Beja's caſtled walls his fury ſtorms,
And one red ſlaughter every lane deforms.
The ghoſts, whoſe mangled limbs, yet ſcarcely cold,
Heapt ſad Trancoſo's ſtreets in carnage roll'd,
Appeaſed, the vengeance of their ſlaughter ſee,
And hail th' indignant king's ſevere decree.
Palmela trembles on her mountain's height,
And ſea-laved Zambra owns the hero's might.
Nor theſe alone confeſt his happy ſtar,
Their fated doom produced a nobler war.
Badaja's king, an haughty Moor, beheld
His towns beſieged, and haſted to the field.
Four thouſand courſers in his army neigh'd,
Unnumber'd ſpears his infantry diſplay'd;
Proudly they march'd, and glorious to behold,
In ſilver belts they ſhone, and plates of gold.
Along a mountain's ſide ſecure they trod;
Steep on each hand, and rugged was the road;
When as a bull, whoſe luſtful veins betray
The maddening tumult of inſpiring May;

If, when his rage with fierceſt ardour glows,
When in the ſhade the fragrant heifer lows,
If then perchance his jealous burning eye
Behold a careleſs traveller wander by,
With dreadful bellowing on the wretch he flies;
The wretch defenceleſs torn and trampled dies.
So ruſh'd Alonzo on the gaudy train,
And pour'd victorious o'er the mangled ſlain;
The royal Moor precipitates in flight;
The mountain ecchoes with the wild affright
Of flying ſquadrons; down their arms they throw,
And daſh from rock to rock to ſhun the foe.
The foe! what wonders may not virtue dare!
But ſixty [a] horſemen waged the conquering war.
The warlike monarch ſtill his toil renews;
New conqueſt ſtill each victory purſues.
To him Badaja's lofty gates expand,
And the wide region owns his dread command.
When now enraged proud Leon's king beheld
Thoſe walls ſubdued which ſaw his troops expell'd;
Enraged he ſaw them own the victor's ſway,
And hems them round with battalous array.
With generous ire the brave Alonzo glows,
By heaven unguarded, on the numerous foes

[a] *But ſixty horſemen*——The hiſtory of this battle wants authenticity.

He

He ruſhes, glorying in his wonted force,
And ſpurs with headlong rage his furious horſe;
The combat burns, the ſnorting courſer bounds,
And paws impetuous by the iron mounds:
O'er gaſping foes and ſounding bucklers trod
The raging ſteed, and headlong as he rode
Daſh'd the fierce monarch on a rampire bar—
Low groveling in the duſt, the pride of war,
The great Alonzo lies. The captive's fate
Succeeds, alas, the pomp of regal ſtate.
"Let iron daſh his limbs," his mother cried,
"And ſteel revenge my chains:" ſhe ſpoke, and died;
And heaven aſſented — Now the hour was come,
And the dire curſe was fallen Alonzo's [b] doom.

No more, O Pompey, of thy fate complain,
No more with ſorrow view thy glory's ſtain;
Though thy tall ſtandards tower'd with lordly pride
Where northern Phaſis rolls his icy tide;

[b] *Alonzo's doom*—As already obſerved, there is no authentic proof that Don Alonzo uſed ſuch ſeverity to his mother as to put her in chains. Brandan ſays it was reported that Don Alonzo was born with both his legs growing together, and that he was cured by the prayers of his tutor *Egas Nunio*. Legendary as this may appear, this however is deduceable from it, that from his birth there was ſomething amiſs about his legs. When he was priſoner to his ſon-in-law Don *Fernando* king of Leon, he recovered his liberty ere his leg, which was fractured in the battle, was reſtored to ſtrength, on condition that as ſoon as he was able to mount on horſeback, he ſhould come to *Leon*, and in perſon do homage for his dominions. This condition, ſo contrary to his coronation agreement, he found means to avoid. He would never more mount on horſeback, but on pretence of lameneſs, ever after affected to ride in a calaſh. This, his natural, and afterward political, infirmity, the ſuperſtitious of thoſe days aſcribed to the curſes of his mother.

Though

Though hot Syene, where the ſun's fierce ray
Begets no ſhadow, own'd thy conquering ſway;
Though from the tribes that ſhiver in the gleam
Of cold Bootes' watery gliſtening team,
To thoſe who parch'd beneath the burning line,
In fragrant ſhades their feeble limbs recline,
The various languages proclaim'd thy fame,
And trembling own'd the terrors of thy name;
Though rich Arabia, and Sarmatia bold,
And Colchis, famous for the fleece of gold;
Though Judah's land, whoſe ſacred rites implored
The One true God, and, as he taught, adored;
Though Cappadocia's realm thy mandate ſway'd,
And baſe Sophenia's ſons thy nod obey'd;
Though vext Cicilia's pirates wore thy bands,
And thoſe who cultured fair Armenia's lands,
Where from the ſacred mount two rivers flow,
And what was Eden to the Pilgrim ſhew;
Though from the vaſt Atlantic's bounding wave
To where the northern tempeſts howl and rave
Round Taurus' lofty brows: though vaſt and wide
The various climes that bended to thy pride;
No more with pining anguiſh of regret
Bewail the horrors of Pharſalia's fate:
For great Alonzo, whoſe ſuperior name
Unequal'd victories conſign to fame,

The

The great Alonzo fell — like thine his woe;
From nuptial kindred came the fatal blow.

When now the hero, humbled in the duſt,
His crime atoned, confeſt that heaven was juſt,
Again in ſplendor he the throne aſcends:
Again his bow the Mooriſh chieftain bends.
Wide round th' embattled gates of Santareen
Their ſhining ſpears and banner'd moons are ſeen.
But holy rites the pious king preferr'd;
The Martyr's bones on Vincent's Cape interr'd,
(His ſainted name the Cape ſhall ever [c] bear)
To Liſboa's walls he brought with votive care.
And now the monarch, old and feeble grown,
Reſigns the faulchion to his valiant ſon.
O'er Tago's waves the youthful hero paſt,
And bleeding hoſts before him ſhrunk aghaſt:
Choak'd with the ſlain, with Mooriſh carnage dy'd,
Sevilia's river roll'd the purple tide.
Burning for victory the warlike boy
Spares not a day to thoughtleſs reſt or joy.
Nor long his wiſh unſatisfied remains:
With the beſiegers' gore he dyes the plains

[c] *Tu quoque littoribus noſtris, Æneïa nutrix,*
Æternam moriens famam, Caïeta dediſti.
VIRG. ÆN. VII.

That

That circle Beja's wall: yet ſtill untamed,
With all the fierceneſs of deſpair inflamed,
The raging Moor collects his diſtant might;
Wide from the ſhores of Atlas' ſtarry height,
From Ampheluſia's cape, and Tingia's bay,
Where ſtern Antæus held his brutal ſway,
The Mauritanian trumpet ſounds to arms,
And Juba's realm returns the hoarſe alarms;
The ſwarthy tribes in burniſh'd armour ſhine,
Their warlike march Abeyla's ſhepherds join.
The great [d] Miramolin on Tago's ſhores
Far o'er the coaſt his banner'd thouſands pours;
Twelve kings and one beneath his enſigns ſtand,
And wield their ſabres at his dread command.
The plundering bands far round the region haſte,
The mournful region lies a naked waſte.
And now encloſed in Santareen's high towers
The brave Don Sanco ſhuns th' unequal powers;
A thouſand arts the furious Moor purſues,
And ceaſeleſs ſtill the fierce aſſault renews.
Huge clefts of rock, from horrid engines whirl'd,
In ſmouldering volleys on the town are hurl'd;
The brazen rams the lofty turrets ſhake,
And, mined beneath, the deep foundations quake;

[d] *Miramolin*,—not the name of a perſon, but a title, *quaſi*, *Soldan*. The Arabs call it Emir-Almoumini, *the Emperor of the Faithful*.

But

But brave Alonzo's ſon, as danger grows,
His pride inflamed, with riſing courage glows;
Each coming ſtorm of miſſile darts he wards,
Each nodding turret, and each port he guards.

In that fair city, round whoſe verdant meads
The branching river of Mondego ſpreads,
Long worn with warlike toils, and bent with years
The king repoſed, when Sanco's fate he hears.
His limbs forget the feeble ſteps of age,
And the hoar warrior burns with youthful rage.
His daring Veterans, long to conqueſt train'd,
He leads—the ground with Mooriſh blood is ſtain'd;
Turbans, and robes of various colours wrought,
And ſhiver'd ſpears in ſtreaming carnage float.
In harneſs gay lies many a weltering ſteed,
And low in duſt the groaning maſters bleed.
As proud Miramolin in horror fled,
Don Sanco's javelin ſtretch'd him with the dead.
In wild diſmay, and torn with guſhing wounds
The rout wide ſcatter'd fly the Luſian bounds.
Their hands to heaven the joyful victors raiſe,
And every voice reſounds the ſong of praiſe;
" Nor was it ſtumbling chance, nor human might,
" 'Twas guardian heaven," they ſung, " that ruled the fight."

This bliſsful day Alonzo's glories crown'd;
But pale diſeaſe gave now the ſecret wound;
Her icy hand his feeble limbs invades,
And pining languor through his vitals ſpreads.
The glorious monarch to the tomb deſcends,
A nation's grief the funeral torch attends.
Each winding ſhore for thee, Alonzo, [c] mourns,
Alonzo's name each woful bay returns;
For thee the rivers ſigh their groves among,
And funeral murmurs wailing, roll along;
Their ſwelling tears o'erflow the wide campaign;
With floating heads, for thee, the yellow grain,
For thee the willow bowers and copſes weep,
As their tall boughs lie trembling on the deep.
Adown the ſtreams the tangled vine-leaves flow,
And all the landſcape wears the look of woe.
Thus o'er the wondering world thy glories ſpread,
And thus thy mournful people bow the head;
While ſtill, at eve, each dale Alonzo ſighs,
And, Oh, Alonzo; every hill replies;
And ſtill the mountain ecchoes trill the lay,
Till bluſhing morn brings on the noiſeful day.

[c] *Each winding ſhore for thee, Alonzo, mourns*—In this poetical exclamation, expreſſive of the ſorrow of Portugal on the death of Alonzo, Camoens has happily imitated ſome paſſages of Virgil.

——— *Ipſæ te, Tityre, pinus,*
Ipſi te fontes, ipſa hæc arbuſta vocabant.
Ecl. i.

——— *Eurydicen vox ipſâ et frigida lingua,*
Ah miſeram Eurydicen, anima fugiente, vocabat:
Eurydicen toto reſonabant flumine ripæ.
G. iv.

——*littus, Hyla, Hyla, omne ſonaret.*
Ecl. vi.

The

The youthful Sanco to the throne ſucceeds,
Already far renown'd for valorous deeds;
Let Betis tinged with blood his proweſs tell,
And Beja's lawns, where boaſtful Afric fell.
Nor leſs, when king, his martial ardour glows,
Proud Sylves' royal walls his troops encloſe:
Fair Sylves' lawns the Mooriſh peaſant plough'd,
Her vineyards cultured, and her valleys ſow'd;
But Liſboa's monarch reapt. The winds of heaven
Roar'd high—and headlong by the tempeſt driven,
In Tago's breaſt a gallant navy ſought
The ſheltering port, and [f] glad aſſiſtance brought.
The warlike crew, by Frederic the Red,
To reſcue Judah's proſtrate land were led;
When Guido's troops, by burning thirſt ſubdued,
To Saladine [g] the foe for mercy ſued.

[f] —— *and glad aſſiſtance brought* —— The Portugueſe, in their wars with the Moors, were ſeveral times aſſiſted by the Engliſh and German cruſaders. In the preſent inſtance the fleet was moſtly Engliſh, the troops of which nation were, according to agreement, rewarded with the plunder, which was exceeding rich, of the city of Silves. *Nuniz de Leon as cronicas das Reis de Port.*

[g] *To Saladine the foe for mercy ſued.* —— In the reign of Guido, the laſt Chriſtian king of Jeruſalem, the ſtreams which ſupplied his army with water were cut off by Saladine, the victorious Mamaluke; by which means Guido's army was reduced to ſubmiſſion. During the Cruſades, the fountains which ſupplied the Chriſtians had been often perverted and poiſoned; and it was believed that ſome lepers, who had been turned out of the Chriſtian camp, aſſiſted the enemy by magical arts, in thus deſtroying them. Hence it was alſo believed, that every wretch afflicted with the leproſy was a magician, and that by magic they held an univerſal intelligence with one another over the whole world, on purpoſe to injure the Chriſtian cauſe. On this opinion theſe unhappy objects of compaſſion were perſecuted throughout Europe: Several of them were condemned, and burnt at Paris; and where they experienced leſs ſeverity, they were turned out of the hoſpitals erected for their reception. It ſtands upon authentic record, that the poor old lepers of St. Bartholomew's hoſpital in the vicinage of Oxford, were ſeverely perſecuted for poiſoning the fountains near Jeruſalem. Such were the groſs opinions of mankind, ere enlightened and civilized by the intercourſe of commerce.—Fox, Martyr. p. 364. Annal. Mon. Brinton. Ox. p. 13.

Their vows were holy, and the cauſe the ſame,
To blot from Europe's ſhores the Mooriſh name.
In Sanco's cauſe the gallant navy joins,
And royal Sylves to their force reſigns.
Thus ſent by heaven a foreign naval band
Gave Liſboa's ramparts to the Sire's command.

Nor Mooriſh trophies did alone adorn
The Hero's name; in warlike camps though born,
Though fenced with mountains, Leon's martial race
Smile at the battle-ſign, yet foul diſgrace
To Leon's haughty ſons his ſword atchieved;
Proud Tui's neck his ſervile yoke received;
And far around falls many a wealthy town,
O valiant Sanco, humbled to thy frown.

While thus his laurels flouriſh'd wide and fair,
He dies: Alonzo reigns, his much-loved heir,
Alcazar lately conquer'd by the Moor,
Reconquer'd, ſtreams with the defenders' gore.

Alonzo dies: Another Sanco reigns:
Alas, with many a ſigh the land complains!
Unlike his Sire, a vain unthinking boy,
His ſervants now a jarring ſway enjoy.
As his the power, his were the crimes of thoſe
Whom to diſpenſe that ſacred power he choſe.

By

By various counſels waver'd and confuſed,
By ſeeming friends, by various arts abuſed;
Long undetermined, blindly raſh at laſt,
Enraged, unmann'd, untutor'd by the paſt.
Yet not like Nero, cruel and unjuſt,
The ſlave capricious of unnatural luſt:
Nor had he ſmiled had flames conſumed his Troy;
Nor could his people's groans afford him joy;
Nor did his woes from female manners ſpring,
Unlike the [h] Syrian, or Sicilia's king.
No hundred cooks his coſtly meal prepared,
As heapt the board when Rome's proud tyrant [i] fared:
Nor dared the artiſt hope his ear to gain,
By new-form'd arts to point the [k] ſtings of pain.
But proud and high the Luſian ſpirit ſoar'd,
And aſk'd a godlike hero for their Lord.
To none accuſtom'd but an hero's ſway,
Great muſt he be whom that bold race obey.

Complaint, loud murmur'd, every city fills,
Complaint, loud ecchoed, murmurs through the hills.
Alarm'd, Bolonia's warlike Earl [l] awakes,
And from his liſtleſs brother's minions takes

[h] *Unlike the Syrian* —— Sardinapalus.
[i] —— *When Rome's proud tyrant far'd.*— Heliogabalus, infamous for his gluttony.
[k] *By new form'd arts to point the ſtings of pain*—Alluding to the ſtory of Phalaris.
[l] —— *Bolonia's warlike Earl* —— Camoens, who was quite an enthuſiaſt for the honour of his country, has in this inſtance diſguiſed the truth of hiſtory. Don Sancho was by no means the weak Prince here repreſented.

The awful ſceptre.—Soon was joy reſtored,
And ſoon, by juſt ſucceſſion, Liſboa's Lord,
Beloved, Alonzo named the bold, he reigns;
Nor may the limits of his Sire's domains
Confine his mounting ſpirit. When he led
His ſmiling Conſort to the bridal bed,
Algarbia's realm, he cried, ſhall prove thy dower,
And ſoon Algarbia conquer'd own'd his power.
The vanquiſh'd Moor with total rout expell'd,
All Luſus' ſhores his might unrivall'd held.
And now brave Diniz reigns, whoſe noble fire
Beſpoke the genuine lineage of his Sire.
Now heavenly peace wide waved her olive bough,
Each vale diſplay'd the labours of the plough

preſented, nor did the miſeries of his reign proceed from himſelf. The clergy were the ſole authors of his and the public calamities. The Roman See was then in the height of its power, which it exerted in the moſt tyrannical manner. The eccleſiaſtical courts had long claimed the ſole right to try the eccleſiaſtics; and to prohibit a Prieſt to ſay maſs for a twelvemonth, was by the brethren his judges, eſteemed a ſufficient puniſhment for murder, or any other capital crime. Alonzo II. the father of Don Sancho, attempted to eſtabliſh the authority of the King's courts of juſtice over the offending Clergy. For this the Archbiſhop of *Braga* excommunicated *Gonzalo Mendez*, the Chancellor; and *Honorius* the Pope excommunicated the King, and put his dominions under an interdict. The exterior offices of Religion were ſuſpended, the vulgar fell into the utmoſt diſſoluteneſs of manners; Mahommediſm made great advances, and public confuſion every where prevailed. By this policy the Holy Church conſtrained the nobility to urge the King to a full ſubmiſſion to the Papal chair. While a negociation for this purpoſe was on foot Alonzo died, and left his ſon to ſtruggle with an enraged and powerful Clergy. Don Sancho was juſt, affable, brave, and an enamoured huſband. On this laſt virtue faction firſt fixed its envenomed fangs. The Queen was accuſed of arbitrary influence over her huſband, and, according to the ſuperſtition of that age, ſhe was believed to have diſturbed his ſenſes by an enchanted draught. Such of the nobility as declared in the king's favour were ſtigmatized, and rendered odious, as the creatures of the Queen. The confuſions which enſued were fomented by Alonzo, Earl of Bologne, the King's brother, by whom the King was accuſed as the author of them. In ſhort, by the aſſiſtance of the Clergy and Pope *Innocent* IV. Sancho was depoſed, and ſoon after he died at Toledo. The beautiful Queen, Donna *Mencia*, was ſeized as a priſoner, and conveyed away by one *Raymond Portocarrero*, and was never heard of more. Such are the triumphs of Faction!

And

And ſmiled with joy: the rocks on every ſhore
Reſound the daſhing of the merchant-oar.
Wiſe laws are form'd, and conſtitutions weigh'd,
And the deep-rooted baſe of Empire laid.
Not Ammon's ſon with larger heart beſtow'd,
Nor ſuch the grace to him the Muſes owed.
From Helicon the Muſes wing their way;
Mondego's flowery banks invite their ſtay.
Now Coimbra ſhines Minerva's proud abode;
And fired with joy, Parnaſſus' bloomy God
Beholds another dear-loved Athens riſe,
And ſpread her laurels in indulgent ſkies;
Her wreath of laurels ever green he twines
With threads of gold, and Baccaris[m] adjoins.
Here caſtle walls in warlike grandeur lour,
Here cities ſwell and lofty temples tower:
In wealth and grandeur each with other vies;
When old and loved the parent-monarch dies.
His ſon, alas, remiſs in filial deeds,
But wiſe in peace and bold in fight, ſucceeds,
The fourth Alonzo: Ever arm'd for war
He views the ſtern Caſteel with watchful care.
Yet when the Lybian nations croſt the main,
And ſpread their thouſands o'er the fields of Spa

[m] —— *Baccaris*——or Lady's glove, an herb to which the Druids and ancient Poets aſcribed magical virtues.

——————— *Baccare frontem*
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.
Virg. Ecl. VII.

The

The brave Alonzo drew his awful ſteel
And ſprung to battle for the proud Caſteel.

When Babel's haughty Queen unſheath'd the ſword,
And o'er Hydaſpes' lawns her legions pour'd;
When dreadful Attila, to whom was [n] given
That fearful name, the Scourge of angry heaven,
The fields of trembling Italy o'er-ran
With many a Gothic tribe and northern clan;
Not ſuch unnumber'd banners then were ſeen,
As now in fair Tarteſia's dales convene;
Numidia's bow and Mauritania's ſpear,
And all the might of Hagar's race was here;
Granada's mongrels join their numerous hoſt,
To thoſe who dared the ſeas from Lybia's coaſt.
Awed by the fury of ſuch ponderous force
The proud Caſtilian tries each hoped reſource;
Yet not by terror for himſelf inſpired,
For Spain he trembled, and for Spain was fired.
His much-loved bride his meſſenger he [o] ſends,
And to the hoſtile Luſian lowly bends.
The much-loved daughter of the King implored,
Now ſues her father for her wedded Lord.

[n] *When dreadful Attila* ——— A king of the Huns, ſurnamed The Scourge of God. He lived in the fifth century. He may be reckoned among the greateſt of barbarous conquerors.

[o] *His much-loved bride* ——— The Princeſs Mary. She was a Lady of great beauty and virtue, but was exceedingly ill uſed by her huſband, who was violently attached to his miſtreſſes, though he owed his crown to the aſſiſtance of his father-in-law, the king of Portugal.

The

The beauteous dame approach'd the palace gate,
Where her great Sire was throned in regal ſtate:
On her fair face deep-ſettled grief appears,
And her mild eyes are bathed in gliſtening tears;
Her careleſs ringlets, as a mourner's, flow
Adown her ſhoulders and her breaſts of ſnow:
A ſecret tranſport through the father ran,
While thus, in ſighs, the royal bride began:

And know'ſt thou not, O warlike King, ſhe cry'd
That furious Afric pours her peopled tide,
Her barbarous nations o'er the fields of Spain?
Morocco's Lord commands the dreadful train.
Ne'er ſince the ſurges bathed the circling coaſt,
Beneath one ſtandard march'd ſo dread an hoſt:
Such the dire fierceneſs of their brutal rage,
Pale are our braveſt youth as palſied age:
By night our fathers' ſhades confeſs their [n] fear,
Their ſhrieks of terror from the tombs we hear:
To ſtem the rage of theſe unnumber'd bands,
Alone, O Sire, my gallant huſband ſtands;
His little hoſt alone their breaſts oppoſe
To the barb'd darts of Spain's innumerous foes:

[n] *By night our fathers' ſhades confeſs their fear* —— Camoens ſays, "A mortos faz eſpanto," to give this elegance in Engliſh required a paraphraſe. There is ſomething wildly great, and agreeable to the ſuperſtition of that age, to ſuppoſe that the dead were troubled in their graves, on the approach of ſo terrible an army. The French tranſlator, contrary to the original, aſcribes this terror to the ghoſt of only one Prince; by which, this ſtroke of Camoens, in the ſpirit of Shakeſpeare, is greatly reduced.

Then haſte, O Monarch, thou whoſe conquering ſpear
Has chill'd Malucca's ſultry waves with fear;
Haſte to the reſcue of diſtreſs'd Caſteel,
(Oh! be that ſmile thy dear affection's ſeal!)
And ſpeed, my father, ere my huſband's fate
Be fixt, and I, deprived of regal ſtate,
Be left in captive ſolitude forlorn,
My ſpouſe, my kingdom, and my birth to mourn.

In tears, and trembling, ſpoke the filial queen:
So loſt in grief was lovely Venus * ſeen,
When Jove, her Sire, the beauteous mourner pray'd
To grant her wandering ſon the promiſed aid.
Great Jove was moved to hear the fair deplore,
Gave all ſhe aſk'd, and grieved ſhe aſk'd no more.
So grieved Alonzo's noble heart. And now
The warrior binds in ſteel his awful brow;
The glittering ſquadrons march in proud array,
On burniſh'd ſhields the trembling ſun-beams play:
The blaze of arms the warlike rage inſpires,
And wakes from ſlothful peace the hero's fires.
With trampling hoofs Evora's plains rebound,
And ſprightly neighings eccho far around;
Far on each ſide the clouds of duſt ariſe,
The drum's rough rattling rowls along the ſkies;

* *So loſt in grief* —— See the firſt Æneid.

The

The trumpet's ſhrilly clangor ſounds alarms,
And each heart burns, and ardent pants for arms.
Where their bright blaze the royal enſigns pour'd,
High o'er the reſt the great Alonzo tower'd;
High o'er the reſt was his bold front admired,
And his keen eyes new warmth, new force inſpired.
Proudly he march'd, and now in Tarif's plain
The two Alonzos join their martial train:
Right to the foe, in battle-rank updrawn,
They pauſe—the mountain and the wide-ſpread lawn
Afford not foot-room for the crowded foe:
Awed with the horrors of the lifted blow
Pale look'd our braveſt heroes. Swell'd with pride,
The foes already conquer'd Spain divide,
And lordly o'er the field the promiſed victors ſtride.
So ſtrode in Elah's vale the towering height
Of Gath's proud champion; ſo with pale affright
The Hebrews trembled, while with impious pride
The huge-limb'd foe the ſhepherd boy defy'd:
The valiant boy advancing fits the ſtring,
And round his head he whirls the ſounding ſling;
The monſter ſtaggers with the forceful wound,
And his vaſt bulk lies groaning on the ground.
Such impious ſcorn the Moor's proud boſom ſwell'd,
When our thin ſquadrons took the battle-field;

Unconſcious of the Power who led us on,
That Power whoſe nod confounds th' infernal throne;
Led by that Power, the brave Caſtilian bared
The ſhining blade, and proud Morocco dared;
His conquering brand the Luſian hero drew,
And on Granada's ſons reſiſtleſs flew;
The ſpear-ſtaffs craſh, the ſplinters hiſs around,
And the broad bucklers rattle on the ground.
With piercing ſhrieks the Moors their Prophet's name,
And ours their guardian Saint aloud acclaim.
Wounds guſh on wounds, and blows reſound to blows,
A lake of blood the level plain o'erflows;
The wounded gaſping in the purple tide,
Now find the death the ſword but half ſupplied.
Though [q] wove and quilted by their Ladies' hands,
Vain were the mail-plates of Granada's bands.
With ſuch dread force the Luſian ruſh'd along,
Steep'd in red carnage lay the boaſtful throng.
Yet now diſdainful of ſo light a prize,
Fierce o'er the field the thundering hero flies,

[q] *Though wove* — It may perhaps be objected, that this is ungrammatical. But

——— Uſus
Quem penes arbitrium eſt, et jus et norma loquendi.

and Dryden, Pope, &c. often uſe *wove* as a participle in place of the harſh-ſounding *woven*, a word almoſt incompatible with the elegance of verſification. The more harmonious word ought therefore to be uſed; and uſe will aſcertain its definition in grammar. When the ſpirit of chivalry prevailed, every youthful warrior had his miſtreſs, to whoſe favour he laid no claim, till he had diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the ranks of battle. If his firſt addreſſes were received, it was uſual for the Lady to preſent her Lover with ſome weapon or piece of armour, adorned with her own needle-work; and of the goodneſs of whoſe metal and fabric, it was ſuppoſed, ſhe was confident.

And

And his bold arm the brave Caſtilian joins
In dreadful conflict with the Mooriſh lines.

The parting Sun now pour'd the ruddy blaze,
And twinkling Veſper ſhot his ſilvery rays
Athwart the gloom, and cloſed the glorious day,
When low in duſt the ſtrength of Afric lay.
Such dreadful ſlaughter of the boaſtful Moor
Never on battle-field was heap'd before.
Not he whoſe childhood vow'd eternal hate
And deſperate war againſt the Roman ſtate,
Though three ſtrong courſers bent beneath the weight
Of rings of gold, by many a Roman Knight,
Erewhile, the badge of rank diſtinguiſh'd, worn,
From their cold hands at Cannæ's ſlaughter torn;
Not his dread ſword beſpread the reeking plain
With ſuch wide ſtreams of gore, and hills of ſlain;
Nor thine, O Titus, ſwept from Salem's land,
Such floods of ghoſts roll'd down to death's dark ſtrand;
Though ages ere ſhe fell, the Prophets old
The dreadful ſcene of Salem's fall foretold
In words that breathe wild horror: Nor the ſhore,
When carnage choak'd the ſtream, ſo ſmoak'd [1] with gore,

[1] ——*ſo ſmoak'd with gore, when Marius' fainting legions*——When the ſoldiers of Marius complained of thirſt, he pointed to a river near the camp of the Ambrones; There, ſays he, you may drink, but it muſt be purchaſed with blood. Lead us on, they replied, that we may have ſomething liquid, though it be blood. The Romans forcing their way to the river, the channel was filled with the dead bodies of the ſlain. Vid. Plut.

When

When Marius' fainting legions drank the flood,
Yet warm and purpled with Ambronian blood;
Not ſuch the heaps as now the plains of Tarif ſtrew'd.

While glory thus Alonzo's name adorn'd,
To Liſboa's ſhores the happy Chief return'd,
In glorious peace and well-deſerved repoſe,
His courſe of fame, and honoured age to cloſe.
When now, O king, a Damſel's fate [1] ſevere,
A fate which ever claims the woeful tear,
Diſgraced his honours——On the Nymph's lorn head
Relentleſs rage its bittereſt rancour ſhed:
Yet ſuch the zeal her princely lover bore,
Her breathleſs corſe the crown of Liſboa wore.
'Twas thou, O Love, whoſe dreaded ſhafts controul
The hind's rude heart, and tear the hero's ſoul;
Thou ruthleſs power, with bloodſhed never cloyed,
'Twas thou thy lovely votary deſtroyed.

[1] —— *a Damſel's fate ſevere* —— This unfortunate lady, Donna *Inez de Caſtro*, was the daughter of a *Caſtilian* gentleman, who had taken refuge in the court of Portugal. Her beauty and accompliſhments attracted the regard of Don Pedro, the king's eldeſt ſon, a prince of a brave and noble diſpoſition. *La Neufville*, *Le Clede*, and other hiſtorians, aſſert, that ſhe was privately married to the prince ere ſhe had any ſhare in his bed. Nor was his conjugal fidelity leſs remarkable than the ardour of his paſſion. Afraid, however, of his father's reſentment, the ſeverity of whoſe temper he well knew, his intercourſe with Donna Inez paſſed at the court as an intrigue of gallantry. On the acceſſion of Don *Pedro the Cruel* to the throne of *Caſtile*, many of the diſguſted nobility were kindly received by Don Pedro, through the intereſt of his beloved Inez. The favour ſhewn to theſe Caſtilians gave great uneaſineſs to the politicians. A thouſand evils were foreſeen from the Prince's attachment to his Caſtilian miſtreſs: even the murder of his children by his deceaſed ſpouſe, the princeſs *Conſtantia*, was ſurmiſed; and the enemies of Donna Inez finding the king willing to liſten, omitted no opportunity to increaſe his reſentment againſt the unfortunate lady. The prince was about his 28th year when his amour with his beloved Inez commenced.

Thy

Thy thirſt ſtill burning for a deeper woe,
In vain to thee the tears of beauty flow;
The breaſt that feels thy pureſt flames divine,
With ſpouting gore muſt bathe thy cruel ſhrine.
Such thy dire triumphs!—Thou, O Nymph, the while,
Prophetic of the god's unpitying guile,
In tender ſcenes by love-ſick fancy wrought,
By fear oft ſhifted as by fancy brought,
In ſweet Mondego's ever-verdant bowers,
Languiſh'd away the ſlow and lonely hours:
While now, as terror waked thy boding fears,
The conſcious ſtream received thy pearly tears;
And now, as hope revived the brighter flame,
Each eccho ſigh'd thy princely lover's name.
Nor leſs could abſence from thy prince remove
The dear remembrance of his diſtant love:
Thy looks, thy ſmiles, before him ever glow,
And o'er his melting heart endearing flow:
By night his ſlumbers bring thee to his arms,
By day his thoughts ſtill wander o'er thy charms:
By night, by day, each thought thy loves employ,
Each thought the memory or the hope of joy.
Though faireſt princely dames invok'd his love,
No princely dame his conſtant faith could move:
For thee alone his conſtant paſſion burn'd,
For thee the proffer'd royal maids he ſcorn'd.

Ah,

Ah, hope of bliſs too high—the princely dames
Refuſed, dread rage the father's breaſt inflames;
He, with an old man's wintery eye, ſurveys
The youth's fond love, and coldly with it weighs
The peoples' murmurs of his ſon's delay
To bleſs the nation with his nuptial day.
(Alas, the nuptial day was paſt unknown,
Which but when crown'd the prince could dare to own.)
And with the Fair One's blood the vengeful fire
Reſolves to quench his Pedro's faithful fire.
Oh, thou dread ſword, oft ſtain'd with heroes' gore,
Thou awful terror of the proſtrate Moor,
What rage could aim thee at a female breaſt,
Unarm'd, by ſoftneſs and by love poſſeſt!

Dragg'd from her bower by murderous ruffian hands,
Before the frowning king fair Inez ſtands;
Her tears of artleſs innocence, her air
So mild, ſo lovely, and her face ſo fair,
Moved the ſtern Monarch; when with eager zeal
Her fierce Deſtroyers urged the public weal;
Dread rage again the Tyrant's ſoul poſſeſt,
And his dark brow his cruel thoughts confeſt:
O'er her fair face a ſudden paleneſs ſpread,
Her throbbing heart with generous anguiſh bled,
Anguiſh to view her lover's hopeleſs woes,
And all the mother in her boſom roſe.

Her

Her beauteous eyes in trembling tear-drops drown'd,
To heaven ſhe lifted, but her hands were [i] bound;
Then on her infants turn'd the piteous glance,
The look of bleeding woe; the babes advance,
Smiling in innocence of infant age,
Unawed, unconſcious of their grandſire's rage;
To whom, as burſting ſorrow gave the flow,
The native heart-ſprung eloquence of woe,
The lovely captive thus:—O Monarch, hear,
If e'er to thee the name of man was dear,
If prowling tygers, or the wolf's wild brood,
Inſpired by nature with the luſt of blood,
Have yet been moved the weeping babe to ſpare,
Nor left, but tended with a nurſe's care,
As Rome's great founders to the world were given;
Shalt thou, who wear'ſt the ſacred ſtamp of heaven,
The human form divine, ſhalt thou deny
That aid, that pity, which e'en beaſts ſupply!
Oh, that thy heart were, as thy looks declare,
Of human mould, ſuperfluous were my prayer;
Thou could'ſt not then a helpleſs damſel ſlay,
Whoſe ſole offence in fond affection [k] lay,

[i] *Ad cœlum tendens ardentia lumina fruſtra,*
Lumina nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.
VIRG. ÆN. 2.

[k] *Whoſe ſole offence in fond affection lay*— It has been obſerved by ſome critics, that Milton on every occaſion is fond of expreſſing his admiration of muſic, particularly of the ſong of the Nightingale, and the full woodland choir. If in the ſame manner we are to judge of the favourite taſte of Homer, we ſhall find it of a leſs delicate kind. He is continually deſcribing the feaſt, the huge chine, the ſavoury viands on the glowing coals, and the foaming bowl. The ruling paſſion of Camoens is alſo ſtrongly marked in his writings. One may venture

In faith to him who firſt his love confeſt,
Who firſt to love allured her virgin breaſt.
In theſe my babes ſhalt thou thine image ſee,
And ſtill tremendous hurl thy rage on me.
Me, for their ſakes, if yet thou wilt not ſpare,
Oh, let theſe infants prove thy pious care!
Yet Pity's lenient current ever flows
From that brave breaſt where genuine valour glows;
That thou art brave, let vanquiſh'd Afric tell,
Then let thy pity o'er mine anguiſh ſwell;

to affirm, that there is no poem of equal length which abounds with ſo many impaſſioned encomiums on the fair ſex, and the power of their beauty, as the Luſiad. The genius of Camoens ſeems never ſo pleaſed as when he is painting the variety of female charms; he feels all the magic of their allurements, and riots in his deſcriptions of the happineſs and miſeries attendant on the paſſion of love. As he wrote from his feelings, theſe parts of his works have been particularly honoured with the attention of the world. Taſſo and Spenſer have copied from his Iſland of Bliſs, and three tragedies have been formed from this Epiſode of the unhappy Inez. One in Engliſh, named Elvira—The other two are by *M. de la Motte*, a Frenchman, and *Luis Velez de Guevara*, a Spaniard. How theſe different writers have handled the ſame ſubject is not unworthy of the attention of the critic. The tragedy of M. de la Motte, from which Elvira is copied, is highly characteriſtic of the French drama. In the Luſiad the beautiful victim expreſſes the ſtrong emotions of genuine nature. She feels for what her lover will feel for her; the mother riſes in her breaſt, ſhe implores pity for her children; ſhe feels the horrors of death, and would be glad to wander an exile with her babes, where her only ſolace would be the remembrance of her faithful paſſion. This however, it appears, would not ſuit the taſte of a Paris audience. On the French ſtage the ſtern Roman heroes muſt be polite *Petits-Maitres*, and the tender Inez, a bluſtering amazon. Lee's Alexander cannot talk in a higher rant. She not only wiſhes to die herſelf, but deſires that her children and her huſband Don Pedro may alſo be put to death.

Hé bien, ſeigneur, ſuivez vos barbares maximes,
On vous amene encor de nouvelles victimes,
Immolez ſans remords, et pour nous punir mieux,
Ces gages d'un Hymen ſi coupable à vos yeux.
Ils ignorent le ſang, dont le ciel les a fait naitre,
Par l'arrêt de leur mort faites les reconnaitre,
Conſommez votre ouvrage, et que les mêmes coups
Rejoignent les enfans, et la femme, et l'epoux.

The Spaniard, however, has followed nature and Camoens, and in point of poetical merit his play is infinitely ſuperior to that of the Frenchman. Don Pedro talks in the abſence of his miſtreſs with the beautiful ſimplicity of an Arcadian lover, and Inez implores the tyrant with the genuine tenderneſs of female affection and delicacy. The reader, who is acquainted with the Spaniſh tongue, will thank me for the following extracts.

Ines. A mis hijos me quitais?
Rey Don Alonſo, ſenor,
Porque me quereis quitar
La vida de tantas vezes?
Advertid, ſenor mirad,
Que el coraçon a pedaços
Dividido me arancais.
Rey. Llevaldos, Alvar Gonçalez.

Ines.

Ah, let my woes, unconſcious of a crime,
Procure mine exile to ſome barbarous clime:
Give me to wander o'er the burning plains
Of Lybia's deſarts, or the wild domains
Of Scythia's ſnow-clad rocks and frozen ſhore;
There let me, hopeleſs of return, deplore.
Where ghaſtly horror fills the dreary vale,
Where ſhrieks and howlings die on every gale,
The lions roaring, and the tygers yell,
There with mine infant race, conſign'd to dwell,
There let me try that piety to find,
In vain by Me implored from human kind:
There in ſome dreary cavern's rocky womb,
Amid the horrors of ſepulchral gloom,

Ines. Hijos mios, donde vais?
Donde vais ſin vueſtra madre?
Falta en los hombres piedad?
Adonde vais luzes mais?
Como, que aſſi me dexais
En el mayor deſconſuelo
En manos de la crueldad.
Nino Alfon. Conſuelate madre mia,
Y a Dios te puedas quedar,
Que vamos con nueſtro abuelo,
Y no querrá hazernas mal.
Ines. Poſſible es, ſenor, Rey mio,
Padre, que anſi me cerreis
La puerta para el perdon?

* * * *

Aora, ſenor, aora,
Aora es tiempo de monſtrar
El mucho poder que tiene
Vueſtra real Mageſtad.

* * * * *

Como, ſenor? vos os vais
Y a Alvar Gonçalez, y a Coello
Inhumanos me entregais?
Hijos, hijos de mi vida,
Dexad me los abraçar;
Alonſo, mi vida hijo,
Dionis, a mores, tornad,
Tornad a ver vueſtra madre:
Pedro mio, donde eſtas
Que anſi te olvidas de mi?
Poſſible es que en tanto mal
Me falta tu viſta, eſpoſo?
Quien te pudiera aviſar
Del peligro en que afligida
Dona Ines tu eſpoſa eſta.

The drama, from which theſe extracts are taken, is entitled, *Reynar deſpues de morir.* And as they are cited for the tenderneſs of the original expreſſion, a tranſlation of them is not attempted.

For him whoſe love I mourn, my love ſhall glow,
The ſigh ſhall murmur, and the tear ſhall flow:
All my fond wiſh, and all my hope, to rear
Theſe infant pledges of a love ſo dear,
Amidſt my griefs a ſoothing, glad employ,
Amidſt my fears a woful, hopeleſs joy.

In tears ſhe utter'd—as the frozen ſnow
Touch'd by the ſpring's mild ray, begins to flow,
So juſt began to melt his ſtubborn ſoul
As mild-ray'd Pity o'er the Tyrant ſtole;
But deſtiny forbade: with eager zeal,
Again pretended for the public weal,
Her fierce accuſers urged her ſpeedy doom;
Again dark rage diffuſed its horrid gloom
O'er ſtern [1] Alonzo's brow: ſwift at the ſign,
Their ſwords unſheathed around her brandiſh'd ſhine.

[1] *O'er ſtern Alonzo's brow*—To give the character of Alphonſo IV. will throw light on this inhuman tranſaction. He was an undutiful ſon, an unnatural brother, and a cruel father; a great and fortunate warrior, diligent in the execution of the laws, and a *Machiavilian* politician. That good might be attained by villainous means, was his favourite maxim. When the enemies of Inez had perſuaded him that her death was neceſſary to the welfare of the ſtate, he took a journey to *Coimbra*, that he might ſee the lady, when the prince his ſon was abſent on a hunting party. Donna Inez with her children threw herſelf at his feet. The king was moved with the diſtreſs of the beautiful ſuppliant, when his three counſellors, *Alvaro Gonſalez*, *Diego Lopez Pacheco*, and *Pedro Coello*, reproaching him for his diſregard to the ſtate, he relapſed into his former reſolution. She was dragged from his preſence, and brutally murdered by the hands of his three counſellors, who immediately returned to the king with their daggers reeking with the innocent blood of the princeſs his daughter-in-law. Alonzo, ſays *La Neufville*, avowed the horrid aſſaſſination, as if he had done nothing for which he ought to be aſhamed.

O foul

O foul diſgrace, of knighthood laſting ſtain,
By men of arms an helpleſs lady ſlain!

Thus Pyrrhus, burning with unmanly ire,
Fulfill'd the mandate of his furious ſire;
Diſdainful of the frantic matron's prayer,
On fair Polyxena, her laſt fond care,
He ruſh'd, his blade yet warm with Priam's gore,
And daſh'd the daughter on the ſacred floor;
While mildly ſhe her raving mother eyed,
Reſign'd her boſom to the ſword, and died.
Thus Inez, while her eyes to heaven appeal,
Reſigns her boſom to the murdering ſteel:
That ſnowy neck, whoſe matchleſs form ſuſtain'd
The lovelieſt face where all the Graces reign'd,
Whoſe charms ſo long the gallant Prince inflamed,
That her pale corſe was Liſboa's queen proclaimed;
That ſnowy neck was ſtained with ſpouting gore,
Another ſword her lovely boſom tore.
The flowers that gliſten'd with her tears bedew'd,
Now ſhrunk and languiſh'd with her blood imbrew'd.
As when a roſe, erewhile of bloom ſo gay,
Thrown from the careleſs virgin's breaſt away,
Lies faded on the plain, the living red,
The ſnowy white, and all its fragrance fled;

So

So from her cheeks the roſes dy'd away,
And pale in death the beauteous Inez lay:
With dreadful ſmiles, and crimſon'd with her blood,
Round the wan victim the ſtern murderers ſtood
Unmindful of the ſure, though future hour,
Sacred to vengeance and her Lover's power.

O Sun, couldſt thou ſo foul a crime behold,
Nor veil thine head in darkneſs, as of old
A ſudden night unwonted horror caſt
O'er that dire banquet, where the ſire's repaſt
The ſon's torn limbs ſupplied!—Yet you, ye vales!
Ye diſtant foreſts, and ye flowery dales!
When pale and ſinking to the dreadful fall,
You heard her quivering lips on Pedro call;
Your faithful echoes caught the parting ſound,
And Pedro! Pedro! mournful, ſigh'd around.
Nor leſs the wood-nymphs of Mondego's groves
Bewail'd the memory of her hapleſs loves:
Her griefs they wept, and to a plaintive rill
Transform'd their tears, which weeps and murmurs ſtill.
To give immortal pity to her woe
They taught the riv'let through her bowers to flow,
And ſtill through violet beds the fountain pours
Its [w] plaintive wailing, and is named Amours.

[w] —*Still the fountain pours its plaintive wailing*—At an old royal caſtle near Mondego, there is a rivulet called the fountain of Amours. According to tradition, it was here

Nor long her blood for vengeance cry'd in vain:
Her gallant Lord begins his awful reign.
In vain her murderers for refuge fly,
Spain's wildeſt hills no place of reſt ſupply.
The injur'd Lover's and the Monarch's ire,
And ſtern-brow'd juſtice in their doom conſpire:
In hiſſing flames they die, and yield their ſouls in [x] fire.

here that Don Pedro reſided with his beloved Inez. The fiction of Camoens, founded on the popular name of the rivulet, is in the ſpirit of Homer.

[x] — *and yield their ſouls in fire.* —When the Prince was informed of the death of his beloved Inez, he was tranſported into the moſt violent fury. He took arms againſt his father. The country between the rivers *Minho* and *Doura* was laid deſolate: but by the interpoſition of the Queen and the Archbiſhop of *Braga* the Prince was ſoftened, and the further horrors of a civil war were prevented. Don Alonzo was not only reconciled to his ſon, but laboured by every means to oblige him, and to efface from his memory the injury and inſult he had received. The Prince, however, ſtill continued to diſcover the ſtrongeſt marks of affection and grief. When he ſucceeded to the crown, one of his firſt acts was a treaty with the King of Caſtile, whereby each Monarch engaged to give up ſuch malecontents, as ſhould take refuge in each other's dominions. In conſequence of this, *Pedro Coello* and *Alvaro Gonſalez*, who, on the death of *Alonzo*, had fled to Caſtile, were ſent priſoners to Don Pedro. *Diego Pacheco*, the third murderer, made his eſcape. The other two were put to death with the moſt exquiſite tortures, and moſt juſtly merited, if exquiſite torture is in any inſtance to be allowed. After this the King, Don Pedro, ſummoned an aſſembly of the ſtates at *Cantanedes*. Here, in the preſence of the Pope's nuncio, he ſolemnly ſwore on the holy Goſpels, that having obtained a diſpenſation from *Rome*, he had ſecretly, at *Braganza*, eſpouſed the Lady *Inez de Caſtro*, in the preſence of the Biſhop of *Guarda*, and of his maſter of the wardrobe; both of whom confirmed the truth of the oath. The Pope's Bull, containing the diſpenſation, was publiſhed; the body of Inez was lifted from the grave, placed on a magnificent throne, and with the proper Regalia, was crowned Queen of Portugal. The nobility did homage to her ſkeleton, and kiſſed the bones of her hand. The corps was then interred at the royal monaſtery of *Alcobaça*, with a pomp before unknown in Portugal, and with all the honours due to a Queen. Her monument is ſtill extant, where her ſtatue is adorned with the diadem and the royal robe. This, with the legitimation of her children, and the care he took of all who had been in her ſervice, conſoled him in ſome degree, and rendered him more converſable than he had hitherto been; but the cloud which the death of his Inez brought over the natural cheerfulneſs of his temper, was never totally diſperſed.——A circumſtance ſtrongly characteriſtic of the rage of his reſentment muſt not be omitted: When the murderers were brought before him, he was ſo tranſported with indignation, that he ſtruck *Pedro Coello* ſeveral blows on the face with the ſhaft of his whip. Some grave writers have branded this action as unworthy of the Magiſtrate and the Hero; and thoſe who will, may add, of the Philoſopher too: Something greater however belongs to Don Pedro: A regard which we do not feel for any of the three, will, in every boſom, capable of genuine love, inſpire a tender ſympathy for the agonies of his heart, when the preſence of the inhuman murderers preſented to his mind the horrid ſcene of the butchery of his beloved ſpouſe.

The

Nor this alone his ſtedfaſt ſoul diſplay'd:
Wide o'er the land he waved the awful blade
Of red-arm'd Juſtice. From the ſhades of night
He dragg'd the foul adulterer to light:
The robber from his dark retreat was led,
And he, who ſpilt the blood of murder, bled.
Unmoved he heard the proudeſt Noble plead;
Where Juſtice aim'd her ſword, with ſtubborn ſpeed
Fell the dire ſtroke. Nor cruelty inſpired,
Nobleſt humanity his boſom fired.
The Caitiff, ſtarting at his thoughts, repreſt
The ſeeds of murder ſpringing in his breaſt.
His outſtretch'd arm the lurking thief withheld,
For fixt as fate he knew his doom was ſeal'd.
Safe in his Monarch's care the Ploughman reapt,
And proud Oppreſſion coward diſtance kept.
Pedro [y] the juſt the peopled towns proclaim,
And every field reſounds her Monarch's name.

The impreſſion left on the philoſophical mind by theſe hiſtorical facts, will naturally ſuggeſt ſome reflections on human nature. Every man is proud of being thought capable of love; and none more ſo than thoſe who have the leaſt title to the name of Lover; thoſe whom the French call *Les hommes de Galanterie*, whoſe only happineſs is in variety, and to whom the greateſt beauty and mental accompliſhments loſe every charm after a few months enjoyment. Their fatiety they ſcruple not to confeſs, but are not aware, that in doing ſo, they alſo confeſs, that the principle which inſpired their paſſion was groſs, and ſelfiſh. To conſtitute a genuine Love, like that of Don Pedro, requires a nobleneſs and goodneſs of heart, totally incompatible with an ungenerous mind. The youthful fever of the veins may, for a while, inſpire an attachment to a particular object; but an affection ſo unchangeable and ſincere as that of the Prince of Portugal, can only ſpring from a boſom poſſeſſed of the fineſt feelings and of every virtue.

[y] *Pedro the juſt* — Hiſtory cannot afford an inſtance of any Prince who has a more eminent claim to the title of juſt than Pedro. His diligence to correct every abuſe was indefatigable, and when guilt was proved, his juſtice was inexorable. He was dreadful to the evil, and beloved by the good; for

Of this brave Prince the ſoft degenerate ſon,
Fernando the remiſs, aſcends the throne.
With arm unnerved the liſtleſs ſoldier lay
And own'd the influence of a nerveleſs ſway:
The ſtern Caſtilian drew the vengeful brand,
And ſtrode proud victor o'er the trembling land.
How dread the hour, when injur'd heaven in rage,
Thunders its vengeance on a guilty age!
Unmanly ſloth the King, the nation ſtain'd;
And lewdneſs, foſter'd by the Monarch, reign'd:
The Monarch own'd that firſt of crimes unjuſt,
The wanton revels of adulterous luſt:
Such was his rage for beauteous [z] Leonore,
Her from her huſband's widow'd arms he tore:

for he reſpected no perſons, and his inflexible ſeverity never digreſſed from the line of ſtrict juſtice. An anecdote or two will throw ſome light on his character. A Prieſt having killed a Maſon, the king diſſembled his knowledge of the crime, and left the iſſue to the Eccleſiaſtical Court, where the Prieſt was puniſhed by one year's ſuſpenſion from ſaying maſs. Pedro upon this privately ordered the Maſon's ſon to revenge the murder of his father. The young man obeyed, was apprehended, and condemned to death. When his ſentence was to be confirmed by the king, he enquired, what was the young man's trade. He was anſwered, that he followed his father's. Well then, ſaid the monarch, I ſhall commute his puniſhment, and interdict him from meddling with ſtone or mortar for a year. After this he fully eſtabliſhed the authority of the king's courts over the Clergy, whom he puniſhed with death when their crimes were capital. When ſolicited to refer the cauſes of ſuch criminals to a higher tribunal, by which they tacitly meant that of the Pope; he would anſwer very calmly, *That is what I intend to do: I will ſend them to the higheſt of all tribunals, to that of their Maker and mine.* Againſt Adulterers he was particularly ſevere, often declaring it his opinion, that conjugal infidelity was the ſource of the greateſt evils, and that therefore to reſtrain it was the intereſt and duty of the Sovereign. Though the fate of his beloved Inez chagrined and ſoured his temper, he was ſo far from being naturally ſullen or paſſionate, that he was rather of a gay and ſprightly diſpoſition, affable and eaſy of acceſs; delighted in muſic and dancing; a lover of learning, was himſelf a man of letters, and an elegant Poet. Vide *Le Clede, Mariana, Faria.*

[z] —— *beauteous Leonore* —— This lady, named *Leonora de Tellez*, was the wife of Don *Juan Lorenzo d'Acugna*, a nobleman of one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed families in Portugal. After a ſham proceſs this marriage was diſſolved, and the king privately eſpouſed her, though at that time he was publickly married by prozy to Donna Leonora of Arragon. A dangerous inſurrection,

Then with unbleſt, unhallowed nuptials ſtained
The ſacred altar, and its rites profaned.
Alas! the ſplendor of a crown how vain,
From heaven's dread eye to veil the dimmeſt ſtain!
To conquering Greece, to ruin'd Troy, what woes,
What ills on ills, from Helen's rape aroſe!
Let Appius own, let baniſh'd Tarquin tell
On their hot rage what heavy vengeance fell.
One female raviſh'd Gibeah's ſtreets [a] beheld,
O'er Gibeah's ſtreets the blood of thouſands ſwell'd
In vengeance of the crime; and ſtreams of blood
The guilt of Zion's ſacred bard [b] purſued.

Yet Love full oft with wild delirium blinds,
And fans his baſeſt fires in nobleſt minds:
The female garb the great Alcides wore,
And for his Omphale the diſtaff [c] bore.
For Cleopatra's frown the world was loſt.
The Roman terror, and the Punic boaſt,

headed by one *Velaſquez*, a taylor, drove the king and his adulterous bride from Liſbon. Soon after he cauſed his marriage to be publickly celebrated in the province between the *Douro* and *Minho*. Henry king of Caſtile, informed of the general diſcontent that reigned in Portugal, marched a formidable army into that kingdom, to revenge the injury offered to ſome of his ſubjects, whoſe ſhips had been unjuſtly ſeized at Liſbon. The deſolation hinted at by Camoens enſued. After the ſubjects of both kingdoms had ſeverely ſuffered, the two kings ended the war, much to their mutual ſatisfaction, by an intermarriage of their baſtard children.

[a] —— *Gibeah's ſtreets* —— See Judges, chap. ſix and xx.

[b] *The guilt of Zion's ſacred bard* —— David.—See 2 Samuel, chap. iii. 10. "The ſword ſhall never depart from thine houſe."

[c] *The great Alcides—Alcidem lanas nere coëgit amor.* Ovid.

Cannæ's

Cannæ's great victor, for a harlot's ſmile,
Reſign'd the harveſt of his glorious toil.
And who can boaſt he never felt the fires,
The trembling throbbings of the young deſires,
When he beheld the breathing roſes glow,
And the ſoft heavings of the living ſnow;
The waving ringlets of the auburn hair,
And all the rapturous graces of the Fair!
Oh! what defence, if fixt on him, he ſpy
The languid ſweetneſs of the ſtedfaſt eye!
Ye who have felt the dear luxurious ſmart,
When angel charms oppreſs the powerleſs heart,
In pity here relent the brow ſevere,
And o'er Fernando's weakneſs drop the tear.

To conclude the notes on this book, it may not be unneceſſary to obſerve, that Camoens, in this Epiſode, has happily adhered to a principal rule of the Epopœia. To paint the manners and characters of the age in which the action is placed, is as requiſite in the Epic Poem, as it is to preſerve the unity of the character of an Individual. That gallantry of bravery, and romantic caſt of the military adventures, which characteriſed the Spaniards and Portugueſe during the Mooriſh wars, is happily ſupported by Camoens in its moſt juſt and ſtriking colours. In hiſtory we find ſurpriſing victories obtained over the Infidels: In the Luſiad we find the heroes breathing that enthuſiaſm which led them to conqueſt, that enthuſiaſm of military honours ſo ſtrongly expreſſed by Alonzo V. of Portugal, at the ſiege of *Arzila*. In ſtorming the citadel, the Count de Marialva, a brave old officer, loſt his life. The King leading his only ſon, the Prince Don Juan, to the body of the Count, while the blood yet ſtreamed from his wounds, "Behold, he cried, that great man! May God grant you, my ſon, to imitate his virtues. May your honour, like his, be complete!"

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE LUSIAD

BOOK IV.

AS the toſt veſſel on the ocean rowls,
When dark the night, and loud the tempeſt howls,
When the lorn mariner in every wave
That breaks and gleams, forbodes his watery grave;
But when the dawn, all ſilent and ſerene,
With ſoft-paced ray diſpels the ſhades obſcene,
With grateful tranſport ſparkling in each eye,
The joyful crew the port of ſafety ſpy.
Such darkling tempeſts and portended fate,
While weak Fernando lived, appall'd the ſtate;
Such when he dy'd, the peaceful morning roſe,
The dawn of joy, and ſooth'd the public woes.

As

As blazing glorious o'er the ſhades of night,
Bright in his eaſt breaks forth the Lord of light,
So valiant John with dazzling blaze appears,
And from the duſt his drooping nation rears.
Though ſprung from youthful Paſſion's wanton loves,
Great Pedro's ſon in noble ſoul he proves;
And heaven announced him king by right divine,
A cradled infant gave the wondrous [a] ſign:
Her tongue had never liſp'd the mother's name,
No word, no mimic ſound her lips could frame,
When heaven the miracle of ſpeech inſpired;
She raiſed her little hands, with rapture fired,
Let Portugal, ſhe cried, with joy proclaim
The brave Don John, and own her monarch's name.

The burning fever of domeſtic rage
Now wildly raved, and mark'd the barbarous age;

[a] *A cradled infant gave the wondrous ſign*——No circumſtance has ever been more ridiculed by the ancient and modern pedants than Alexander's pretenſions to divinity. Some of his courtiers expoſtulating with him one day on the abſurdity of ſuch claim, he replied, "I know the truth of "what you ſay, but theſe," (pointing to a croud of Perſians) "theſe know no better." The report that the Grecian army was commanded by a ſon of Jupiter ſpread terror through the Eaſt, and greatly facilitated the operations of the Conqueror. The miraculous ſpeech of the infant, atteſted by a few monks, was adapted to the ſuperſtition of the age of John I. and as he was a baſtard, was of infinite ſervice to his cauſe. The pretended fact, however, is differently related. By ſome, thus: When Don John, then regent of Portugal, was going to Coimbra, to aſſiſt at an aſſembly of the ſtates, at a little diſtance from the city he was met by a great number of children riding upon ſticks, who no ſooner ſaw him than they cried out, "Bleſſed be Don John "king of Portugal; the king is coming, "Don John ſhall be king." Whether this was owing to art or accident, it had a great effect. At the aſſembly the regent was elected king.

Through

Through every rank the headlong fury ran,
And firſt red ſlaughter in the court began.
Of ſpouſal vows, and widow'd bed defiled,
Loud fame the beauteous Leanore reviled.
The adulterous noble in her preſence bled,
And torn with wounds his numerous friends lay dead.
No more thoſe ghaſtly deathful nights amaze,
When Rome wept tears of blood in Scylla's days;
More horrid deeds [b] Ulyſſes' towers beheld:
Each cruel breaſt where rankling envy ſwell'd,
Accuſed his foe as minion of the queen;
Accuſed, and murder cloſed the dreary ſcene.
All holy ties the frantic tranſport braved,
Nor ſacred prieſthood nor the altar ſaved.
Thrown from a tower, like Hector's ſon of yore,
The mitred [c] head was daſhed with brains and gore.
Ghaſtly with ſcenes of death, and mangled limbs,
And black with clotted blood each pavement ſwims.

With all the fierceneſs of the female ire,
When rage and grief to tear the breaſt conſpire,

[b] —— *Ulyſſes' towers* ——See the note [w], pag. 104.

[c] *The mitred head* —— Don *Martin*, biſhop of Liſbon, a man of an exemplary life. He was by birth a Caſtilian, which was eſteemed a ſufficient reaſon to murder him, as of the queen's party. He was thrown from the tower of his own cathedral, whither he had fled to avoid the popular fury.

The

The queen beheld her power, her honours [d] loſt,
And ever when ſhe ſlept th' adulterer's ghoſt,
All pale, and pointing at his bloody ſhroud,
Seem'd ever for revenge to ſcream aloud.

Caſteel's proud monarch to the nuptial bed
In happier days her royal daughter led:
To him the furious queen for vengeance cries,
Implores to vindicate his lawful prize,

[d] *The queen beheld her power, her honours loſt* — Poſſeſſed of great beauty and great abilities, this bad woman was a diſgrace to her ſex, and a curſe to the age and country which gave her birth. Her ſiſter, Donna Maria, a lady of unblemiſhed virtue, had been ſecretly married to the infant Don Juan, the king's brother, who was paſſionately attached to her. Donna Maria had formerly endeavoured to diſſuade her ſiſter from the adulterous marriage with the king. In revenge of this, the queen Leonora perſuaded Don Juan that her ſiſter was unfaithful to his bed. The enraged huſband haſted to his wife, and without enquiry or expoſtulation, ſays *Mariana*, diſpatched her with two ſtrokes of his dagger. He was afterwards convinced of her innocence, and was compleatly wretched. Having ſacrificed her honour and her firſt huſband to a king, ſays *Faria*, Leonora ſoon ſacrificed that king to a wicked gallant, a Caſtilian nobleman, named Don *Juan Fernandez de Andeyro*. An unjuſt war with *Caſtile*, wherein the Portugueſe were defeated by ſea and land, was the firſt fruits of the policy of the new favourite. *Andeyro* one day having heated himſelf by ſome military exerciſe, the queen tore her veil, and publicly gave it him to wipe his face. The grand maſter of *Avis*, the king's baſtard brother, afterwards John I. and ſome others, expoſtulated with her on the indecency of this behaviour. She diſſembled her reſentment, but ſoon after they were ſeized and committed to the caſtle of *Evora*, where a forged order for their execution was ſent; but the governor ſuſpecting ſome fraud, ſhewed it to the king, and their lives were ſaved. Yet ſuch was her aſcendency over the weak Fernando, that, tho' convinced of her guilt, he ordered his brother to kiſs the queen's hand, and thank her for his life. Soon after Fernando died, but not till he was fully convinced of the queen's conjugal infidelity, and had given an order for the aſſaſſination of the gallant. Not long after the death of the king, the favourite *Andeyro* was ſtabbed in the palace by the grand maſter of *Avis*, and Don *Ruy de Pereyra*. The queen expreſſed all the tranſport of grief and rage, and declared ſhe would undergo the trial ordeal in vindication of his and her innocence. But this ſhe never performed: in her vows of revenge, however, ſhe was more punctual. Don Juan, king of Caſtile, who had married her only daughter and heireſs, at her earneſt entreaties invaded Portugal, and was proclaimed king.. Don John, grand maſter of *Avis*, was proclaimed by the people Protector and Regent. A deſperate war enſued. Queen Leonora, treated with indifference by her daughter and ſon-in-law, reſolved on the murder of the latter; but the plot was diſcovered, and ſhe was ſent priſoner to Caſtile. The Regent was beſieged in Liſbon, and the city reduced to the utmoſt extremities, when an epidemical diſtemper broke out in the Caſtilian army, and made

The Luſian ſceptre, his by ſpouſal right:
The proud Caſtilian arms and dares the fight.
To join his ſtandard as it waves along,
The warlike troops from various regions throng:
Thoſe who poſſeſs the lands by Rodrick [c] given,
What time the Moor from Turia's banks was driven;
That race who joyful ſmile at war's alarms,
And ſcorn each danger that attends on arms;

made ſuch devaſtation, that the king ſuddenly raiſed the ſiege, and abandoned his views in Portugal. The happy inhabitants aſcribed their deliverance to the valour and vigilance of the Regent. The Regent reproved their ardour, exhorted them to repair to their churches, and to return thanks to God, to whoſe interpoſition he ſolely aſcribed their ſafety. This behaviour increaſed the admiration of the people; the nobility of the firſt rank joined the Regent's party; and many garriſons in the intereſt of the king of Caſtile opened their gates to him. An aſſembly of the ſtates met at Coimbra, where it was propoſed to inveſt the Regent with the regal dignity. This he pretended to decline. Don John, ſon of Pedro the Juſt, and the beautiful Inez de Caſtro, was by the people eſteemed their lawful ſovereign, but was, and had been long detained, a priſoner by the king of Caſtile. If the ſtates would declare the infant Don John their king, the Regent profeſſed his willingneſs to ſwear allegiance to him; that he would continue to expoſe himſelf to every danger, and act as Regent, till providence reſtored to Portugal her lawful ſovereign. The ſtates however ſaw the neceſſity that the nation ſhould have an head. The Regent was unanimouſly elected king, and ſome articles in favour of liberty were added to thoſe agreed upon at the coronation of Don *Alonzo Enriquez*, the firſt king of Portugal.

Don John I. one of the greateſt of the Portugueſe monarchs, was the natural ſon of Pedro the Juſt, by Donna *Tereſa Lorenza*, a Galician lady, and born ſome years after the death of Inez. At ſeven years of age he was made grand maſter of *Avis*, and by his father's particular care he received an excellent education; which, joined to his great parts, produced him early on the political theatre. He was a brave commander, and a deep politician, yet never forfeited the character of candour and honour. To be humble to his friends, and haughty to his enemies, was his leading maxim. His prudence gained him the confidence of the wiſe, his ſteadineſs and gratitude the friendſhip of the brave; his liberality the bulk of the people. He was in the twenty-ſeventh year of his age when declared protector, and in the twenty-eighth when proclaimed king.

The following anecdote is much to the honour of this prince when Regent. A Caſtilian officer having ſix Portugueſe gentlemen his priſoners, cut off their noſes and hands, and ſent them to Don John. Highly incenſed, he commanded ſix Caſtilian gentlemen to be treated in the ſame manner. But before the officer, to whom he gave the orders, had quitted the room, he relented. "I have given enough to "reſentment, ſaid he, in giving ſuch a "command. It were infamous to put it "in execution. See that the Caſtilian "priſoners receive no harm."

[c] — *by Rodrick given* — The celebrated hero of Corneille's tragedy of the Cid.

Whoſe

Whoſe crooked ploughſhares Leon's uplands tear,
Now caſed in ſteel in glittering arms appear,
Thoſe arms erewhile ſo dreadful to the Moor:
The Vandals glorying in their might of yore
March on; their helms and moving lances gleam
Along the flowery vales of Betis' ſtream:
Nor ſtaid the Tyrian [c] iſlanders behind,
On whoſe proud enſigns floating on the wind
Alcides' pillars tower'd; Nor wonted fear
Withheld the baſe Galician's ſordid ſpear;
Though ſtill his crimſon ſeamy ſcars reveal
The ſure-aim'd vengeance of the Luſian ſteel.
Where tumbling down Cuenca's mountain ſide
The murmuring Tagus rolls his foamy tide,
Along Toledo's lawns, the pride of Spain,
Toledo's warriors join the martial train:
Nor leſs the furious luſt of war inſpires
The Biſcayneer, and wakes his barbarous fires,
Which ever burn for vengeance, if the tongue
Of hapleſs ſtranger give the fancy'd wrong.
Nor bold Aſturia, nor Guiſpuſcoa's ſhore,
Famed for their ſteely wealth, and iron ore,
Delay'd their vaunting ſquadrons; o'er the dales
Caſed in their native ſteel, and belted mails,

[c] —— *the Tyrian iſlanders*—The inhabitants of Cadiz; of old a Phœnician colony.

Blue gleaming from afar they march along,
And join with many a ſpear the warlike throng.
As thus, wide ſweeping o'er the trembling coaſt,
The proud Caſtilian leads his numerous hoſt,
The valiant John for brave defence prepares,
And in himſelf collected greatly dares:
For ſuch high valour in his boſom glow'd,
As Samſon's locks by miracle beſtow'd:
Safe in himſelf reſolved the hero ſtands,
Yet calls the leaders of his anxious bands:
The council ſummon'd, ſome with prudent mien,
And words of grave advice their terrors ſcreen;
By ſloth debaſed, no more the ancient fire
Of patriot loyalty can now inſpire;
And each pale lip ſeem'd opening to declare
For tame ſubmiſſion, and to ſhun the war;
When glorious Nunio, ſtarting from his ſeat,
Claim'd every eye, and cloſed the cold debate:
Singling his brothers from the daſtard train,
His rowling looks, that flaſh'd with ſtern diſdain,
On them he fixt, then ſnatch'd his hilt in ire,
While his bold ſpeech bewray'd the ſoldier's fire,
Bold and [f] unpoliſh'd; while his burning eyes
Seem'd as he dared the ocean, earth, and ſkies:

[f] *Bold and unpoliſh'd*—— This ſpeech in the original has been much admired by the foreign critics, as a model of military eloquence. The critic, it is hoped, will perceive that the Tranſlator has endeavoured to ſupport the character of the Speaker.

Heavens!

Heavens! ſhall the Luſian nobles tamely yield!
Oh ſhame! and yield untry'd the martial field!
That land whoſe genius, as the God of war,
Was own'd, where'er approach'd her thundering car;
Shall now her ſons their faith, their love deny,
And, while their country ſinks, ignobly fly!
Ye timorous herd, are ye the genuine line
Of thoſe illuſtrious ſhades, whoſe rage divine
Beneath great Henry's ſtandards awed the foe,
For whom ye tremble, and would ſtoop ſo low!
That foe, who, boaſtful now, then baſely fled,
When your undaunted ſires the Hero led,
When ſeven bold Earls in chains the ſpoil adorn'd,
And proud Caſteel through all her kindreds mourn'd,
Caſteel, your awful dread—yet, conſcious, ſay,
When Dinez reign'd, when his bold ſon bore ſway,
By whom were trodden down the braveſt bands
That ever march'd from proud Caſtilia's lands?
'Twas your brave ſires—and has one languid reign
Fix'd in your tainted ſouls ſo deep a ſtain,
That now degenerate from your noble ſires,
The laſt dim ſpark of Luſian flame expires?
Though weak Fernando reign'd in war unſkill'd,
A godlike king now calls you to the field—
Oh! could like his your mounting valour glow,
Vain were the threatenings of the vaunting foe.

Not proud Caſteel, oft by your ſires o'erthrown,
But every land your dauntleſs rage ſhould own.
Still if your hands benumb'd by female fear,
Shun the bold war, hark! on my ſword I ſwear,
Myſelf alone the dreadful war ſhall wage—
Mine be the fight—and trembling with the rage
Of valorous fire, his hand half-drawn diſplay'd
The awful terror of his ſhining blade—
I and my vaſſals dare the dreadful ſhock;
My ſhoulders never to a foreign yoke
Shall bend; and by my Sovereign's wrath I vow,
And by that loyal faith renounced by you,
My native land unconquer'd ſhall remain,
And all my Monarch's foes ſhall heap the plain.

The hero pauſed—'Twas thus the youth of Rome,
The trembling few who 'ſcaped the bloody doom
That dy'd with ſlaughter Cannæ's purple field,
Aſſembled ſtood, and bow'd their necks to yield;
When nobly riſing with a like diſdain
The young [h] Cornelius raged, nor raged in vain:

[h] *The young Cornelius*—This was the famous P. Corn. Scipio Africanus. The fact, ſomewhat differently related by Livy, is this. After the defeat at Cannæ, a conſiderable body of Romans fled to Canuſium, and appointed Scipio and Ap. Claudius their commanders. While they remained there, it was told Scipio, that ſome of his chief officers, at the head of whom was Cæcilius Metellus, were taking meaſures to tranſport themſelves out of Italy. He went immediately to their aſſembly, and drawing his ſword, ſaid, *I ſwear that I will not deſert the Commonwealth of Rome, nor ſuffer any other citizen to do it. The ſame oath I require of you, Cæcilius, and of all preſent; whoever refuſes, let him know that this ſword is drawn againſt him.* The Hiſtorian adds, that they were as terrified by this, as if they had beheld the face of their conqueror Hannibal. They all ſwore, and ſubmitted themſelves to Scipio. Vid. Liv. B. 22. C. 53.

On

On his dread ſword his daunted peers he ſwore,
(The reeking blade yet black with Punic gore)
While life remain'd their arms for Rome to wield,
And but with life their conquer'd arms to yield.
Such martial rage brave Nunio's mien inſpired;
Fear was no more: with rapturous ardour fired,
To horſe, to horſe, the gallant Luſians cry'd;
Rattled the belted mails on every ſide,
The ſpear-ſtaffs trembled; round their heads they waved
Their ſhining faulchions, and in tranſport raved,
The King our guardian — loud their ſhouts rebound,
And the fierce commons ecchoe back the ſound.
The mails that long in ruſting peace had hung,
Now on the hammer'd anvils hoarſely rung:
Some ſoft with wool the plumy helmets line,
And ſome the breaſt-plate's ſcaly belts entwine:
The gaudy mantles ſome, and ſcarfs prepare,
Where various lightſome colours gaily flare;
And golden tiſſue, with the warp enwove,
Diſplays the emblems of their youthful love.

The valiant John, begirt with warlike ſtate,
Now leads his bands from fair Abrantes' gate;
Whoſe lawns of green the infant Tagus laves,
As from his ſpring he rolls his cooly waves.

The daring van in Nunio's care could boaſt
A General worthy of the unnumber'd hoſt;
Whoſe gaudy banners trembling Greece defy'd,
When boaſtful Xerxes laſh'd the Seſtian tide:
Nunio, to proud Caſteel as dread a name,
As erſt to Gaul and Italy the fame
Of Atilla's impending rage. The right
Brave Roderic led, a Chieftain train'd in fight:
Before the left the bold Almada rode,
And proudly waving o'er the centre nod
The royal enſigns, glittering from afar,
Where godlike John inſpires and leads the war.

'Twas now the time, when from the ſtubbly plain
The labouring hinds had borne the yellow grain;
The purple vintage heapt the foamy tun,
And fierce and red the ſun of Auguſt ſhone;
When from the gate the ſquadrons march along:
Crowds preſt on crowds, the walls and ramparts throng:
Here the ſad mother rends her hoary hair,
While hope's fond whiſpers ſtruggle with deſpair:
The weeping ſpouſe to heaven extends her hands:
And cold with dread the modeſt virgin ſtands;
Her earneſt eyes, ſuffuſed with trembling dew,
Far o'er the plain the plighted youth purſue:

And

And prayers and tears and all the female wail,
And holy vows the throne of heaven aſſail.

Now each ſtern hoſt full front to front appears,
And one joint ſhout heaven's airy concave tears:
A dreadful pauſe enſues, while conſcious pride
Strives on each face the heart-felt doubt to hide:
Now wild and pale the boldeſt face is ſeen;
With mouth half open and diſordered mien
Each warrior feels his creeping blood to freeze,
And languid weakneſs trembles in the knees.
And now the clangor of the trumpet ſounds,
And the rough rattling of the drum rebounds:
The fife ſhrill whiſtling cuts the gale; on high
The flouriſh'd enſigns ſhine with many a dye
Of blazing ſplendor: o'er the ground they wheel
And chuſe their footing, when the proud Caſteel
Bids ſound the horrid charge; loud burſts the ſound,
And loud Artabro's rocky cliffs rebound:
The thundering roar rolls round on every ſide,
And trembling ſinks Guidana's rapid tide:
The ſlow paced Durius ruſhes o'er the plain,
And fearful Tagus haſtens to the main.
Such was the tempeſt of the dread alarms,
The babes that prattled in their nurſes' arms

Shriek'd

Shriek'd at the ſound: with ſudden cold impreſt,
The mothers ſtrain'd their infants to the breaſt,
And ſhook with horror—now, far round, begin
The bow ſtrings whizzing, and the brazen [k] din
Of arms on armour rattling; either van
Are mingled now, and man oppoſed to man:
To guard his native fields the one inſpires,
And one the raging luſt of conqueſt fires:
Now with fixt teeth, their writhing lips of blue,
Their eye-balls glaring of the purple hue,
Each arm ſtrains ſwifteſt to impell the blow;
Nor wounds they value now, nor fear they know,
Their only paſſion to offend the foe.
In might and fury, like the warrior God,
Before his troops the glorious Nunio rode:
That land, the proud invaders claim'd, he ſows
With their ſpilt blood, and with their corſes ſtrews.
Their forceful volleys now the croſs-bows pour,
The clouds are darken'd with the arrowy ſhower;
The white foam reeking o'er their wavy mane,
The ſnorting courſers rage and paw the plain;

[k] —— *the brazen din*—Homer and Virgil have, with great art, gradually heightened the fury of every battle, till the laſt efforts of their genius were laviſhed in deſcribing the ſuperior proweſs of the Hero in the deciſive engagement. Camoens, in like manner, has beſtowed his utmoſt attention on this principal battle. The circumſtances preparatory to the engagement are happily imagined, and ſolemnly conducted, and the fury of the combat is ſupported with a poetical heat, and a variety of imagery, which, one need not heſitate to affirm, would have done honour to an ancient claſſic.

Beat

Beat by their iron hoofs, the plain rebounds,
As diſtant thunder through the mountains ſounds:
The ponderous ſpears craſh, ſplintering far around;
The horſe and horſemen flounder on the ground;
The ground groans with the ſudden weight oppreſt,
And many a buckler rings on many a creſt.
Where wide around the raging Nunio's ſword
With furious ſway the braveſt ſquadrons gored,
The raging foes in cloſer ranks advance,
And his own brothers ſhake the hoſtile [1] lance.
Oh! horrid fight! yet not the ties of blood,
Nor yearning memory his rage withſtood;

[1] *And his own brothers ſhake the hoſtile lance*—The juſt indignation with which Camoens treats the kindred of the brave *Nunio Alvaro de Pereyra*, is condemned by the French Tranſlator. "*Dans le fond*, ſays "he, *les Pereyras ne meritoient aucune fle-* "*triſſure*, &c.—The Pereyras deſerve no "ſtain on their memory for joining the "king of Caſtile, whoſe title to the crown "of Portugal was infinitely more juſt and "ſolid than that of Don John." Caſtera, however, is groſly miſtaken. Don *Alonzo Enriquez*, the firſt king of Portugal, was elected by the people, who had recovered their liberties at the glorious battle of Ourique. At the election the conſtitution of the kingdom was ſettled in eighteen ſhort ſtatutes, wherein it is expreſsly provided, that none but a Portugueſe can be king of Portugal; that if an Infanta marry a foreign Prince, he ſhall not, in her right, become king of Portugal: and a new election of a king, in caſe of the failure of the male line, is by theſe ſtatutes declared to be legal. By the treaty of marriage between the king of Caſtile and Donna *Beatrix*, the heireſs of Fernando of Portugal, it was agreed, that only their children ſhould ſucceed to the Portugueſe crown; and that, in caſe the throne became vacant ere ſuch children were born, the queen-dowager *Leonora* ſhould govern with the title of Regent. Thus, neither by the original conſtitution, nor by the treaty of marriage, could the king of Caſtile ſucceed to the throne of Portugal. And any pretence he might found on the marriage-contract was already forfeited; for he cauſed himſelf and his queen to be proclaimed, added Portugal to his titles, coined Portugueſe money with his buſt, depoſed the queen Regent, and afterwards ſent her priſoner to Caſtile. The lawful heir, Don Juan, the ſon of Inez de Caſtro, was kept in priſon by his rival the king of Caſtile; and, as before obſerved, a new election was, by the original ſtatutes, declared legal in caſes of emergency. Theſe facts, added to the conſideration of the tyranny of the king of Caſtile, and the great ſervices which Don John had rendered his country, upon whom its exiſtence as a kingdom depended, fully vindicate the indignation of Camoens againſt the traiterous Pereyras.

With proud diſdain his honeſt eyes behold
Whoe'er the traytor, who his king has ſold.
Nor want there others in the hoſtile band
Who draw their ſwords againſt their native land;
And headlong driven, by impious rage accurſt,
In rank were foremoſt, and in fight the firſt.
So ſons and fathers, by each other ſlain,
With horrid ſlaughter dyed Pharſalia's plain.
Ye dreary ghoſts, who now for treaſons foul,
Amidſt the gloom of Stygian darkneſs howl;
Thou Cataline, and, ſtern Sertorius, tell
Your brother ſhades, and ſoothe the pains of hell;
With triumph tell them, ſome of Luſian race
Like you have earn'd the Traytor's foul diſgrace.

As waves on waves, the foes encreaſing weight
Bears down our foremoſt ranks and ſhakes the fight;
Yet firm and undiſmay'd great Nunio ſtands,
And braves the tumult of ſurrounding bands.
So, from high Ceuta's rocky mountains ſtray'd,
The raging Lion braves the ſhepherd's ſhade;
The ſhepherds haſtening o'er the Tetuan plain,
With ſhouts ſurround him, and with ſpears reſtrain:
He ſtops, with grinning teeth his breath he draws,
Nor is it fear, but rage, that makes him pauſe;

His

His threatening eye-balls burn with ſparkling fire,
And his ſtern heart forbids him to retire:
Amidſt the thickneſs of the ſpears he flings,
So midſt his foes the furious Nunio ſprings:
The Luſian graſs with foreign gore diſtain'd,
Diſplays the carnage of the hero's hand.

" An ample ſhield the brave Giraldo bore,
" Which from the vanquiſh'd Perez' arm he tore;
" Pierced through that ſhield, cold death invades his eye,
" And dying Perez ſaw his Victor die.
" Edward and Pedro, emulous of fame,
" The ſame their friendſhip, and their youth the ſame,
" Through the fierce Brigians hew'd their bloody [m] way,
" Till in a cold embrace the ſtriplings lay.
" Lopez and Vincent ruſh'd on glorious death,
" And midſt their ſlaughter'd foes reſign'd their breath.
" Alonzo glorying in his youthful might
" Spurr'd his fierce courſer through the ſtaggering fight:
" Shower'd from the daſhing hoofs the ſpatter'd gore
" Flies round; but ſoon the Rider vaunts no more:
" Five Spaniſh ſwords the murmuring ghoſts atone,
" Of five Caſtilians by his arms o'erthrown.

[m] *Through the fierce Brigians*——The Caſtilians, ſo called from one of their ancient kings, named Brix, or Brigus, whom the Monkiſh fabuliſts call the grandſon of Noah.

" Transfixt with three Iberian ſpears, the gay,
" The knightly lover, young Hilario lay:
" Though, like a roſe, cut off in opening bloom,
" The Hero weeps not for his early doom;
" Yet trembling in his ſwimming eye appears
" The pearly drop, while his pale cheek he rears;
" To call his loved Antonia's name he tries,
" The name half utter'd, down he ſinks, and [n] dies."

Now through his ſhatter'd ranks the Monarch ſtrode,
And now before his rally'd ſquadrons rode:
Brave Nunio's danger from afar he ſpies,
And inſtant to his aid impetuous flies.
So when returning from the plunder'd folds,
The Lioneſs her emptied den beholds,
Enraged ſhe ſtands, and liſtening to the gale,
She hears her whelps low howling in the vale;
The living ſparkles flaſhing from her eyes,
To the Maſſylian ſhepherd-tents ſhe [o] flies;
She groans, ſhe roars, and ecchoing far around
The ſeven twin-mountains tremble at the ſound:

[n] Theſe lines marked in the text with turned commas, are not in the common editions of Camoens. They conſiſt of three ſtanzas in the Portugueſe, and are ſaid to have been left out by the author himſelf in his ſecond edition. The tranſlator, however, as they breathe the true ſpirit of Virgil, was willing to preſerve them with this acknowledgement. In this he has followed the example of Caſtera.

[o] *To the Maſſylian ſhepherd tents*—Maſſylia, a province in Numidia, greatly infeſted with lions, particularly that part of it called *Os ſete montes irmaós*, the ſeven brother mountains.

So

So raged the king, and with a choſen train
He pours reſiſtleſs o'er the heaps of ſlain.
Oh bold companions of my toils, he cries,
Our dear-loved freedom on our lances lies;
Behold your friend, your Monarch, leads the way,
And dares the thickeſt of the iron fray.
Say, ſhall the Luſian race forſake their king,
Where ſpears infuriate on the bucklers ring!

He ſpoke; then four times round his head he whirl'd
His ponderous ſpear, and midſt the foremoſt hurl'd;
Deep through the ranks the forceful weapon paſt,
And many a gaſping warrior ſigh'd his [p] laſt.

[p] *And many a gaſping warrior ſigh'd his laſt*—This, which is almoſt literal from

Muitos lançaraõ o ultimo ſuſpiro—

and the preceding circumſtance of Don John's brandiſhing his lance four times

E ſopeſando a lança quatro vezes—

are truly poetical, and in the ſpirit of Homer. They are omitted, however, by Caſtera, who ſubſtitutes the following in their place, "*Il dit, et d'un bras*, &c—He ſaid, and with an arm whoſe blows are inevitable, he threw his javelin againſt the fierce Maldonat. Death and the weapon went together. Maldonat fell, pierced with a large wound, and his horſe tumbled over him." Beſides Maldonat, Caſtera has, in this battle, introduced ſeveral other names which have no place in Camoens. Carrillo, Robledo, John of Lorca, Salazar of Seville were killed, he tells us: And, "Velaſques and Sanches, natives of Toledo, Galbes, ſurnamed the Soldier without Fear, Montanches, Oropeſa, and Mondonedo, all ſix of proved valour, fell by the hand of young Antony, *qui porte dans le combat ou plus d'adreſſe ou plus de bonheur qu'eux*, who brought to the fight either more adreſs or better fortune than theſe." Not a word of this is in the Portugueſe.

The fate of another hero ſhall conclude the ſpecimens of the manner of Caſtera. The following is literally tranſlated: "Guevar, a vain man, nouriſhed in indolence, ſtained his arms and face with the blood of the dead whom he found ſtretched on the duſt. Under the cover of this frivolous impoſture, he pretended to paſs himſelf for a formidable warrior. He publiſhed, with a high voice, the number of the enemies he had thrown to the ground. Don Pedro interrupted him with a blow of his ſabre: Guevar loſt his life; his head, full of fumes of a ridiculous pride, bounded far away from his body, which remained defiled with its own blood; a juſt and terrible puniſhment for the lies he had told." It is almoſt unneceſſary to add, that there is not one word of this in the original.

With

With noble ſhame inſpired, and mounting rage,
His bands ruſh on, and foot to foot engage;
Thick burſting ſparkles from the blows aſpire;
Such flaſhes blaze, their ſwords ſeem dipt in [q] fire;
The belts of ſteel and plates of braſs are riven,
And wound for wound, and death for death is given.

The firſt in honour of Saint Jago's [r] band,
A haked ghoſt now ſought the gloomy ſtrand;
And he, of Calatrave the ſovereign knight,
Girt with whole troops his arm had ſlain in fight,
Deſcended murmuring to the ſhades of night.
Blaſpheming heaven, and gaſh'd with many a wound
Brave Nunio's rebel kindred gnaw'd the ground,
And curſt their fate, and dy'd. Ten thouſands more
Who held no title and no office bore,
And nameleſs nobles who, promiſcuous fell,
Appeas'd that day the foaming dog of hell.
Now low the proud Caſtilian ſtandard lies
Beneath the Luſian flag, a vanquiſh'd prize.

[q] *Their ſwords ſeem dipt in fire*—This is as literal as the idiom of the two languages would allow. Dryden has a thought like this of Camoens, but which is not in his original:

Their bucklers claſh; thick blows deſcend from high,
And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly.
Dryd. Virg. Æn. XII.

[r] *The firſt in honour of Saint Jago's band*—Grand Maſter of the order of St. James, named Don Pedro Nunio. He was not killed, however, in this battle, which was fought on the plains of *Aljubarota*, but in that of *Valverda*, which immediately followed. The Reader may perhaps be ſurpriſed to find, that every ſoldier mentioned in theſe notes is a Don, a *Lord*. The following piece of hiſtory will account for the number of the Portugueſe nobles. Don *Alonzo Enriquez*, Count of Portugal, when ſaluted king by his army at the battle of *Ourique*, in return, dignified every man in his army with the rank of nobility. Vid. the 9th Stat. of *Lamego*.

With

With furious madneſs fired, and ſtern diſdain,
The fierce Iberians to the fight again
Ruſh headlong; groans and yellings of [r] deſpair
With horrid uproar rend the trembling air.
Hot boils the blood, thirſt burns, and every breaſt
Pants, every limb with fainty weight oppreſt
Slow now obeys the will's ſtern ire, and ſlow
From every ſword deſcends the feeble blow;
Till rage grew languid, and tired ſlaughter found
No arm to combat, and no breaſt to wound.
Now from the field Caſteel's proud monarch [s] flies,
In wild diſmay he rowls his maddening eyes,
And leads the pale-lipt flight: Swift wing'd with fear,
As drifted ſmoke, at diſtance diſappear
The duſty ſquadrons of the ſcatter'd rear;

[r] *—groans and yellings of deſpair*—The laſt efforts of rage and deſpair are thus deſcribed in Pope's tranſlation of the fifth battle at the ſhips. Il. XV.

Thou would'ſt have thought, ſo furious was their fire,
No force could tame them, and no toil could tire;
As if new vigour from new fights they won,
And the long battle was but then begun.
Greece yet unconquer'd kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in deſpair.
Troy in proud hopes already view'd the main,
Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes ſlain;
Like ſtrength is felt from hope and from deſpair,
And each contends as his were all the war.

[s] *Now from the field Caſteel's proud Monarch flies* — This tyrant, whoſe unjuſt pretenſions to the crown of Portugal laid his own and that kingdom in blood, was on his final defeat overwhelmed with all the frenzy of grief. In the night after the deciſive battle of *Aljubarota*, he fled upwards of thirty miles upon a mule. Don *Laurence*, archbiſhop of *Braga*, in a letter written in old Portugueſe to Don *John*, abbot of *Alcobaça*, gives this account of his behaviour.

" *O condeſtrabre à me far ſaber ca o rey de*
" *Caſtella ſe viera à Santaren como homen*
" *treſvaliado, quem maldezia ſeu viver, è*
" *puxava polas barbas; è à bo fè, bom*
" *amigo, melhor e que o faga ca non fager-*
" *molo nos, ca homen, quem ſuas barbas ar-*
" *repela inao lavor faria das alheas.* i. e.
" The conſtable has informed me that he
" ſaw the king of Caſtile at Santaren, who
" behaved as a madman, curſing his ex-
" iſtence, and tearing the hairs of his
" beard. And in good faith, my good
" friend, it is better that he ſhould do ſo to
" himſelf than to us; the man who thus
" plucks his own beard, would be much
" better pleaſed to do ſo to others." The writer of this letter, though a prelate, fought at the battle of *Aljubarota*, where he received on the face a large wound from a ſabre. Caſtera relates this anecdote of him: The flattery of a ſculptor had omitted the deep ſcar: when the archbiſhop ſaw the ſtatue, he laid hold of an attendant's ſword, with which he diſfigured the face. I have now, ſaid he, ſupplied what it wanted.

Blaſpheming

Blaſpheming heaven, they fly, and him who firſt
Forged murdering arms, and led to horrid wars accurſt.

The feſtive days by heroes old [t] ordain'd
The glorious victor on the field remain'd.
The funeral rites and holy vows he paid:
Yet not the while the reſtleſs Nunio ſtaid;
O'er Tago's waves his gallant bands he led,
And humbled Spain in every province bled:
Sevilia's ſtandard on his ſpear he bore,
And Andaluſia's enſigns ſteept in gore.
Low in the duſt diſtreſt Caſtilia mourn'd,
And bathed in tears each eye to heaven was turn'd;
The orphan's, widow's, and the hoary ſire's;
And heaven relenting quench'd the raging fires
Of mutual hate: from England's [u] happy ſhore
The peaceful ſeas two lovely ſiſters bore.

[t] *The feſtive days by heroes old ordain'd.* —— As a certain proof of the victory, it was required, by the honour of theſe ages, that the victor ſhould encamp three days on the field of battle. By this knight-errantry, the advantages which ought to have been purſued were frequently loſt. Don John, however, though he complied with the reigning ideas of honour, ſent Don Nunio, with a proper army, to reap the fruits of his victory.

[u] —— *two lovely ſiſters* ——Caſtera's note on this place is literally thus: "They were "the daughters of John duke of Lancaſter, "ſon of Edward IV. of England, both of "great beauty: the eldeſt, named Cathe-"rine, was married to the king of Caſtile, "the youngeſt, Iſabel, to the king of Por-"tugal," This is all a miſtake. John of Portugal, about a year after the battle of *Aljubarota*, married *Philippa*, eldeſt daughter of *John* of *Gaunt*, duke of Lancaſter, ſon of Edward III. who aſſiſted the king, his ſon-in-law, in an irruption into Caſtile, and at the end of the campaign promiſed to return with more numerous forces for the next. But this was prevented by the marriage of his youngeſt daughter *Catalina* with Don *Henry*, eldeſt ſon of the king of Caſtile. The king of Portugal on this entered Galicia, and reduced the cities of Tuy and Salvaterra. A truce followed. While the tyrant of Caſtile meditated a new war, he was killed by a fall from his horſe, and leaving no iſſue by his queen *Beatrix*, the king of Portugal's daughter, all pretenſions to that crown ceaſed. The truce was now prolonged for fifteen years, and though not ſtrictly kept, yet at laſt the influence of the Engliſh queen *Catalina* prevailed, and a long peace, happy for both kingdoms, enſued.

The

The rival monarchs to the nuptial bed
In joyful hour the royal virgins led,
And holy Peace aſſum'd her bliſsful reign,
Again the peaſant joy'd, the landſcape ſmiled again.

But John's brave breaſt to warlike cares inured,
With conſcious ſhame the ſloth of eaſe endured.
When not a foe awaked his rage in Spain
The valiant Hero braved the foamy main;
The firſt, nor meaneſt, of our kings who bore
The Luſian thunders to the Afric ſhore.
O'er the wild waves the victor-banners flow'd,
Their ſilver wings a thouſand eagles ſhew'd;
And proudly ſwelling to the whiſtling gales
The ſeas were whiten'd with a thouſand ſails.
Beyond the columns by Alcides placed
To bound the world, the zealous warrior paſt.
The ſhrines of Hagar's race, the ſhrines of luſt,
And moon-crown'd moſques lay ſmoaking in the duſt.
O'er Abyla's high ſteep his lance he raiſed,
On Ceuta's lofty towers his ſtandard blazed:
Ceuta, the refuge of the traitor [u] train,
His vaſſal now, enſures the peace of Spain.

[u] *Ceuta, the refuge of the traitor train*— Ceuta is one of the ſtrongeſt garriſons in Africa; it lies almoſt oppoſite to Gibraltar, and the poſſeſſion of it was of the greateſt importance to the Portugueſe, during their frequent wars with the Moors. Before its reduction, it was the azylum of Spaniſh and Portugueſe Renegados and Traytors.

But ah, how ſoon the blaze of glory dies!
Illuſtrious [w] John aſcends his native ſkies.
His gallant offspring prove their genuine ſtrain,
And added lands increaſe the Luſian reign.

Yet not the firſt of heroes Edward ſhone;
His happieſt days long hours of evil own.
He ſaw, ſecluded from the chearful day,
His fainted brother pine his years away.
O glorious [x] youth in captive chains, to thee
What ſuiting honours may thy land decree!

[w] *Illuſtrious John* —— The character of this great prince claims a place in theſe notes, as it affords a comment on the enthuſiaſm of Camoens, who has made him the hero of this epiſode. His birth, excellent education, and maſterly conduct when Regent, have already been mentioned. The ſame juſtice, prudence, and heroiſm always accompanied him when king. He had the art to join the moſt winning affability with all the manly dignity of the ſovereign. To thoſe who were his friends, when a private man, he was particularly attentive. His nobility dined at his table, he frequently made viſits to them, and introduced among them the taſte for, and the love of letters. As he felt the advantages of education, he took the utmoſt care of that of his children. He had many ſons, and he himſelf often inſtructed them in ſolid and uſeful knowledge, and was amply repaid. He lived to ſee them men, men of parts and of action, whoſe only emulation was to ſhew affection to his perſon, and to ſupport his adminiſtration by their great abilities. One of his ſons, Don *Henry*, duke of *Viſeo*, was that great prince whoſe ardent paſſion for maritime affairs gave birth to all the modern improvements in navigation. The clergy, who had diſturbed almoſt every other reign, were ſo convinced of the wiſdom of his, that they confeſſed he ought to be ſupported out of the treaſures of the church, and granted him the church plate to be coined. When the Pope ordered a rigourous enquiry to be made into his having brought eccleſiaſtics before lay tribunals, the clergy had the ſingular honeſty to deſert what was ſtiled the church immunities, and to own that juſtice had been impartially adminiſtered. He died in the ſeventy-ſixth year of his age, and in the forty-eighth of his reign. His affection to his queen *Philippa* made him fond of the Engliſh, whoſe friendſhip he cultivated, and by whom he was frequently aſſiſted.

[x] *O glorious youth* —— Camoens, in this inſtance, has raiſed the character of one brother at the other's expence, to give his poem an air of ſolemnity. The ſiege of Tangier was propoſed in council. The king's brothers differed in their opinions: that of Don Fernand, tho' a knight errant adventure, was approved of by the young nobility. The infants Henry and Fernand, at the head of 7000 men, laid ſiege to Tangier, and were ſurrounded by a numerous army of Moors, as ſome writers ſay of ſix hundred thouſand. On condition that the Portugueſe ſhould be allowed to return home, the infants promiſed to reſtore Ceuta. The Moors gladly accepted of the terms, but demanded one of the infants as an hoſtage. Fernand offered himſelf, and was left.

The

Thy nation proffer'd, and the foe with joy
For Ceuta's towers prepared to yield the boy;
The princely hoſtage nobly ſpurns the thought
Of freedom and of life ſo dearly bought,
The raging vengeance of the Moors defies,
Gives to the clanking chains his limbs, and dies
A dreary priſon death. Let noiſy fame
No more unequall'd hold her Codrus' name;
Her Regulus, her Curtius boaſt no more,
Nor thoſe the honour'd Decian name who bore.
The ſplendor of a court, to them unknown,
Exchang'd for deathful Fate's moſt awful frown,
To diſtant times through every land ſhall blaze
The ſelf-devoted Luſian's nobler praiſe.

The king was willing to comply with the terms to relieve his brother, but the court conſidered the value of Ceuta, and would not conſent. The Pope alſo interpoſed his authority, that Ceuta ſhould be kept as a check on the infidels, and propoſed to raiſe a Cruſade for the delivery of Fernand. In the meanwhile large offers were made for his liberty. Theſe were rejected by the Moors, who would accept of nothing but Ceuta, whoſe vaſt importance was ſuperior to any ranſom. When negotiation failed, king Edward aſſembled a large army to effect his brother's releaſe, but juſt as he was ſetting out, he was ſeized with the plague, and died, leaving orders with his queen to deliver up Ceuta for the releaſe of his brother. This, however, was never performed. Don Fernand remained with the Moors till his death. The magnanimity of his behaviour gained him their eſteem and admiration, nor is there good proof that he received any extraordinary rigorous treatment; the contrary is rather to be inferred from the romantic notions of military honour which then prevailed among the Moors. Some, however, whom Caſtera follows, make his ſufferings little inferior to thoſe, without proof likewiſe, aſcribed to Regulus. Don Fernand is to this day eſteemed as a ſaint and martyr in Portugal, and his memory is commemorated on the fifth of June. King Edward reigned only five years and a month. He was the moſt eloquent man in his dominions, ſpoke and wrote Latin elegantly, was author of ſeveral books, one on horſemanſhip, in which art he excelled. He was brave in the field, active in buſineſs, and rendered his country infinite ſervice by reducing the laws to a regular code. He was knight of the order of the Garter, which honour was conferred upon him by his couſin Henry V. of England. In one inſtance he gave great offence to the ſuperſtitious populace. He deſpiſed the advice of a Jew aſtrologer, who entreated him to delay his coronation, becauſe the ſtars that day were unfavourable. To this the misfortune of the army at Tangier was aſcribed, and the people were always on the alarm while he lived, as if ſome terrible diſaſter impended over them.

Now to the tomb the hapleſs king deſcends,
His ſon Alonzo brighter fate attends.
Alonzo! dear to Luſus' race the name;
Nor his the meaneſt in the rolls of fame.
His might reſiſtleſs proſtrate Afric own'd,
Beneath his yoke the Mauritinians groan'd,
And ſtill they groan beneath the Luſian ſway.
'Twas his in victor pomp to bear away
The golden apples from Heſperia's ſhore,
Which but the ſon of Jove had ſnatch'd before.
The palm and laurel round his temples bound,
Diſplay'd his triumphs on the Mooriſh ground;
When proud Arzilla's ſtrength, Alcazer's towers,
And Tingia, boaſtful of her numerous powers,
Beheld their adamantine walls o'erturn'd,
Their ramparts levell'd, and their temples burn'd.
Great was the day: the meaneſt ſword that fought
Beneath the Luſian flag ſuch wonders wrought
As from the Muſe might challenge endleſs fame,
Though low their ſtation, and untold their name.

Now ſtung with wild Ambition's madning fires,
To proud Caſtilia's throne the king [y] aſpires.

[y] *To proud Caſtilia's throne the king aſpires*—When Henry IV. of Caſtile died, he declared that the infanta *Joanna* was his heireſs, in preference to his ſiſter, Donna *Iſabella*, married to Don Ferdinand, ſon to the king of Arragon. In hopes to attain the kingdom of Caſtile, Don Alonzo, king of Portugal, obtained a diſpenſation from the pope to marry his niece, Donna *Joanna*; but after a bloody war, the ambitious views of Alonzo and his courtiers were defeated.

The

The Lord of Arragon, from Cadiz' walls,
And hoar Pyrene's ſides his legions calls;
The numerous legions to his ſtandards throng,
And war, with horrid ſtrides, now ſtalks along.
With emulation fired, the * prince beheld
His warlike ſire ambitious of the field;
Scornful of eaſe, to aid his arms he ſped,
Nor ſped in vain: The raging combat bled;
Alonzo's ranks with carnage gored, Diſmay
Spread her cold wings, and ſhook his firm array;
To flight ſhe hurried; while with brow ſerene
The martial boy beheld the deathful ſcene.
With curving movement o'er the field he rode,
Th 'oppoſing troops his wheeling ſquadrons mow'd:
The purple dawn and evening ſun beheld
His tents encampt aſſert the conquer'd field.
Thus when the ghoſt of Julius hover'd o'er
Philippi's plain, appeaſed with Roman gore,
Octavius' legions left the field in flight,
While happier Marcus triumph'd in the fight.

When endleſs night had ſeal'd his mortal eyes,
And brave Alonzo's ſpirit ſought the ſkies,
The ſecond of the name, the valiant John,
Our thirteenth monarch, now aſcends the throne.

* The Prince of Portugal.

To

To ſeize immortal fame, his mighty mind,
What man had never dared before, deſign'd;
That glorious labour which I now purſue,
Through ſeas unfail'd to find the ſhores that view
The day-ſtar, riſing from his watery bed,
The firſt grey beams of infant morning ſhed.
Selected meſſengers his will obey;
Through Spain and France they hold their vent'rous way:
Through Italy they reach the port that gave
The fair [a] Parthenope an honour'd grave;
That ſhore which oft has felt the ſervile chain,
But now ſmiles happy in the care of Spain.
Now from the port the brave advent'rers bore,
And cut the billows of the Rhodian ſhore;
Now reach the ſtrand where noble Pompey [a] bled;
And now, repair'd with reſt, to Memphis ſped;
And now, aſcending by the vales of Nile,
Whoſe waves pour fatneſs o'er the grateful ſoil,
Through Ethiopia's peaceful dales they ſtray,
Where their glad eyes Meſſiah's rites [b] ſurvey:
And now they paſs the famed Arabian flood,
Whoſe waves of old in wondrous ridges ſtood,
While Iſrael's favour'd race the ſable bottom trode:

[a] *Parthenope* —— was one of the Syrens. Enraged becauſe ſhe could not allure Ulyſſes, ſhe threw herſelf into the ſea. Her corps was thrown aſhore, and buried where Naples now ſtands.

[a] — *Where noble Pompey bled* — The coaſt of Alexandria.

[b] *Meſſiah's rites ſurvey'd* — Among the Chriſtians of *Preſter John*, or Abyſſynia.

Behind

Behind them gliſtening to the morning ſkies,
The mountains named from Izmael's offspring [b] riſe;
Now round their ſteps the bleſt Arabia ſpreads
Her groves of odour, and her balmy meads,
And every breaſt, inſpired with glee, inhales
The grateful fragrance of Sabæa's gales:
Now paſt the Perſian gulph their rout aſcends
Where Tygris wave with proud Euphrates blends;
Illuſtrious ſtreams, where ſtill the native ſhews
Where Babel's haughty tower unfiniſh'd roſe:
From thence through climes unknown, their daring courſe
Beyond where Trajan forced his way, they [c] force;
Carmanian hords, and Indian tribes they ſaw,
And many a barbarous rite, and many a law
Their ſearch explored; but to their native ſhore,
Enrich'd with knowledge, they return'd no more.
The glad completion of the Fate's decree,
Kind heaven reſerved, Emmanuel, for thee.
The crown, and high ambition of thy [d] ſires,
To thee deſcending, waked thy latent fires;
And to command the ſea from pole to pole,
With reſtleſs wiſh inflamed thy mighty ſoul.

[b] *The mountains nam'd from Izmael's offſpring* —— The Nabathean mountains; ſo named from Nabaoth, the ſon of Iſhmael.

[c] *Beyond where Trajan*——The Emperor Trajan extended the bounds of the Roman Empire in the Eaſt, far beyond any of his predeceſſors. His conqueſts reached to the river Tigris, near which ſtood the city of Cteſiphon, which he ſubdued. The Roman Hiſtorians boaſted that India was entirely conquered by him; but they could only mean Arabia Fœlix. Vid. Dion. Caſſ. Euſeb. Chron. p. 206.

[d] *The crown, and high ambition of thy ſires* —— Emmanuel was couſin to the late king John II. and grandſon to king Edward, ſon of John I.

Now

Now from the ſky the ſacred light withdrawn,
O'er heaven's clear azure ſhone the ſtars of dawn,
Deep Silence ſpread her gloomy wings around,
And human griefs were wrapt in ſleep profound.
The monarch ſlumber'd on his golden bed,
Yet anxious cares poſſeſt his thoughtful head;
His generous ſoul, intent on public good,
The glorious duties of his birth review'd.
When ſent by heaven a ſacred dream inſpired
His labouring mind, and with its radiance fired:
High to the clouds his towering head was rear'd,
New worlds, and nations fierce and ſtrange, appear'd;
The purple dawning o'er the mountains flow'd,
The foreſt-boughs with yellow ſplendor glow'd;
High from the ſteep two copious glaſſy ſtreams
Roll'd down, and glitter'd in the morning beams.
Here various monſters of the wild were ſeen,
And birds of plumage, azure, ſcarlet, green:
Here various herbs, and flowers of various bloom;
There black as night the foreſt's horrid gloom,
Whoſe ſhaggy brakes, by human ſtep untrod,
Darken'd the glaring lion's dread abode.
Here as the monarch fix'd his wondering eyes,
Two hoary fathers from the ſtreams ariſe;
Their aſpect ruſtic, yet a reverend grace
Appear'd majeſtic on their wrinkled face:

Their

Their tawny beards uncomb'd, and ſweepy long,
Adown their knees in ſhaggy ringlets hung;
From every lock the chryſtal drops diſtill,
And bathe their limbs as in a trickling rill;
Gay wreaths of flowers, of fruitage, and of boughs,
Nameleſs in Europe, crown'd their furrow'd brows.
Bent o'er his ſtaff, more ſilver'd o'er with years,
Worn with a longer way, the One appears;
Who now ſlow beckoning with his wither'd hand,
As now advanced before the king they ſtand;

O thou, whom worlds to Europe yet unknown,
Are doom'd to yield, and dignify thy crown;
To thee our golden ſhores the Fates decree;
Our necks, unbow'd before, ſhall bend to thee.
Wide through the world reſounds our wealthy fame;
Haſte, ſpeed thy prows, that fated wealth to claim.
From Paradiſe my hallowed waters ſpring;
The ſacred Ganges I, my brother king
Th' illuſtrious author of the Indian name:
Yet toil ſhall languiſh, and the fight ſhall flame;
Our faireſt lawns with ſtreaming gore ſhall ſmoke,
Ere yet our ſhoulders bend beneath the yoke;
But thou ſhalt conquer: all thine eyes ſurvey,
With all our various tribes, ſhall own thy ſway.

He ſpoke; and melting in a ſilvery ſtream
Both diſappear'd; when waking from his dream,
The wondering monarch thrill'd with awe divine,
Weighs in his lofty thoughts the ſacred ſign.

Now morning burſting from the eaſtern ſky
Spreads o'er the clouds the bluſhing roſe's dye;
The nations wake, and at the ſovereign's call
The Luſian nobles crowd the palace hall.
The viſion of his ſleep the monarch tells;
Each heaving breaſt with joyful wonder ſwells:
Fulfil, they cry, the ſacred ſign obey,
And ſpread the canvas for the Indian ſea.
Inſtant My looks with troubled ardour burn'd,
When keen on Me his eyes the monarch turn'd:
What he beheld I know not; but I know,
Big ſwell'd my boſom with a prophet's glow:
And long my mind, with wondrous bodings fired,
Had to the glorious dreadful toil aſpired:
Yet to the king, whate'er my looks betrayed,
My looks the omen of ſucceſs diſplayed.
When with that ſweetneſs in his mien expreſt,
Which unreſiſted wins the generous breaſt,
Great are the dangers, great the toils, he cried,
Ere glorious honours crown the victor's pride.

If in the glorious ſtrife the hero fall,
He proves no danger could his ſoul appall;
And but to dare ſo great a toil, ſhall raiſe
Each age's wonder, and immortal praiſe.
For this dread toil new oceans to explore,
To ſpread the ſail where ſail ne'er flow'd before,
For this dread labour, to your valour due,
From all your peers I name, O Vasco, you.
Dread as it is, yet light the taſk ſhall be
To you my Gama, as perform'd for Me.——
My heart could bear no more——Let ſkies on fire,
Let frozen ſeas, let horrid war conſpire,
I dare them all, I cried, and but repine
That one poor life is all I can reſign.
Did to my lot Alcides' labours fall,
For you my joyful heart would dare them all;
The ghaſtly realms of death could man invade,
For you my ſteps ſhould trace the ghaſtly ſhade.

While thus with loyal zeal my boſom ſwell'd,
That panting zeal my Prince with joy beheld:
Honour'd with gifts I ſtood, but honour'd more
By that eſteem my joyful Sovereign bore.
That generous praiſe which fires the ſoul of worth,
And gives new virtues unexpected birth,

That praiſe even now my heaving boſom fires,
Inflames my courage, and each wiſh inſpires.

Moved by affection, and allured by fame,
A gallant youth, who bore the deareſt name,
Paulus my brother, boldly ſued to ſhare
My toils, my dangers, and my fate in war;
And brave Coëllo urged the Hero's claim
To dare each hardſhip, and to join our fame:
For glory both with reſtleſs ardour burn'd,
And ſilken eaſe for horrid danger ſpurn'd;
Alike renown'd in council or in field,
The ſnare to baffle, or the ſword to wield.
Through Liſboa's youth the kindling ardour ran,
And bold ambition thrill'd from man to man;
And each the meaneſt of the venturous band
With gifts ſtood honour'd by the Sovereign's hand.
Heavens! what a fury ſwell'd each warrior's breaſt,
When each, in turn, the ſmiling King addreſt!
Fired by his words the direſt toils they ſcorn'd,
And with the horrid luſt of danger fiercely burn'd.

With ſuch bold rage the youth of Mynia glow'd,
When the firſt keel the Euxine ſurges plow'd;

When

When bravely venturous for the golden fleece
Orac'lous Argo ſail'd from wondering [f] Greece.
Where Tago's yellow ſtream the harbour laves,
And ſlowly mingles with the ocean waves,
In warlike pride my gallant navy rode,
And proudly o'er the beach my ſoldiers ſtrode.
Sailors and land-men marſhall'd o'er the ſtrand,
In garbs of various hue around me ſtand,
Each earneſt firſt to plight the ſacred vow,
Oceans unknown and gulphs untry'd to plow:
Then turning to the ſhips their ſparkling eyes,
With joy they heard the breathing winds ariſe;
Elate with joy beheld the flapping ſail,
And purple ſtandards floating on the gale;
While each preſaged that great as Argo's fame,
Our fleet ſhould give ſome ſtarry band a name.

Where foaming on the ſhore the tide appears,
A ſacred fane its hoary arches rears:
Dim o'er the ſea the evening ſhades deſcend,
And at the holy ſhrine devout we bend:
There, while the tapers o'er the altar blaze,
Our prayers and earneſt vows to heaven we raiſe.

[f] *Orac'lous Argo*—"According to fable, "the veſſel of the Argonauts ſpoke and pro- "phecied. The ancients, I ſuppoſe, by this "meant to inſinuate, that thoſe who truſt "their lives to the caprice of the waves "have need of a penetrating foreſight, that "they may not be ſurpriſed by ſudden tem- "peſts. *Caſtera.*

"Safe

" Safe through the deep, where every yawning wave
" Still to the Sailor's eye diſplays his grave;
" Through howling tempeſts, and through gulphs untry'd,
" O! mighty God! be thou our watchful guide."
While kneeling thus before the ſacred ſhrine,
In Holy Faith's moſt ſolemn rite we join,
Our peace with heaven the bread of peace confirms,
And meek contrition every boſom warms:
Sudden the lights extinguiſh'd, all around
Dread ſilence reigns, and midnight gloom profound;
A ſacred horror pants on every breath,
And each firm breaſt devotes itſelf to death,
An offer'd ſacrifice, ſworn to obey
My nod, and follow where I lead the way.
Now proſtrate round the hallow'd ſhrine we [8] lie,
Till roſy morn beſpreads the eaſtern ſky;
Then, breathing fixt reſolves, my daring mates
March to the ſhips, while pour'd from Liſboa's gates,
Thouſands on thouſands crowding, preſs along,
A woeful, weeping, melancholy throng.

8 *Now proſtrate round the hallow'd ſhrine we lie*—This ſolemn ſcene is according to hiſtory: Aberat Olyſippone prope littus quatuor paſſuum millia templum ſanè religioſum et ſanctum ab Henrico in honorem ſanctiſſimæ virginis edificatum . . . . . In id Gama pridie illius diei, quo erat navem conſcenſurus, ſe recepit, ut noctem cum religioſis hominibus qui in ædibus templo conjunctis habitabant, in precibus et votis conſumeret. Sequenti die cum multi non illius tantùm gratiâ, ſed aliorum etiam, qui illi comites erant, convenìſſent, fuit ab omnibus in ſcaphis deductus. Neque ſolùm homines religioſi, ſed reliqui omnes voce maxima cum lacrymis à Deo precabantur, ut benè & proſperè illa tam periculoſa navigatio omnibus eveniret, & univerſi re benè geſta incolumes in patriam redirent.

A thouſand

A thouſand white-robed prieſts our ſteps attend,
And prayers, and holy vows to heaven aſcend.
A ſcene ſo ſolemn, and the tender woe
Of parting friends, conſtrained my tears to flow.
To weigh our anchors from our native ſhore—
To dare new oceans never dared before—
Perhaps to ſee my native coaſt no more—
Forgive, O king, if as a man I feel,
I bear no boſom of obdurate ſteel—
(The godlike hero here ſuppreſt the ſigh,
And wiped the tear-drop from his manly eye;
Then thus reſuming—) All the peopled ſhore
An awful, ſilent look of anguiſh wore;
Affection, friendſhip, all the kindred ties
Of ſpouſe and parent languiſh'd in their eyes:
As men they never ſhould again behold,
Self-offer'd victims to deſtruction ſold,
On us they fixt the eager look of woe,
While tears o'er every cheek began to flow;
When thus aloud, Alas! my ſon, my ſon,
An hoary Sire exclaims! Oh, whither run,
My heart's ſole joy, my trembling age's ſtay,
To yield thy limbs the dread ſea-monſter's prey!
To ſeek thy burial in the raging wave,
And leave me cheerleſs ſinking to the grave!

Was it for this I watch'd thy tender years,
And bore each fever of a father's fears!
Alas! my boy!—His voice is heard no more,
The female ſhriek reſounds along the ſhore:
With hair diſhevell'd, through the yielding crowd
A lovely bride ſprings on, and ſcreams aloud;
Oh! where, my huſband, where to ſeas unknown,
Where would'ſt thou fly me, and my love diſown!
And wilt thou, cruel, to the deep conſign
That valued life, the joy, the ſoul of mine:
And muſt our loves, and all the kindred train
Of rapt endearments, all expire in vain!
All the dear tranſports of the warm embrace,
When mutual love inſpired each raptured face!
Muſt all, alas! be ſcatter'd in the wind,
Nor thou beſtow one lingering look behind!

Such the lorn parents' and the ſpouſes' woes,
Such o'er the ſtrand the voice of wailing roſe;
From breaſt to breaſt the ſoft contagion crept,
Moved by the woeful ſound the children wept;
The mountain ecchoes catch the big-ſwoln ſighs,
And through the dales prolong the matron's cries;
The yellow ſands with tears are ſilver'd o'er,
Our fate the mountains and the beach deplore.

Yet

Yet firm we march, nor turn one glance aſide
On hoary parent, or on lovely bride.
Though glory fired our hearts, too well we knew
What ſoft affection and what love could do.
The laſt embrace the braveſt worſt can bear:
The bitter yearnings of the parting tear
Sullen we ſhun, unable to ſuſtain
The melting paſſion of ſuch tender pain.

Now on the lofty decks prepared we ſtand,
When towering o'er the crowd that veil'd the ſtrand,
A reverend [h] figure fixt each wondering eye,
And beckoning thrice he waved his hand on high,

[h] *A reverend figure* —— By this old man is perſonified the populace of Portugal. The endeavours to diſcover the Eaſt-Indies by the Southern ocean, for about eighty years had been the favourite topic of complaint; and never was any meaſure of government more unpopular than the expedition of Gama. Emmanuel's council were almoſt unanimous againſt the attempt. Some dreaded the introduction of wealth, and its attendants, luxury and effeminacy; while others affirmed, that no adequate advantages could ariſe from ſo perilous and remote a navigation. Others, with a foreſight peculiar to Politicians, were alarmed, leſt the Egyptian Sultan, who was powerful in the Eaſt, ſhould ſignify his diſpleaſure; and others foreſaw, that ſucceſs would combine all the Princes of Chriſtendom in a league for the deſtruction of Portugal. In ſhort, if glory, intereſt, or the propagation of the goſpel, were deſired, Africa and Ethiopia, they ſaid, afforded both nearer and more advantageous fields. The expreſſions of the thouſands who crouded the ſhore when Gama gave his ſails to the wind, are thus expreſſed by Oſorius, from whom the above facts are ſelected.—A multis tamen interim is fletus atque lamentatio fiebat, ut funus efferre viderentur. Sic enim dicebant: En quo miſeros mortales provexit cupiditas et ambitio? Potuitne gravius ſupplicium hominibus iſtis conſtitui, ſi in ſe ſceleſtum aliquod facinus admiſiſſent? Eſt enim illis immenſi maris longitudo peragranda, fluctus immanes difficillima navigatione ſuperandi, vitæ diſcrimen in locis infinitis obeundum. Non fuit multò tolerabilius, in terra quovis genere mortis abſumi, quàm tam procul à patria marinis fluctibus ſepeliri. Hæc et alia multa in hanc ſententiam dicebant, cùm omnia multò triſtiora fingere præ metu cogerentur.——The tender emotion and fixt reſolution of Gama, and the earneſt paſſion of the multitudes on the ſhore, are thus added by the ſame venerable hiſtorian: Gama tamen quamvis lacrymas ſuorum deſiderio funderet, rei tamen benè gerendæ fiducia confirmatus, alacriter in navem ſauſtis omnibus conſcendit. . . . . Qui in littore conſiſtebant, non prius abſcedere voluerunt, quàm naves vento ſecundo pleniſſimis velis ab omnium conſpectu remotæ ſunt.

And thrice his hoary curls he ſternly ſhook,
While grief and anger mingled in his look;
Then to its height his faultering voice he rear'd,
And through the fleet theſe awful words were heard:

O frantic thirſt of honour and of fame,
The crowd's blind tribute, a fallacious name;
What ſtings, what plagues, what ſecret ſcourges curſt,
Torment thoſe boſoms where thy pride is nurſt!
What dangers threaten, and what deaths deſtroy
The hapleſs youth, whom thy vain gleams decoy!
By thee, dire Tyrant of the noble mind,
What dreadful woes are pour'd on human kind;
Kingdoms and Empires in confuſion hurl'd,
What ſtreams of gore have drench'd the hapleſs world!
Thou dazzling meteor, vain as fleeting air,
What new-dread horror doſt thou now prepare!
High ſounds thy voice of India's pearly ſhore,
Of endleſs triumphs and of countleſs ſtore:
Of other worlds ſo tower'd thy ſwelling boaſt,
Thy golden dreams, when Paradiſe was loſt,
When thy big promiſe ſteep'd the world in gore,
And ſimple innocence was known no more.
And ſay, has fame ſo dear, ſo dazzling charms?
Muſt brutal fierceneſs and the trade of arms,

Conqueſt,

Conqueſt, and laurels dipt in blood, be prized,
While life is ſcorn'd, and all its joys deſpiſed!
And ſay, does zeal for holy Faith inſpire
To ſpread its mandates, thy avow'd deſire?
Behold the Hagarene in armour ſtands,
Treads on thy borders, and the foe demands:
A thouſand cities own his lordly ſway,
A thouſand various ſhores his nod obey.
Through all theſe regions, all theſe cities, ſcorn'd
Is thy religion, and thine altars ſpurn'd.
A foe renown'd in arms the brave require;
That high-plumed foe, renown'd for martial fire,
Before thy gates his ſhining ſpear diſplays,
Whilſt thou wouldſt fondly dare the watery maze,
Enfeebled leave thy native land behind,
On ſhores unknown a foe unknown to find.
Oh! madneſs of ambition! thus to dare
Dangers ſo fruitleſs, ſo remote a war!
That Fame's vain flattery may thy name adorn,
And thy proud titles on her flag be borne:
Thee, Lord of Perſia, thee, of India Lord,
O'er Ethiopia's Vaſt, and Araby adored!

Curſt be the man who firſt on floating wood,
Forſook the beach, and braved the treacherous flood!

Oh! never, never may the ſacred Nine,
To crown his brows, the hallowed wreath entwine;
Nor may his name to future times reſound,
Oblivion be his meed, and hell profound!
Curſt be the wretch, the fire of heaven who ſtole,
And with ambition firſt debauch'd the ſoul!
What woes, Prometheus, walk the frighten'd earth!
To what dread ſlaughter has thy pride given birth!
On proud Ambition's pleaſing gales upborne,
One [1] boaſts to guide the chariot of the morn:
And one on treacherous pinions ſoaring high,
O'er ocean's waves dar'd ſail the liquid ſky:
Daſh'd from their height they mourn their blighted aim;
One gives a river, one a ſea the name!
Alas! the poor reward of that gay meteor Fame!
Yet ſuch the fury of the mortal race,
Though Fame's fair promiſe ends in foul diſgrace,
Though conqueſt ſtill the victor's hope betrays,
The prize a ſhadow, or a rainbow blaze,
Yet ſtill through fire and raging ſeas they run
To catch the gilded ſhade, and ſink undone!

[1] *One boaſts to guide the chariot of the morn*, &c. Alluding to the fables of Phaeton and Icarus.

The departure of the fleet from the Tagus. ——In no circumſtance does the judgment and art of Homer appear more conſpicuous, than in the conſtant attention he pays to his propoſed ſubjects, the wrath of Achilles, and the ſufferings of Ulyſſes. He beſtows the utmoſt care on every incident that could poſſibly impreſs our minds with high ideas of the determined rage of the injured hero, and of the invincible patience of the πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς. Virgil throughout the Eneid has followed the ſame courſe. Every incident that could poſſibly tend to magnify the dangers and difficulties of the wanderings of Æneas, in his long ſearch for the promiſed Italy,

Italy, is ſet before us in the fulleſt magnitude. But, however, this method of ennobling the Epic, by the utmoſt attention to give a grandeur to every circumſtance of the propoſed ſubject, may have been neglected by Voltaire in his Henriade, and by ſome other moderns, who have attempted the Epopœia; it has not been omitted by Camoens. The Portugueſe Poet has, with great art, conducted the voyage of Gama. Every circumſtance attending it is repreſented with magnificence and dignity. John II. deſigns what had never been attempted before. Meſſengers are ſent by land to diſcover the climate and riches of India. Their rout is deſcribed in the manner of Homer. The palm of diſcovery, however, is reſerved for a ſucceeding monarch. Emmanuel is warned by a dream, which affords another ſtriking inſtance of the ſpirit of the Grecian Poet. The enthuſiaſm which the king beholds on the aſpect of Gama is a noble ſtroke of poetry; the ſolemnity of the night ſpent in devotion; the ſullen reſolution of the Adventurers when going aboard the fleet; the affecting grief of their friends and fellow-citizens, who viewed them as ſelf-devoted victims, whom they were never more to behold; and the angry exclamations of the venerable old man, give a dignity and intereſting pathos to the departure of the fleet of Gama, unborrowed from any of the claſſics. In the Æneid, where the Trojans leave a colony of Invalids in Sicily, nothing of the awfully tender is attempted. And in the Odyſſey there is no circumſtance which can be called ſimilar.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE LUSIAD.

BOOK V.

WHILE on the beach the hoary father ſtood
And ſpoke the murmurs of the multitude,
We ſpread the canvas to the riſing gales;
The gentle winds diſtend the ſnowy ſails.
As from our dear-loved native ſhore we fly
Our votive ſhouts, redoubled, rend the ſky;
"Succeſs, ſucceſs," far ecchoes o'er the tide,
While our broad hulks the foamy waves divide.
From Leo now, the lordly ſtar of day,
Intenſely blazing, ſhot his fierceſt ray;
When ſlowly gliding from our wiſhful eyes,
The Luſian mountains mingled with the ſkies;

Tago's

Tago's loved ſtream, and Cyntra's mountains cold
Dim fading now, we now no more behold;
And ſtill with yearning hearts our eyes explore,
Till one dim ſpeck of land appears no more.
Our native ſoil now far behind, we ply
The lonely dreary waſte of ſeas and boundleſs ſky.
Through the wild deep our venturous navy bore,
Where but our Henry plough'd the wave [a] before:
The verdant iſlands, firſt by him deſcry'd,
We paſt; and now in proſpect opening wide,
Far to the left, increaſing on the view,
Roſe Mauritania's hills of paly-blue:
Far to the right the reſtleſs ocean roared,
Whoſe bounding ſurges never keel explored;
If bounding [b] ſhore, as Reaſon deems, divide
The vaſt Atlantic from the Indian tide.

Named from her woods, with fragrant bowers adorn'd,
From fair Madeira's purple coaſt we turn'd:
Cyprus and Paphos' vales the ſmiling loves
Might leave with joy for fair Madeira's groves;

[a] *Where but our Henry* —— Don Henry, Prince of Portugal, of whom, ſee the Preface.

[b] *If bounding ſhore* —— The diſcovery of ſome of the Weſt-Indian iſlands by Columbus was made in 1492 and 1493. His diſcovery of the continent of America was not till 1498. The fleet of Gama ſailed from the Tagus in 1497.

[c] *Madeira's purple coaſt* — Called by the ancients *Inſulæ Purpurariæ*. Now *Madeira* and *Porto Santo*. The former was ſo named by Juan Gonzales, and Triſtan Vaz, from the Spaniſh word *Madera*, wood.

A ſhore

A ſhore ſo flowery, and ſo ſweet an air,
Venus might build her deareſt temple there.
Onward we paſs Maſſilia's barren ſtrand,
A waſte of wither'd graſs and burning ſand;
Where his thin herds the meagre native leads,
Where not a rivulet laves the doleful meads;
Nor herds nor fruitage deck the woodland maze:
O'er the wild waſte the ſtupid oſtrich ſtrays,
In devious ſearch to pick her ſcanty meal,
Whoſe fierce digeſtion gnaws the temper'd ſteel.
From the green verge, where Tigitania ends,
To Ethiopia's line the dreary wild extends.
Now paſt the limit, which his courſe divides,
When to the North the Sun's bright chariot rides,
We leave the winding bays and ſwarthy ſhores,
Where Senegal's black wave impetuous roars;
A flood, whoſe courſe a thouſand tribes ſurveys,
The tribes who blacken'd in the fiery blaze,
When Phaeton, devious from the ſolar height,
Gave Afric's ſons the ſable hue of night.
And now from far the Lybian cape is ſeen,
Now by my mandate named the Cape of [c] Green.
Where midſt the billows of the ocean ſmiles
A flowery ſiſter-train, the happy [d] iſles,

[c] ——*Cape of Green*—Called by Ptolemy, *Caput Aſinarium.*

[d] ——*the happy iſles*—— Called by the ancients *Inſulæ Fortunatæ*, now the Canaries.

Our

Our onward prows the murmuring ſurges lave;
And now our veſſels plough the gentle wave,
Where the blue iſlands, named of Heſper old,
Their fruitful boſoms to the deep unfold.
Here changeful Nature ſhews her various face,
And frolicks o'er the ſlopes with wildeſt grace:
Here our bold fleet their ponderous anchors threw,
The ſickly cheriſh, and our ſtores renew.
From him the warlike guardian power of Spain,
Whoſe ſpear's [e] dread lightning o'er th' embattled plain
Has oft o'erwhelm'd the Moors in dire diſmay,
And fixt the fortune of the doubtful day;
From him we name our ſtation of repair,
And Jago's name that iſle ſhall ever bear.
The northern winds now curl'd the blackening main,
Our ſails unfurl'd we plough the tide again:
Round Afric's coaſt our winding courſe we ſteer,
Where bending to the Eaſt the ſhores appear.
Here [f] Jalofo its wide extent diſplays,
And vaſt Mandinga ſhews its numerous bays;

[e] *W'hoſe ſpear's dread lightning*——It was common for Spaniſh and Portugueſe commanders to ſee St. James in complete armour fighting in the heat of battle at the head of their armies. The General and ſome of his officers declared they ſaw the Warrior Saint beckoning them with his ſpear to advance; *San Iago, Iago*, was immediately ecchoed through the ranks, and victory uſually crowned the ardour of enthuſiaſm.

[f] *Here Jalofo*——The province of Jalofo lies between the two rivers, the Gambea and the Zanago. The latter has other names in the ſeveral countries through which it runs. In its courſe it makes many iſlands, inhabited only by wild beaſts. It is navigable 150 leagues, at the end of which it is croſſed by a ſtupendous ridge of perpendicular rocks, over which the river ruſhes with ſuch violence, that travellers paſs under it without any other inconveniency than the prodigious noiſe. The Gambea, or *Rio Grande* runs 180 leagues, but is not ſo far navigable. It carries more water, and

Whoſe [g] mountains' ſides, though parch'd and barren, hold,
In copious ſtore, the ſeeds of beamy gold.
The Gambea here his ſerpent journey takes,
And through the lawns a thouſand windings makes;
A thouſand ſwarthy tribes his current laves,
Ere mix his waters with th' Atlantic waves.
The [h] Gorgades we paſt, that hated ſhore,
Famed for its terrors by the bards of yore;
Where but one eye by Phorcus' daughters ſhared,
The lorn beholders into marble ſtared;
Three dreadful ſiſters! down whoſe temples roll'd
Their hair of ſnakes in many a hiſſing fold,
And ſcattering horror o'er the dreary ſtrand,
With ſwarms of vipers ſow'd the burning ſand.
Still to the ſouth our pointed keels we guide,
And through the Auſtral gulph ſtill onward ride.
Her palmy foreſts mingling with the ſkies,
Leona's [i] rugged ſteep behind us flies:

runs with leſs noiſe than the other, though filled with many rivers which water the country of Mandinga. Both rivers are branches of the Niger. Their waters have this remarkable quality; when mixed together they operate as an emetic, but when ſeparate they do not. They abound with great variety of fiſhes, and their banks are covered with horſes, crocodiles, winged ſerpents, elephants, ounces, wild boars, with great numbers of other animals, wonderful for the variety of their nature and different forms. *Faria y Souſa.*

[g] *Whoſe mountains' ſides*——*Tombotu*, the mart of Mandinga gold was greatly reſorted to by the merchants of Grand Cairo, Tunis, Oran, Tremiſen, Fez, Morocco, &c.

[h] *The Gorgades* —— Contra hoc promontorium (Heſperionceras) Gorgades inſulæ narrantur, Gorgonum quondam domus, bidui navigatione diſtantes a continente, ut tradit Xenophon Lampſacenus. Penetravit in eas Hanno Pœnorum imperator, proditque hirta fœminarum corpora viros pernicitate evaſiſſe, duarumque Gorgonum cutes argumenti et miraculi gratia in Junonis templo poſuit, ſpectatas uſque ad Carthaginem captam. Plin. Hiſt. Nat. l. 6. c. 31.

[i] *Leona's rugged ſteep*——This ridge of mountains, on account of its great height, was named by the antients Θεῶν ὄχημα, *the chariot of the Gods.* Camoens gives it its Portugueſe name, *Serra Liva, the Rock of Lions.*

The

The Cape of Palms that jutting land we name,
Already conſcious of our nation's fame.
Where the vext waves againſt our bulwarks roar,
And Luſian towers o'erlook the bending ſhore:
Our ſails wide ſwelling to the conſtant blaſt,
Now by the iſle from Thomas named we paſt;
And Congo's ſpacious realm before us roſe,
Where copious Zayra's limpid billow flows;
A flood by ancient hero never ſeen,
Where many a temple o'er the banks of green,
Rear'd by the Luſian [k] heroes, through the night
Of Pagan darkneſs, pours the mental light.

O'er the wild waves as ſouthward thus we ſtray,
Our port unknown, unknown the watery way;

[k] *Rear'd by the Luſian heroes*——During the reign of John II. the Portugueſe erected ſeveral forts, and acquired great power in the extenſive regions of Guinea. *Azambuja*, a Portugueſe captain, having obtained leave from *Caramanſa*, a Negro Prince, to erect a fort on his territories, an unlucky accident had almoſt proved fatal to the diſcoverers. A huge rock lay very commodious for a quarry; the workmen began on it; but this rock, as the Devil would have it, happened to be a Negro God. The Portugueſe were driven away by the enraged worſhippers, who were afterwards with difficulty pacified by a profuſion of ſuch preſents as they moſt eſteemed.

The Portugueſe having brought an Ambaſſador from Congo to Liſbon, ſent him back inſtructed in the faith. By his means the King, Queen, and about 100,000 of the people were baptized; the idols were deſtroyed, and churches built. Soon after, the Prince, who was then abſent at war, was baptized by the name of *Alonzo*. His younger brother, *Aquitimo*, however, would not receive the faith, and the father, becauſe allowed only one wife, turned apoſtate, and left the crown to his Pagan ſon, who, with a great army, ſurrounded his brother, when only attended by ſome Portugueſe and Chriſtian Blacks, in all only thirty-ſeven. By the bravery of theſe, however, *Aquitimo* was defeated, taken, and ſlain. One of *Aquitimo*'s officers declared, they were not defeated by the thirty-ſeven Chriſtians, but by a glorious army who fought under a ſhining croſs. The idols were again deſtroyed, and Alonzo ſent his ſons, grandſons, and nephews, to Portugal to ſtudy; two of whom were afterwards biſhops in Congo. Extracted from *Faria y Souſa*.

Each night we ſee, impreſt with ſolemn awe,
Our guiding ſtars and native ſkies withdraw:
In the wide void we loſe their cheering beams:
Lower and lower ſtill the Pole-ſtar gleams,
Till paſt the limit, where the car of day
Roll'd o'er our heads, and pour'd the downward ray,
We now diſprove the faith of ancient lore;
Bootes' ſhining car appears no more:
For here we ſaw Caliſto's ſtar [1] retire
Beneath the waves, unawed by Juno's ire.
Here, while the Sun his polar journeys takes,
His viſit doubled, double ſeaſon makes;
Stern winter twice deforms the changeful year,
And twice the ſpring's gay flowers their honours rear.
Now preſſing onward, paſt the burning zone,
Beneath another heaven, and ſtars unknown,
Unknown to heroes, and to ſages old,
With ſouthward prows our pathleſs courſe we hold:
Here gloomy night aſſumes a darker reign,
And fewer ſtars emblaze the heavenly plain;

[1] *Caliſto's ſtar* —— According to fable, Caliſto was a nymph of Diana. Jupiter, having aſſumed the figure of that goddeſs, compleated his amorous deſires. On the diſcovery of her pregnancy, Diana drove her from her train. She fled to the woods, where ſhe was delivered of ſon. Juno changed them into bears, and Jupiter placed them in heaven, where they form the conſtellation of *Urſa major* and *minor*. Juno, ſtill enraged, entreated Thetis never to ſuffer Caliſto to bathe in the ſea. This is founded on the appearance of the northern pole-ſtar to the inhabitants of our hemiſphere; but when Gama approached the ſouthern pole, the northern, of conſequence, diſappeared under the waves.

Fewer

Fewer than thoſe that gild the northern pole,
And o'er our ſeas their glittering chariots roll——
While nightly thus the lonely ſeas we brave
Another Pole-ſtar riſes o'er the wave;
Full to the ſouth a ſhining croſs [m] appears;
Our heaving breaſts the bliſsful Omen cheers:
Seven radiant ſtars compoſe the hallowed ſign
That roſe ſtill higher o'er the wavy brine.
Beneath this ſouthern axle of the world,
Never, with daring ſearch, was flag unfurl'd;
Nor pilot knows if bounding ſhores are placed,
Or if one dreary ſea o'erflow the lonely waſte.

While thus our keels ſtill onward boldly ſtray'd,
Now toſt by tempeſts, now by calms delay'd,
To tell the terrors of the deep untry'd,
What toils we ſuffer'd, and what ſtorms defy'd;
What rattling deluges the black clouds pour'd,
What dreary weeks of ſolid darkneſs lour'd;
What mountain ſurges mountain ſurges laſh'd,
What ſudden hurricanes the canvas daſh'd;

[m] *Full to the ſouth a ſhining Croſs appears* ——The conſtellation of the ſouthern pole was called *The Croſs* by the Portugueſe ſailors, from the appearance of that figure formed by ſeven ſtars, four of which are particularly luminous. Dante, who wrote before the diſcovery of the ſouthern hemiſphere, has theſe remarkable lines in the firſt canto of his *Purgatorio*.

I' mi volſi a man deſtra, e poſi mente
All' altro polo, e vidi quattro ſtelle
Non viſte mai, fuor ch' alla prima gente.

Voltaire ſomewhere obſerves, that this looked like a prophecy, when, in the ſucceeding age, theſe four ſtars were known to be near the Antartic pole. Dante, however, ſpoke allegorically of the four cardinal virtues.

In the ſouthern hemiſphere, as Camoens obſerves, the nights are darker than in the northern, the ſkies being adorned with much fewer ſtars.

What

What burſting lightnings, with inceſſant flare,
Kindled in one wide flame the burning air;
What roaring thunders bellow'd o'er our head,
And ſeem'd to ſhake the reeling ocean's bed:
To tell each horror on the deep reveal'd,
Would aſk an iron throat with tenfold vigour ſteel'd:
Thoſe dreadful wonders of the deep I ſaw,
Which fill the ſailor's breaſt with ſacred awe;
And which the ſages, of their learning vain,
Eſteem the phantoms of the dreamful brain.
That living fire; by ſea-men held [a] divine,
Of heaven's own care in ſtorms the holy ſign,
Which midſt the horrors of the tempeſt plays,
And on the blaſt's dark wings will gaily blaze;
Theſe eyes diſtinct have ſeen that living fire
Glide through the ſtorm, and round my ſails aſpire.

[a] *That living fire, by ſea-men held divine* ——The ancients thus accounted for this appearance: The ſulphureous vapours of the air, after being violently agitated by a tempeſt, unite, and when the humidity begins to ſubſide, as is the caſe when the ſtorm is almoſt exhauſted, by the agitation of their atoms they take fire, and are attracted by the maſts and cordage of the ſhip. Being thus naturally the pledges of the approaching calm, it is no wonder that the ſuperſtition of ſailors ſhould in all ages have eſteemed them divine, and

Of heaven's own care in ſtorms the holy ſign.

In the expedition of the Golden Fleece, in a violent tempeſt theſe fires were ſeen to hover over the heads of Caſtor and Pollux, who were two of the Argonauts, and a calm immediately enſued. After the apotheoſes of theſe heroes, the Grecian ſailors invoked thoſe fires by the names of Caſtor and Pollux, or *the ſons of Jupiter*. The Athenians called them Σωτῆρες, *Saviours*, and Homer, in his hymn to Caſtor and Pollux, ſays,

Ναύταις σήματα καλὰ πόντε σφίσιν, οἱ δὲ ἰδόντες
Γήθησαν, πάυσαντο δ' ὀϊζυροῖο πόνοιο.

Plin. Nat. Hiſt. l. 2. Seneca, Queſt. Nat. c. I. and Cæſar de Bell. Afr. c. VI. mention theſe fires as often ſeen to alight and reſt on the points of the ſpears of the ſoldiers. By the French and Spaniards they are called St. Helme's fires; and by the Italians, the fires of St. Peter and St. Nicholas. Modern diſcoveries have proved that theſe appearances are the electric fluid attracted by the ſpindle of the maſt, or the point of the ſpear.

And

And oft, while wonder thrill'd my breaſt, mine eyes
To heaven have ſeen the watery columns riſe.
Slender at firſt the ſubtle fume appears,
And writhing round and round its volume rears:
Thick as a maſt the vapour ſwells its ſize;
A curling whirlwind lifts it to the ſkies:
The tube now ſtraitens, now in width extends,
And in a hovering cloud its ſummit ends:
Still gulp on gulp in ſucks the riſing tide,
And now the cloud, with cumbrous weight ſupply'd,
Full-gorged, and blackening, ſpreads, and moves, more ſlow,
And waving trembles to the waves below.
Thus when to ſhun the ſummer's ſultry beam
The thirſty heifer ſeeks the cooling ſtream,
The eager horſe-leech fixing on her lips,
Her blood with ardent throat inſatiate ſips,
Till the gorged glutton, ſwell'd beyond her ſize,
Drops from her wounded hold, and burſting dies.
So burſts the cloud, o'erloaded with its freight,
And the daſh'd ocean ſtaggers with the weight.
But ſay, ° ye ſages, who can weigh the cauſe,
And trace the ſecret ſprings of Nature's laws,

° *But ſay, ye ſages*——In this book, particularly in the deſcription of Maſſilia, the Gorgades, the fires called Caſtor and Pollux, and the water-ſpout, Camoens has happily imitated the manner of Lucan. It is probable that Camoens, in his voyage to the Eaſt-Indies, was an eye-witneſs of the phænomena of the fires and water-ſpout. The latter is thus deſcribed by Pliny, l. 2. c. 51. *Fit et caligo, bellnæ ſimilis nubes dira navigantibus vocatur et columna, cum ſpiſſatus humor rigenſque ipſe ſe ſuſtinet, et in longam veluti fiſtulam nubes aquam trahit.* Dr. Prieſtley, from *Signior Beccaria*, thus deſcribes the water-ſpouts: "They generally appear in calm weather. The ſea ſeems to boil, and ſend up a ſmoke under them, riſing in a hill towards the ſpout. A rumbling noiſe is heard.

Say, why the wave, of bitter brine erewhile,
Should to the boſom of the deep recoil
Robb'd of its ſalt, and from the cloud diſtil
Sweet as the waters of the limpid rill?
Ye ſons of boaſtful wiſdom, famed of yore,
Whoſe feet unwearied wander'd many a ſhore,
From Nature's wonders to withdraw the veil,
Had you with me unfurl'd the daring ſail,
Had view'd the wondrous ſcenes mine eyes ſurvey'd,
What ſeeming miracles the deep diſplay'd,
What ſecret virtues various Nature ſhew'd,
Oh! heaven! with what a fire your page had glow'd!

And now ſince wandering o'er the foamy ſpray,
Our brave Armada held her venturous way,
Five times the changeful Empreſs of the night
Had fill'd her ſhining horns with ſilver light,
When ſudden from the main-top's airy round
Land, land, is ecchoed—At the joyful ſound,
Swift to the crowded decks the bounding crew
On wings of hope and fluttering tranſport flew,

heard. The form is that of a ſpeaking trumpet, the wider end being towards the clouds, and the narrower towards the ſea. The colour is ſometimes whitiſh, and at other times black. Their poſition is ſometimes perpendicular, ſometimes oblique, and ſometimes in the form of a curve. Their continuance is various; ſome vaniſh inſtantly and preſently riſe again; and ſome continue near an hour." Modern philoſophers aſcribe them to electricity, and eſteem them of the ſame nature as whirlwinds and hurricanes on land. Camoens ſays, the water of which they are compoſed, becomes freſhened; which ſome have thus accounted for: When the violent heat attracts the waters to riſe in the form of a tube, the marine ſalts are left behind by the action of rarefaction, being too groſs and fixed to aſcend. It is thus, when the overloaded vapour burſts, that it deſcends

Sweet as the waters of the limpid rill.

And

And each ſtrain'd eye with aching ſight explores
The wide horizon of the eaſtern ſhores:
As thin blue clouds the mountain ſummits riſe,
And now the lawns ſalute our joyful eyes;
Loud through the fleet the ecchoing ſhouts prevail,
We drop the anchor, and reſtrain the ſail;
And now deſcending in a ſpacious bay,
Wide o'er the coaſt the venturous ſoldiers ſtray,
To ſpy the wonders of the ſavage ſhore,
Where ſtranger's foot had never trod before.
I, and my pilots, on the yellow ſand
Explore beneath what ſky the ſhores expand.
That ſage Device, whoſe wondrous uſe proclaims
Th' immortal honour of its authors' [p] names,
The Sun's height meaſured, and my Compaſs ſcann'd
The painted globe of ocean and of land.
Here we perceived our venturous keels had paſt,
Unharm'd, the ſouthern tropick's howling blaſt;
And now approach'd dread Neptune's ſecret reign,
Where the ſtern Power, as o'er the Auſtral main
He rides, wide ſcatters from the polar ſtar
Hail, ice, and ſnow, and all the wintery war.

[p] *That ſage device* — The Aſtrolabium, an inſtrument of infinite ſervice in navigation, by which the altitude of the ſun, and diſtance of the ſtars are taken. It was invented in Portugal during the reign of John II. by two Jew Phyſicians, named Roderic and Joſeph. It is aſſerted by ſome that they were aſſiſted by Martin of Bohemia, a celebrated Mathematician. Partly from Caſtera. Vid. Barros, Dec. 1. l. 4. c. 2.

While thus attentive on the beach we ſtood,
My ſoldiers, haſtening from the upland wood,
Right to the ſhore a trembling Negro brought,
Whom on the foreſt-height by force they caught,
As diſtant wander'd from the cell of home,
He ſuck'd the honey from the porous comb.
Horror glared in his look, and fear extreme
In mien more wild than brutal Polypheme:
No word of rich Arabia's tongue he knew,
No ſign could anſwer, nor our gems would view:
From garments ſtriped with ſhining gold he turn'd;
The ſtarry diamond and the ſilver ſpurn'd.
Strait at my nod are worthleſs trinkets brought;
Round beads of chryſtal as a bracelet wrought,
A cap of red, and dangling on a ſtring
Some little bells of braſs before him ring:
A wide-mouth'd laugh confeſt his barbarous joy,
And both his hands he raiſed to graſp the toy,
Pleaſed with theſe gifts we ſet the ſavage free,
Homeward he ſprings away, and bounds with glee.

Soon as the gleamy ſtreaks of purple morn
The lofty foreſt's topmoſt boughs adorn,
Down the ſteep mountain's ſide, yet hoar with dew,
A naked crowd, and black as night their hue,
Come tripping to the ſhore: Their wiſhful eyes
Declare what tawdry trifles moſt they prize:

Theſe

Theſe to their hopes were given, and, void of fear,
Mild ſeem'd their manners, and their looks ſincere.
A bold raſh youth, ambitious of the fame
Of brave adventurer, Veloſe his name,
Through pathleſs brakes their homeward ſteps attends,
And on his ſingle arm for help depends.
Long was his ſtay: my earneſt eyes explore,
When ruſhing down the mountain to the ſhore
I mark'd him; terror urged his rapid ſtrides;
And ſoon Coëllo's ſkiff the wave divides.
Yet ere his friends advanced, the treacherous foe
Trod on his lateſt ſteps, and aim'd the blow.
Moved by the danger of a youth ſo brave,
Myſelf now ſnatch'd an oar, and ſprung to ſave:
When ſudden, blackening down the mountain's height,
Another crowd purſued his panting flight;
And ſoon an arrowy and a flinty ſhower
Thick o'er our heads the fierce barbarians pour,
Nor pour'd in vain; a feather'd arrow ſtood
Fix'd [q] in my leg, and drank the guſhing blood.

[q] *Fix'd in my leg* —— Camoens, in deſcribing the adventure of *Fernando Veloſo*, by departing from the truth of hiſtory, has ſhewn his judgment as a Poet. The Place where the Portugueſe landed they named the Bay of *St. Helen*. They caught one of two negroes, ſays *Faria*, who were buſied in gathering honey on a mountain. Their behaviour to this ſavage, whom they gratified with a red cap, ſome glaſſes and bells, induced him to bring a number of his companions for the like trifles. Though ſome who accompanied Gama were ſkilled in the various Ethiopic languages, not one of the natives could underſtand them. A commerce however was commenced by ſigns and geſtures. Gama behaved to them with great civility; the fleet was chearfully ſupplied with freſh proviſions, for which the natives received cloaths and trinkets. But this friendſhip was ſoon interrupted by a young raſh Portugueſe. Having contracted an intimacy with ſome of the negroes, he obtained leave to penetrate into the country along with them, to obſerve their habitations and ſtrength. They conducted him to their huts with great good nature, and placed before him, what they eſteemed an elegant

Vengeance as ſudden every wound repays,
Full on their fronts our flaſhing lightnings blaze;
Their ſhrieks of horror inſtant pierce the ſky,
And wing'd with fear at fulleſt ſpeed they fly.
Long tracks of gore their ſcatter'd flight betray'd,
And now, Veloſo to the fleet convey'd,
His ſportful mates his brave exploits demand,
And what the curious wonders of the land:
"Hard was the hill to climb, my valiant friend,
"But oh! how ſmooth and eaſy to deſcend!
"Well haſt thou proved thy ſwiftneſs for the chace,
"And ſhewn thy matchleſs merit in the race!"
With look unmoved the gallant youth reply'd,
"For you, my friends, my fleeteſt ſpeed was try'd;
"'Twas you the fierce barbarians meant to ſlay;
"For you I fear'd the fortune of the day;

repaſt, a ſea-calf dreſſed in the way of their country. This ſo much diſguſted the delicate Portugueſe, that he inſtantly got up and abruptly left them. Nor did they oppoſe his departure, but accompanied him with the greateſt innocence. As fear, however, is always jealous, he imagined they were leading him as a victim to ſlaughter. No ſooner did he come near the ſhips, than he called aloud for aſſiſtance. Coëllo's boat immediately ſet off for his reſcue. The Ethiopians fled to the woods; and now eſteeming the Portugueſe as a band of lawleſs plunderers, they provided themſelves with arms, and lay in ambuſh. Their weapons were javelins, headed with ſhort pieces of horn, which they threw with great dexterity. Soon after, while Gama and ſome of his officers were on the ſhore, taking the altitude of the ſun by the aſtrolabium, they were ſuddenly and with great fury attacked by the ambuſh from the woods. Several were much wounded, *multos convulnerant, inter quos Gama in pede vulnus accepit*, and Gama received a wound in the foot. The Admiral made a ſpeedy retreat to the fleet, prudently chuſing rather to leave the negroes the honour of the victory, than to riſque the life of one man in a quarrel ſo foreign to the deſtination of his expedition; and where, to impreſs the terror of his arms could be of no ſervice to his intereſt. When he came nearer to India he acted in a different manner. He then made himſelf dreaded whenever the treachery of the natives provoked his reſentment. Collected from *Faria* and *Oſorius*.

"You

" Your danger great without mine aid I knew,
" And [r] ſwift as lightning to your reſcue flew."
He now the treaſon of the foe relates,
How ſoon, as paſt the mountain's upland ſtraits,
They changed the colour of their friendly ſhew,
And force forbade his ſteps to tread below:
How down the coverts of the ſteepy brake
Their lurking ſtand a treacherous ambuſh take;
On us, when ſpeeding to defend his flight,
To ruſh, and plunge us in the ſhades of night:
Nor while in friendſhip would their lips unfold
Where India's ocean laved the orient ſhores of gold.

Now proſp'rous gales the bending canvas ſwell'd;
From theſe rude ſhores our fearleſs courſe we held:

[r] *And ſwift as lightning* — The critics, particularly the French, have vehemently declaimed againſt the leaſt mixture of the Comic, with the dignity of the Epic Poem. It is needleſs to enter into any defence of this paſſage of Camoens, farther than to obſerve, that Homer, Virgil, and Milton, have offended the critics in the ſame manner; and that this piece of raillery in the Luſiad is by much the politeſt, and the leaſt reprehenſible of any thing of the kind in the four Poets. In Homer are ſeveral ſtrokes of low raillery. Patroclus having killed Hector's charioteer, puns thus on his ſudden fall. " *It is a pity he is not nearer the ſea! He would ſoon catch abundance of oyſters, nor would the ſtorms frighten him. See how he dives from his chariot down to the ſand! What excellent divers are the Trojans!* Virgil, the moſt judicious of all Poets, deſcends even to the ſtyle of Dutch painting, where the commander of a galley tumbles the Pilot into the ſea, and the ſailors afterward laugh at him, as he ſits on a rock ſpewing up the ſalt water:

— *Segnemque Menœten*
In mare præcipitem puppi deturbat ab alta.
At gravis ut fundo vix tandem redditus imo eſt
Jam ſenior, madidaque fluens in veſte Menœtes,
Summa petit ſcopuli ſiccaque in rupe reſedit.
Illum et labentem Teucri, et rïſere natantem;
Et falſos rident revomentem pectore fluctus.

And though the characters of the ſpeakers (the ingenious defence which has been offered for Milton) may in ſome meaſure, vindicate the raillery which he puts into the mouths of Satan and Belial, the lowneſs of it, when compared with that of Camoens, muſt ſtill be acknowledged. Talking of the execution of the diabolical artillery among the good angels, they, ſays Satan,

Flew off, and into ſtrange vagaries fell
As they would dance, yet for a dance they ſeem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace.——
To whom thus Belial, in like gameſome mood,
Leader, the terms we ſent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And ſtumbled many——
————this gift they have beſide,
They ſhew us when our foes walk not upright.

Beneath

Beneath the gliſtening wave the God of day
Had now five times withdrawn the parting ray,
When o'er the prow a ſudden darkneſs ſpread,
And ſlowly floating o'er the maſt's tall head
A black cloud hover'd: nor appear'd from far
The moon's pale glimpſe, nor faintly twinkling ſtar;
So deep a gloom the louring vapour caſt,
Transfixt with awe the braveſt ſtood aghaſt.
Meanwhile a hollow burſting roar reſounds,
As when hoarſe ſurges laſh their rocky mounds;
Nor had the blackening wave, nor frowning heaven
The wonted ſigns of gathering tempeſt given.
Amazed we ſtood—O thou, our fortune's guide,
Avert this Omen, mighty God,—I cried;
Or through forbidden climes adventrous ſtray'd,
Have we the ſecrets of the deep ſurvey'd,
Which theſe wide ſolitudes of ſeas and ſky
Were doom'd to hide from man's unhallowed eye?
Whate'er this prodigy, it threatens more
Than midnight tempeſts and the mingled roar,
When ſea and ſky combine to rock the marble ſhore.

I ſpoke, when riſing through the darken'd air,
Appall'd we ſaw an hideous Phantom glare;
High and enormous o'er the flood he tower'd,
And thwart our way with ſullen aſpect lour'd:

An earthly paleneſs o'er his cheeks was ſpread,
Erect uproſe his hairs of wither'd red;
Writhing to ſpeak, his ſable lips diſcloſe,
Sharp and disjoin'd, his gnaſhing teeth's blue rows;
His haggard beard flow'd quivering on the wind,
Revenge and horror in his mien combined;
His clouded front, by withering lightnings ſcared,
The inward anguiſh of his ſoul declared.
His red eyes glowing from their duſky caves
Shot livid fires: Far ecchoing o'er the waves
His voice reſounded, as the cavern'd ſhore
With hollow groan repeats the tempeſt's roar.
Cold gliding horrors thrill'd each hero's breaſt,
Our briſtling hair and tottering knees confeſt
Wild dread; the while with viſage ghaſtly wan,
His black lips trembling, thus the Fiend * began:

* *The apparition*—The partiality of Tranſlators and Editors is become almoſt proverbial. The admiration of their author is ſuppoſed when they undertake to introduce him to the public; that admiration therefore, may without a bluſh be confeſſed; but if the reputation of judgment is valued, all the jealouſy of circumſpection is neceſſary, for the tranſition from admiration to partiality and hypercriticiſm, is not only eaſy, but to oneſelf often imperceptible. Yet however guarded againſt this partiality of hypercriticiſm the Tranſlator of Camoens may deem himſelf, he is aware that ſome of his colder readers, may perhaps, in the following inſtance accuſe him of it. Regardleſs however of the *ſang froid* of thoſe who judge by authority and not by their own feelings, he will venture to appeal to the few whoſe taſte, though formed by the claſſics, is untainted with claſſical prejudices. To theſe he will appeal, and to theſe he will venture the aſſertion, that the fiction of the apparition of the Cape of Tempeſts, in ſublimity and awful grandeur of imagination, ſtands unſurpaſſed in human compoſition.—Voltaire, and the foreign Critics, have confeſſed its merit.——In the prodigy of the Harpies in the *Æneid*, neither the

Virginei volucrum vultus, fœdiſſima ventris
Proluvies, uncæque manus, et pallida ſemper
Ora fame:

Though Virgil, to heighten the deſcription, introduces it with

——— *nec ſævior ulla*
Peſtis et ira Deûm Stygiis ſeſe extulit undis:

Nor the predictions of the harpy *Celæno*, can, in point of dignity, bear any compariſon with the fiction of Camoens. The noble and admired deſcription of Fame, in the fourth Æneid, may ſeem indeed to challenge competition:

Fama,

O you, the boldeſt of the nations, fired
By daring pride, by luſt of fame inſpired,
Who ſcornful of the bowers of ſweet repoſe,
Through theſe my waves advance your fearleſs prows,
Regardleſs of the lengthening watery way,
And all the ſtorms that own my ſovereign ſway,

Fama, malum quo non aliud velocius ullum :
Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo :
Parva metu primò ; mox ſeſe attollit in auras,
Ingrediturque ſolo, & caput inter nubila condit :
Illam Terra parens, ira irritata Deorum,
Extremam (ut perhibent) Cœo Enceladoque ſororem
Progenuit ; pedibus celerem et pernicibus alis :
Monſtrum horrendum, ingens ; cui quot ſunt corpore plumæ,
Tot vigiles oculi ſubter (mirabile dictu)
Tot linguæ, totidem ora ſonant, tot ſubriget aures.
Nocte volat cœli medio terræque, per umbram
Stridens, nec dulci declinat lumina ſomno :
Luce ſedet cuſtos, aut ſummi culmine tecti,
Turribus aut altis, et magnas territat urbes.

Fame, the great ill, from ſmall beginnings grows;
Swift from the firſt, and every moment brings
New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her wings.
Soon grows the Pigmy to gigantic ſize,
Her feet on earth, her forehead in the ſkies:
Enraged againſt the Gods, revengeful Earth
Produced her laſt of the Titanian birth.
Swift in her walk, more ſwift her winged haſte,
A monſtrous phantom, horrible and vaſt;
As many plumes as raiſe her lofty flight,
So many piercing eyes enlarge her ſight:
Millions of opening mouths to Fame belong,
And every mouth is furniſh'd with a tongue,
And round with liſtning ears the flying plague is hung;
She fills the peaceful univerſe with cries,
No ſlumbers ever cloſe her wakeful eyes:
By day from lofty towers her head ſhe ſhews.—
Dryd.

The *Mobilitate viget*, the *Vires acquirit eundo*, the *Parva metu primo*, &c. the *Caput inter nubila condit*, the *plumæ*, *oculi linguæ*, *ora*, and *aures*, the *Nocte volat*, the *Luce ſedet cuſtos*, and the *Magnas territat urbes*, are all very great, and finely imagined. But the whole picture is the offſpring of careful attention and judgment; it is a noble diſplay of the calm majeſty of Virgil, yet it has not the enthuſiaſm of that heat of ſpontaneous conception, which the ancients honoured with the name of inſpiration. The fiction of Camoens, on the contrary, is the genuine effuſion of the glow of poetical imagination. The deſcription of the ſpectre, the awfulneſs of the prediction, and the horror that breathes through the whole, till the phantom is interrupted by Gama, are in the true ſpirit of the wild and grand terrific of an Homer, or a Shakeſpeare. But however Camoens may, in this paſſage, have excelled Virgil, he himſelf is infinitely ſurpaſſed by two paſſages of Holy Writ. "*A thing was ſecretly brought "to me,*" ſays the Author of the book of Job, "*and mine ear received a little thereof. In thoughts from the viſions of the night, when deep ſleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to ſhake: then a ſpirit paſſed before my face; the hair of my fleſh ſtood up: It ſtood ſtill, but I could not diſcern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was ſilence, and I heard a voice: Shall mortal man be more juſt than God! ſhall a man be more pure than his Maker! Behold, he put no truſt in his ſervants, and his angels he charged with folly: how much leſs in them that dwell in houſes of clay, whoſe foundation is in the duſt, and who are cruſhed before the moth!*

This whole paſſage, particularly the indiſtinguiſhable form and the ſilence, are as ſuperior to Camoens in the inimitably wild terrific, as the following, from the Apocalypſe, is in grandeur of deſcription. "*And I ſaw another mighty angel come down from heaven, cloathed with a cloud, and a rainbow was upon his head, his face was as it were the ſun, and his feet as pillars of fire . . . . and he ſet his right foot upon the ſea, and his left foot upon the earth, and cried with a loud voice, as when a lion roareth . . . . . and he lifted up his hand to heaven, and ſware by Him that liveth for ever and ever, ... that Time ſhould be no more.*

Who

Who mid ſurrounding rocks and ſhelves explore
Where never hero braved my rage before;
Ye ſons of Luſus, who with eyes profane
Have view'd the ſecrets of my awful reign,
Have paſs'd the bounds which jealous Nature drew
To veil her ſecret ſhrine from mortal view;
Hear from my lips what direful woes attend,
And burſting ſoon ſhall o'er your race deſcend:

With every bounding keel that dares my rage,
Eternal war my rocks and ſtorms ſhall wage,
The next proud fleet that through my drear [s] domain,
With daring ſearch ſhall hoiſe the ſtreaming vane,
That gallant navy by my whirlwinds toſt,
And raging ſeas, ſhall periſh on my coaſt:
Then He who firſt my ſecret reign deſcried,
A naked corſe wide floating o'er the tide
Shall drive—Unleſs my heart's full raptures fail,
O Luſus! oft ſhalt thou thy children wail;
Each year thy ſhipwreck'd ſons ſhalt thou deplore,
Each year thy ſheeted maſts ſhall ſtrew my ſhore.

[s] *The next proud fleet.*——On the return of Gama to Portugal, a fleet of thirteen ſail, under the command of Pedro Alvarez de Cabral, was ſent out on the ſecond voyage to India, where the admiral with only ſix ſhips arrived. The reſt were moſtly deſtroyed by a terrible tempeſt at the Cape of Good Hope, which laſted twenty days. The day-time, ſays *Faria*, was ſo dark that the ſailors could ſcarcely ſee each other, or hear what was ſaid, for the horrid noiſe of the winds. Among thoſe who periſhed was the celebrated *Bartholomew Diaz*, who was the firſt modern diſcoverer of the Cape of Good Hope, which he named the Cape of Tempeſts.

With trophies plumed behold [t] an Hero come,
Ye dreary wilds, prepare his yawning tomb.
Though ſmiling fortune bleſt his youthful morn,
Though glory's rays his laurel'd brows adorn,
Full oft though he beheld with ſparkling eye
The Turkiſh moons in wild confuſion fly,
While he, proud Victor, thunder'd in the rear,
All, all his mighty fame ſhall vaniſh here.
Quiloa's ſons, and thine, Mombaze, ſhall ſee
Their Conqueror bend his laurel'd head to Me;
While proudly mingling with the tempeſt's ſound,
Their ſhouts of joy from every cliff rebound.

The howling blaſt, ye ſlumbering ſtorms prepare,
A youthful Lover and his beauteous Fair,
Triumphant ſail from India's ravaged land;
His evil angel leads him to my ſtrand.
Through the torn hulk the daſhing waves ſhall roar,
The ſhatter'd wrecks ſhall blacken all my ſhore.

[t] *Behold an hero come*—Don *Franciſco de Almeyda*. He was the firſt Portugueſe viceroy of India, in which country he obtained ſeveral great victories over the Mohammedans and Pagans. He conquered Quiloa, and Mombaſſa or Mombaze. On his return to Portugal he put into the bay of Saldanna, near the Cape of Good Hope, to take in water and proviſions. The rudeneſs of one of his ſervants produced a quarrel with the Caffres, or Hottentots. His attendants, much againſt his will, forced him to march againſt the blacks. "Ah, whither (he ex-"claimed) will you carry the infirm man "of ſixty years." After plundering a miſerable village, on the return to their ſhips they were attacked by a ſuperior number of Caffres, who fought with ſuch fury in reſcue of their children, whom the Portugueſe had ſeized, that the viceroy and fifty of his attendants were ſlain.

Themſelves

Themſelves eſcaped, deſpoil'd by ſavage hands,
Shall naked wander o'er the burning ſands,
Spared by the waves far deeper woes to bear,
Woes even by Me acknowledged with a tear.
Their infant race, the promiſed heirs of joy,
Shall now no more an hundred hands employ;
By cruel want, beneath the parents' eye,
In theſe wide waſtes their infant race ſhall die.
Through dreary wilds where never Pilgrim trod,
Where caverns yawn and rocky fragments nod,
The hapleſs Lover and his Bride ſhall ſtray,
By night unſhelter'd, and forlorn by day.
In vain the Lover o'er the trackleſs plain
Shall dart his eyes, and cheer his ſpouſe in vain.
Her tender limbs, and breaſt of mountain ſnow,
Where ne'er before intruding blaſt might blow,
Parch'd by the ſun, and ſhrivell'd by the cold
Of dewy night, ſhall he, fond man, behold.
Thus wandering wide, a thouſand ills o'erpaſt,
In fond embraces they ſhall ſink at laſt;
While pitying tears their dying eyes o'erflow,
And the laſt ſigh ſhall wail each other's [u] woe.

[u] *And the laſt ſigh ſhall wail each other's woe*——This poetical deſcription of the miſerable cataſtrophe of Don Emmanuel de Souza, and his beautiful ſpouſe Leonora de Sà, is by no means exaggerated. He was ſeveral years governor of Diu in India, where he amaſſed immenſe wealth. On his return to his native country, the ſhip in which were his lady, all his riches, and five hundred men, his ſailors and domeſtics, was daſhed to pieces on the rocks at the Cape of Good Hope. Don Emmanuel, his lady, and three children, with four hundred of the crew, eſcaped, having only ſaved a few arms and proviſions. As they marched through the rude uncultivated deſerts, ſome died of famine, of thirſt, and fatigue; others, who wandered from the main

Some few, the ſad companions of their fate,
Shall yet ſurvive, protected by my hate,
On Tagus' banks the diſmal tale to tell
How blaſted by my frown your heroes fell.

He paus'd, in act ſtill farther to diſcloſe
A long, a dreary prophecy of woes:
When ſpringing onward, loud my voice reſounds,
And midſt his rage the threatening Shade confounds:
What art thou, Horrid Form, that rideſt the air?
By heaven's eternal light, ſtern Fiend, declare.
His lips he writhes, his eyes far round he throws,
And from his breaſt deep hollow groans aroſe;
Sternly aſkaunce he ſtood: with wounded pride
And anguiſh torn, In Me, behold, he cried,

main body in ſearch of water, were murdered by the ſavages, or deſtroyed by the wild beaſts. The horror of this miſerable ſituation was moſt dreadfully aggravated to Donna Leonora: her huſband began to diſcover ſtarts of inſanity. They arrived at laſt at a village inhabited by Ethiopian banditti. At firſt they were courteouſly received, and Souza, partly ſtupified with grief, at the deſire of the barbarians, yielded up to them the arms of his company. No ſooner was this done, than the ſavages ſtripped the whole company naked, and left them deſtitute to the mercy of the deſert. The wretchedneſs of the delicate and expoſed Leonora was encreaſed by the brutal inſults of the negroes. Her huſband, unable to relieve, beheld her miſeries. After having travelled about 300 leagues, her legs ſwelled, her feet bleeding at every ſtep, and her ſtrength exhauſted, ſhe ſunk down, and with the ſand covered herſelf to the neck, to conceal her nakedneſs. In this dreadful ſituation, ſhe beheld two of her children expire. Her own death ſoon followed. Her huſband, who had been long enamoured of her beauty, received her laſt breath in a diſtracted embrace. Immediately he ſnatched his third child in his arms, and uttering the moſt lamentable cries, he ran into the thickeſt of the wood, where the wild beaſts were ſoon heard to growl over their prey. Of the whole four hundred who eſcaped the waves, only ſix and twenty arrived at another Ethiopian village, whoſe inhabitants were more civilized, and traded with the merchants of the Red ſea: from hence they found a paſſage to Europe, and brought the tidings of the unhappy fate of their companions. Jerome de Cortereal, a Portugueſe poet, has written an affecting poem on the ſhipwreck and deplorable cataſtrophe of Don Emmauel and his beloved ſpouſe. Vid. *Faria, Barros*, &c.

While

While dark-red ſparkles from his eyeballs roll'd,
In Me the Spirit of the Cape behold,
That rock by you the Cape of Tempeſts named,
By Neptune's rage in horrid earthquakes framed,
When Jove's red bolts o'er Titan's offspring flamed.
With wide-ſtretch'd piles I guard the pathleſs ſtrand,
And Afric's ſouthern mound unmoved I ſtand:
Nor Roman prow, nor daring Tyrian oar
Ere daſh'd the white wave foaming to my ſhore;
Nor Greece nor Carthage ever ſpread the ſail
On theſe my ſeas to catch the trading gale.
You, you alone have dared to plough my main,
And with the human voice diſturb my loneſome reign.

He [x] ſpoke, and deep a lengthen'd ſigh he drew,
A doleful ſound, and vaniſh'd from the view;

[x] *He ſpoke* —— The circumſtances of the diſappearance of the ſpectre are in the ſame poetical ſpirit of the introduction. To ſuppoſe this ſpectre the Spirit of that huge promontory the Cape of Tempeſts, which by night makes its awful appearance to the fleet of Gama, while wandering in an unknown ocean, is a noble flight of imagination. As already obſerved in the Preface, the machinery of Camoens is allegorical: To eſtabliſh Chriſtianity in the Eaſt, is expreſly ſaid in the Luſiad to be the great purpoſe of the Hero. By Bacchus, the demon who oppoſes the expedition, the genius of Mohammediſm muſt of conſequence be underſtood: and accordingly, in the eighth book, the Evil Spirit and Bacchus are mentioned as the ſame perſonage; where, in the figure of Mohammed, he appears in a dream to a Mohammedan prieſt. In like manner by Adamaſtor, the genius of Mohammediſm muſt be ſuppoſed to be meant. The Moors, who profeſſed that religion, were, till the arrival of Gama, the ſole navigators of the eaſtern ſeas, and by every exertion of force and fraud, they endeavoured to prevent the ſettlements of the Chriſtians. In the figure of the ſpectre, the French tranſlator finds an exact deſcription of the perſon of Mohammed, his fierce demeanour and pale complexion; but he certainly carries his *unravelment* too far in ſeveral inſtances: to mention only two; "Mohammed (ſays he) was a falſe pro-" phet, ſo is Adamaſtor, who ſays Em-" manuel de Souza and his ſpouſe ſhall die" in one another's arms, whereas the huſ-" band was devoured by wild beaſts in the" wood. . . . By the metamorphoſis of" Adamaſtor into an huge maſs of earth" and rock, laved by the waves, is meant" the death and tomb of Mohammed. He

died.

The frighten'd billows gave a rolling ſwell,
And diſtant far prolong'd the diſmal yell;
Faint and more faint the howling ecchoes die,
And the black cloud diſperſing leaves the ſky.
High to the angel hoſt, whoſe guardian care
Had ever round us watch'd, my hands I rear,
And heaven's dread king implore, As o'er our head
The fiend diſſolved, an empty ſhadow fled;
So may his curſes by the winds of heaven
Far o'er the deep, their idle ſport, be driven!

With ſacred horror thrill'd, Melinda's Lord
Held up the eager hand, and caught the word,
Oh wondrous faith of ancient days, he cries,
Conceal'd in myſtic lore, and dark diſguiſe!
Taught by their ſires, our hoary fathers tell,
On theſe rude ſhores a giant ſpectre fell,
What time from heaven the rebel band were thrown:
And oft the wandering ſwain has heard his moan.
While o'er the wave the clouded moon appears
To hide her weeping face, his voice he rears

" died of a dropſy, behold the waters " which ſurround him; *voila les eaux qui* " *l'entourent.* — His tomb was exceeding " high, behold the height of the promon- " tory." By ſuch latitude of interpretation, the allegory which was really intended by an author, becomes ſuſpected by the reader. As Camoens, however, has aſſured us that he did allegoriſe, one need not heſitate to affirm, that the amour of Adamaſtor is an inſtance of it. By Thetis is figured Renown, or true Glory, by the fierce paſſion of the giant, the fierce rage of ambition, and by the rugged mountain that filled his deluded arms, the infamy acquired by the brutal conqueror Mohammed. The hint of this laſt circumſtance is adopted from *Caſtera.*

O'er

O'er the wild ſtorm. Deep in the days of yore
A holy pilgrim trod the nightly ſhore;
Stern groans he heard; by ghoſtly ſpells controul'd,
His fate, myſterious, thus the ſpectre told:

By forceful Titan's warm embrace compreſt
The rock-ribb'd mother Earth his love confeſt;
The hundred-handed Giant at a birth
And Me ſhe bore: nor ſlept my hopes on earth:
My heart avow'd my ſire's etherial flame;
Great Adamaſtor then my dreaded name.
In my bold brothers' glorious toils engaged,
Tremendous war againſt the gods I waged:
Yet not to reach the throne of heaven I try,
With mountain piled on mountain to the ſky;
To me the conqueſt of the ſeas befel,
In his green realm the ſecond Jove to quell.
Nor did ambition all my paſſions hold,
'Twas love that prompted an attempt ſo bold.
Ah me, one ſummer in the cool of day
I ſaw the Nereids on the ſandy bay
With lovely Thetis from the wave advance
In mirthful frolic, and the naked dance.
In all her charms reveal'd the goddeſs trode;
With fierceſt fires my ſtruggling boſom glow'd;

Yet,

Yet, yet I feel them burning in my heart,
And hopeleſs languiſh with the raging ſmart.
For her, each goddeſs of the heavens I ſcorn'd,
For her alone my fervent ardour burn'd.
In vain I woo'd her to the lover's bed;
From my grim form with horror mute ſhe fled.
Madning with love, by force I ween to gain
The ſilver goddeſs of the blue domain:
To the hoar mother of the Nereid [y] band
I tell my purpoſe, and her aid command:
By fear impell'd, old Doris tries to move,
And win the ſpouſe of Peleus to my love.
The ſilver goddeſs with a ſmile replies,
What nymph can yield her charms a giant's prize!
Yet from the horrors of a war to ſave,
And guard in peace our empire of the wave,
Whate'er with honour he may hope to gain,
That let him hope his wiſh ſhall ſoon attain.
The promiſed grace infuſed a bolder fire,
And ſhook my mighty limbs with fierce deſire.
But ah, what error ſpreads its dreamful night,
What phantoms hover o'er the lover's ſight!
The war reſign'd, my ſteps by Doris led,
While gentle eve her ſhadowy mantle ſpread,

[y] *The hoary mother of the Nereid band*— Doris, the ſiſter and ſpouſe of Nereus. By Nereus, in the phyſical ſenſe of the fable, is underſtood the water of the ſea, and by Doris, the bitterneſs or ſalt, the ſuppoſed cauſe of its prolific quality in the generation of fiſhes.

Before

Before my ſteps the ſnowy Thetis ſhone
In all her charms, all naked, and alone.
Swift as the wind with open arms I ſprung,
And round her waiſt with joy delirious clung:
In all the tranſports of the warm embrace,
An hundred kiſſes on her angel face,
On all its various charms my rage beſtows,
And on her cheek my cheek enraptured glows.
When, oh, what anguiſh while my ſhame I tell!
What fixt deſpair, what rage my boſom ſwell!
Here was no goddeſs, here no heavenly charms,
A rugged mountain fill'd my eager arms,
Whoſe rocky top o'erhung with matted brier,
Received the kiſſes of my amourous fire.
Waked from my dream cold horror freezed my blood;
Fixt as a rock before the rock I ſtood;
O faireſt goddeſs of the ocean train,
Behold the triumph of thy proud diſdain!
Yet why, I cried, with all I wiſh'd decoy,
And when exulting in the dream of joy,
An horrid mountain to mine arms convey!——
Madning I ſpoke, and furious ſprung away.
Far to the ſouth I ſought the world unknown,
Where I unheard, unſcorn'd, might wail alone,
My foul diſhonour, and my tears to hide,
And ſhun the triumph of the goddeſs' pride.

My brothers now by Jove's red arm o'erthrown,
Beneath huge mountains piled on mountains groan;
And I, who taught each eccho to deplore,
And tell my ſorrows to the deſert ſhore,
I felt the hand of Jove my crimes purſue;
My ſtiffening fleſh to earthy ridges grew,
And my huge bones, no more by marrow warm'd,
To horrid piles and ribs of rock transform'd,
Yon dark-brow'd cape of monſtrous ſize became,
Where round me ſtill, in triumph o'er my ſhame,
The ſilvery Thetis bids her ſurges roar,
And waft my groans along the dreary ſhore.

Melinda's monarch thus the tale purſued
Of ancient faith; and Gama thus renew'd—
Now from the wave the chariot of the day
Whirl'd by the fiery courſers ſprings away,
When full in view the giant Cape appears,
Wide ſpreads its limbs, and high its ſhoulders rears;
Behind us now it curves the bending ſide,
And our bold veſſels plow the eaſtern tide.
Nor long excurſive off at ſea we ſtand,
A cultured ſhore invites us to the land.
Here their ſweet ſcenes the rural joys beſtow,
And give our wearied minds a lively [z] glow.

[z] *And give our wearied minds a lively glow.*—Variety is no leſs delightful to the reader than to the traveller, and the imagination of Camoens gave an abundant ſupply. The inſertion of this paſtoral landſcape, between the terrific ſcenes which precede

The tenants of the coaſt, a feſtive band,
With dances meet us on the yellow ſand;
Their brides on ſlow-paced oxen rode behind;
The ſpreading horns with flowery garlands twined,
Beſpoke the dew-lapt beeves their proudeſt boaſt,
Of all their beſtial ſtore the valued moſt.
By turns the huſbands and the brides prolong
The various meaſures of the rural ſong.
Now to the dance the ruſtic reeds reſound;
The dancers' heels light-quivering beat the ground;
And now the lambs around them bleating ſtray,
Feed from their hands, or round them friſking play.
Methought I ſaw the ſylvan reign of Pan,
And heard the muſic of the Mantuan ſwan—
With ſmiles we hail them, and with joy behold
The bliſsful manners of the age of gold.
With that mild kindneſs, by their looks diſplay'd,
Freſh ſtores they bring, with cloth of red repay'd:

precede and follow, has a fine effect. "Variety," ſays Pope, in one of his notes on the Odyſſey, "gives life and delight; and "it is much more neceſſary in epic than in "comic or tragic poetry, ſometimes to ſhift "the ſcenes to diverſify and embelliſh the "ſtory." The authority of another celebraced writer offers itſelf: "*Les Portugais "naviguant ſur l'océan Atlantique, decouvrirent la pointe la plus méridionale de "l'Afrique; ils virent une vaſte mer; elle "les porta aux Indes Orientales; leurs périls "ſur cette mer, et la découverte de Mozambique, de Melinde, et de Calecut, ont été "chantés par le Camoëns, dont le poëme fait "ſentir quelque choſe des charmes de l'Odyſſée, et de la magnificence de l'Enéide.*" i. e. The Portugueſe ſailing upon the Atlantic ocean diſcovered the moſt ſouthern point of Africa: here they found an immenſe ſea, which carried them to the Eaſt Indies. The dangers they encountered in the voyage, the diſcovery of Mozambic, of Melinda, and of Calicut, have been ſung by Camoens, whoſe poem recalls to our minds the charms of the Odyſſey, and the magnificence of the Eneid. Monteſquieu, Spirit of Laws, b. xxi. c. 21.

Yet from their lips no word we knew could flow,
Nor ſign of India's ſtrand their hands beſtow.
Fair blow the winds; again with ſails unfurl'd
We dare the main, and ſeek the eaſtern world.
Now round black Afric's coaſt our navy veer'd,
And to the world's mid circle northward ſteer'd:
The ſouthern pole low to the wave declined,
We leave the iſle of Holy Croſs [a] behind;
That iſle where erſt a Luſian, when he paſt
The tempeſt-beaten Cape, his anchors caſt,
And own'd his proud ambition to explore
The kingdoms of the morn, could dare no more.
From thence, ſtill on, our daring courſe we hold
Through trackleſs gulphs, whoſe billows never roll'd
Around the veſſel's pitchy ſides before;
Through trackleſs gulphs, where mountain ſurges roar,
For many a night, when not a ſtar appear'd,
Nor infant moon's dim horns the darkneſs cheer'd;
For many a dreary night, and cheerleſs day,
In calms now fetter'd, now the whirlwind's play,
By ardent hope ſtill fired, we forced our dreadful way.
Now ſmooth as glaſs the ſhining waters lie,
No cloud ſlow moving ſails the azure ſky;

[a] *We leave the iſle of Holy Croſs* —— A ſmall iſland, named *Santa Cruz* by Bartholomew Diaz, who diſcovered it. According to *Faria y Souſa*, he went twenty-five leagues farther, to the river *del Infante*, which, till paſſed by Gama, was the utmoſt extent of the Portugueſe diſcoveries.

Slack

Slack from their height the ſails unmoved decline,
The airy ſtreamers form the downward line;
No gentle quiver owns the gentle gale,
Nor gentleſt ſwell diſtends the ready ſail;
Fixt as in ice the ſlumbering prows remain,
And ſilence wide extends her ſolemn reign.
Now to the waves the burſting clouds deſcend,
And heaven and ſea in meeting tempeſts blend;
The black-wing'd whirlwinds o'er the ocean ſweep,
And from his bottom roars the ſtaggering deep.
Driven by the yelling blaſt's impetuous ſway
Staggering we bound, yet onward bound away.
And now eſcaped the fury of the ſtorm,
New danger threatens in a various form;
Though freſh the breeze the ſwelling canvas ſwell'd,
A current's [b] headlong ſweep our prows withheld:
The rapid force impreſt on every keel,
Backward, o'erpower'd, our rolling veſſels reel:
When from their ſouthern caves the winds, enraged
In horrid conflict with the waves engaged;
Beneath the tempeſt groans each loaded maſt,
And o'er the ruſhing tide our bounding navy paſt.

[b] *A current's headlong ſweep* — It was the force of this ruſhing current which retarded the farther diſcoveries of Diaz. Gama got over it by the aſſiſtance of a tempeſt. It runs between Cape Corrientes, and the ſouth weſt of Madagaſcar. It is now eaſily avoided.

Now

Now ſhined the ſacred morn, when from the Eaſt
Three kings the holy cradled Babe addreſt,
And hail'd him Lord of heaven: that feſtive day
We drop our anchors in an opening bay;
The river from the ſacred day we name,
And ſtores, the wandering ſeaman's right, we claim.
Stores we received; our deareſt hope in vain;
No word they utter'd could our ears retain;
Nought to reward our ſearch for India's ſound,
By word or ſign our ardent wiſhes [c] crown'd.

Behold, O King, how many a ſhore we try'd!
How many a fierce barbarian's rage defy'd!
Yet ſtill in vain for India's ſhore we try,
The long-ſought ſhores our anxious ſearch defy.
Beneath new heavens, where not a ſtar we knew,
Through changing climes, where poiſon'd air we drew;
Wandering new ſeas, in gulphs unknown, forlorn,
By labour weaken'd, and by famine worn;
Our food corrupted, pregnant with diſeaſe,
And peſtilence on each expected breeze;

[c] *Nought to reward our ſearch for India's ſound*—The frequent diſappointment of the Portugueſe, when they expect to hear ſome account of India, is a judicious imitation of ſeveral parts of Virgil; who, in the ſame manner, magnifies the diſtreſſes of the Trojans in their ſearch for the fated ſeat of Empire:

——— *O gens*
Infelix! cui te exitio fortuna reſervat?
Septima po,? Trojæ excidium jam vertitur æſtas;
Cum freta, cum terras omnes, tot inhoſpita ſaxa
Sideraque emenſæ ferimur: dum per mare magnum
Italiam ſequimur fugientem, et volvimur undis.
ÆN. V.

Not

Not even a gleam of hope's deluſive ray
To lead us onward through the devious way;
That kind deluſion which full oft has cheer'd
The braveſt minds, till glad ſucceſs appear'd;
Worn as we were each night with dreary care,
Each day with danger that increaſed deſpair,
Oh! Monarch, judge, what leſs than Luſian fire
Could ſtill the hopeleſs ſcorn of fate inſpire!
What leſs, O King, than Luſian faith withſtand,
When dire deſpair and famine gave command
Their chief to murder, and with lawleſs power
Sweep Afric's ſeas, and every coaſt devour!
What more than Men in wild deſpair ſtill bold!
Theſe more than [d] Men in theſe my band behold!
Sacred to death, by death alone ſubdued,
Theſe all the rage of fierce deſpair withſtood;
Firm to their faith, though fondeſt hope no more
Could give the promiſe of their native ſhore!

[d] *Theſe more than men* —— It had been extremely impolitic in Gama to mention the mutiny of his followers to the king of Melinda. The boaſt of their loyalty beſides, has a good effect in the poem, as it elevates the heroes, and gives uniformity to the character of bravery, which the dignity of the Epopœia required to be aſcribed to them. Hiſtory relates the matter differently. In ſtanding for the Cape of Good Hope, Gama gave the higheſt proofs of his reſolution, "*In illo autem curſu valdè Gamæ virtus enituit.*" The fleet ſeemed now toſſed to the clouds, *ut modo nubes contingere*, and now ſunk to the loweſt whirlpools of the abyſs. The winds were inſufferably cold, and to the rage of the tempeſt was added the horror of an almoſt continual darkneſs. The crew expected every moment to be ſwallowed up in the deep. At every interval of the ſtorm, they came round Gama, aſſerting the impoſſibility to proceed further, and imploring to return. But this he reſolutely refuſed. See the Preface.

And

Now the ſweet waters of the ſtream we leave,
And the ſalt waves our gliding prows receive;
Here to the left, between the bending ſhores,
Torn by the winds the whirling billow roars,
And boiling raves againſt the ſounding coaſt,
Whoſe mines of gold Sofala's merchants boaſt:
Full to the gulph the ſhowery ſouth-winds howl,
Aſlant againſt the wind our veſſels rowl:
Far from the land, wide o'er the ocean driven,
Our helms reſigning to the care of heaven,
By hope and fear's keen paſſions toſt, we roam,
When our glad eyes beheld the ſurges foam
Againſt the beacons of a cultured bay,
Where ſloops and barges cut the watery way.
The river's opening breaſt ſome upward ply'd,
And ſome came gliding down the ſweepy tide.
Quick throbs of tranſport heaved in every heart
To view the knowledge of the ſeaman's art;
For here we hoped our ardent wiſh to gain,
To hear of India's ſtrand, nor hoped in vain.
Though Ethiopia's ſable hue they bore
No look of wild ſurprize the natives wore:
Wide o'er their heads the cotton turban ſwell'd,
And cloth of blue the decent loins conceal'd.
Their ſpeech, though rude and diſſonant of ſound,
Their ſpeech a mixture of Arabian own'd.

Fernando

Fernando, ſkill'd in all the copious ſtore
Of fair Arabia's ſpeech and flowery lore,
In joyful converſe heard the pleaſing tale,
That o'er theſe ſeas full oft the frequent ſail,
And lordly veſſels, tall as ours, appear'd,
Which to the regions of the morning ſteer'd,
And back returning to the ſouthmoſt land,
Convey'd the treaſures of the Indian ſtrand;
Whoſe chearful crews, reſembling ours, diſplay
The [c] kindred face and colour of the day.
Elate with joy we raiſe the glad acclaim,
And, [f] River of Good Signs, the port we name:
Then, ſacred to the angel guide, who led
The young Tobiah to the ſpouſal bed,
And ſafe return'd him through the perilous way,
We rear a column [g] on the friendly bay.

Our keels, that now had ſteer'd through many a clime,
By ſhell-fiſh roughen'd, and incaſed with ſlime,
Joyful we clean, while bleating from the field
The fleecy dams the ſmiling natives yield:
But while each face an honeſt welcome ſhews,
And big with ſprightly hope each boſom glows,

[c] *The kindred face* —— Gama and his followers were at ſeveral ports, on their firſt arrival in the Eaſt, thought to be Moors. See the note, p. 26.

[f] *Rio dos bons ſinais.*

[g] *We rear a column* — It was the cuſtom of the Portugueſe navigators to erect croſſes on the ſhores of the new-diſcovered countries. Gama carried materials for pillars of ſtone along with him, and erected ſix of theſe croſſes during his expedition. They bore the name and arms of the king of Portugal, and were intended as proofs of the title which accrues from the firſt diſcovery.

(Alas! how vain the bloom of human joy!
How ſoon the blaſts of woe that bloom deſtroy!)
A dread diſeaſe its rankling horrors ſhed,
And death's dire ravage through mine army ſpread.
Never mine eyes ſuch dreary ſight beheld,
Ghaſtly the mouth and gums enormous [h] ſwell'd;
And inſtant, putrid like a dead man's wound,
Poiſoned with fœtid ſteams the air around.
No ſage phyſician's ever-watchful zeal,
No ſkilful ſurgeon's gentle hand to heal,
Were found: each dreary mournful hour we gave
Some brave companion to a foreign grave:
A grave; the awful gift of every ſhore!
Alas! what weary toils with us they bore!
Long, long endear'd by fellowſhip in woe,
O'er their cold duſt we give the tears to flow;
And in their hapleſs lot forbode our own,
A foreign burial, and a grave unknown!

Now deeply yearning o'er our deathful fate,
With joyful hope of India's ſhore elate,
We looſe the haulſers and the ſail expand,
And upward coaſt the Ethiopian ſtrand.

[h] *Ghaſtly the mouth and gums enormous ſwell'd* —— This poetical deſcription of the Scurvy is by no means exaggerated above what ſometimes really happens in the courſe of a long voyage, and in an unhealthful climate, to which the conſtitution is unhabituated.

What

What danger threaten'd at Quiloa's iſle,
Mozambic's treaſon, and Mombaſſa's guile;
What miracles kind heaven, our guardian, wrought,
Loud Fame already to thine ears has brought:
Kind heaven again that guardian care diſplay'd,
And to thy port our weary fleet convey'd,
Where thou, O king, heaven's regent power below,
Bidſt thy full bounty and thy truth to flow:
Health to the ſick, and to the weary reſt,
And ſprightly hope revived in every breaſt,
Proclaim thy gifts, with grateful joy repay'd,
The brave man's tribute for the brave man's aid.
And now in honour of thy fond command,
The glorious annals of my native land;
And what the perils of a rout ſo bold,
So dread as ours, my faithful lips have told.
Then judge, great Monarch, if the world before
Ere ſaw the prow ſuch length of ſeas explore!
Nor ſage Ulyſſes, nor the Trojan pride,
Such raging gulphs, ſuch whirling ſtorms defy'd;
Nor one poor tenth of my dread courſe explored,
Though by the Muſe as demigods adored.

O thou whoſe breaſt all Helicon inflamed,
Whoſe birth ſeven vaunting cities proudly claim'd;

And thou whoſe mellow lute and rural ſong,
In ſofteſt flow, led Mincio's waves along;
Whoſe warlike numbers as a ſtorm impell'd,
And Tyber's ſurges o'er his borders ſwell'd;
Let all Parnaſſus lend creative fire,
And all the Nine with all their warmth inſpire;
Your demigods conduct through every ſcene
Cold fear can paint, or wildeſt fancy feign;
The Syren's guileful lay, dire Circe's ſpell,
And all the horrors of the Cyclop's cell;
Bid Scylla's barking waves their mates o'erwhelm,
And hurl the guardian Pilot from the [1] helm;
Give ſails and oars to fly the purple ſhore,
Where love of abſent friend awakes no [k] more;
In all their charms diſplay Calypſo's ſmiles,
Her flowery arbours and her amourous wiles;

[1] *And hurl the guardian pilot from the helm* — See Æn. V. 833.

[k] *The purple ſhore* — The Lotophagi, ſo named from the plant Lotus, are thus deſcribed by Homer:

Not prone to ill, nor ſtrange to foreign gueſt,
They eat, they drink, and Nature gives the feaſt;
The trees around them all their fruit produce;
Lotos the name; divine, nectareous juice;
(Thence called Lotophagi) which whoſo taſtes,
Inſatiate riots in the ſweet repaſts,
Nor other home nor other care intends,
But quits his houſe, his country, and his friends:
The three we ſent, from off th' inchanting ground
We dragg'd reluctant, and by force we bound:
The reſt in haſte forſook the pleaſing ſhore,
Or, the charm taſted, had return'd no more.
Pope, Odyſ. ix.

The natural hiſtory of the Lotos, however, is very different. There are various kinds of it. The Lybian Lotos is a ſhrub like a bramble, the berries like the myrtle, but purple when ripe, and about the bigneſs of an olive. Mixed with bread-corn it was uſed as food for ſlaves. They alſo made an agreeable wine of it, but which would not keep above ten days. See Pope's note *in loco*.

In

In ſkins confined the bluſtering winds [l] controul,
Or o'er the feaſt bid loathſome harpies [m] prowl;
And lead your heroes through the dread abodes
Of tortured ſpectres and infernal [n] gods;
Give every flower that decks Aonia's hill
To grace your fables with divineſt ſkill;
Beneath the wonders of my tale they fall,
Where truth all unadorn'd and pure exceeds them all.

While thus illuſtrious GAMA charm'd their ears,
The look of wonder each Melindian wears,
And pleaſed attention witneſs'd the command
Of every movement of his lips or hand.
The king enraptured own'd the glorious fame
Of Liſboa's monarchs, and the Luſian name;
What warlike rage the victor-kings inſpired,
Nor leſs their warriors loyal faith admired.
Nor leſs his menial train, in wonder loſt,
Repeat the gallant deeds that pleaſe them moſt,

[l] *In ſkins confin'd the bluſtering winds controul*—The gift of Æolus to Ulyſſes.

The adverſe winds in leathern bags he brac'd,
Compreſs'd their force, and lock'd each ſtruggling blaſt:
For him the mighty ſire of gods aſſign'd,
The tempeſt's lord, the tyrant of the wind;
His word alone the liſt'ning ſtorms obey,
To ſmooth the deep, or ſwell the foamy ſea.
Theſe in my hollow ſhip the monarch hung,
Securely fetter'd by a ſilver thong;
But Zephyrus exempt, with friendly gales
He charg'd to fill, and guide the ſwelling ſails:
Rare gift! but oh, what gift to fools avails.
POPE Odyſſ. x.

The companions of Ulyſſes imagined that theſe bags contained ſome valuable treaſure, and opened them while their leader ſlept. The tempeſts burſting out drove the fleet from Ithaca, which was then in ſight, and was the cauſe of a new train of miſeries.

[m] —— *harpies prowl*—— See the third Æneid.

[n] *Of tortur'd ſpectres*—— See the ſixth Æneid, and the eleventh Odyſſey.

Each

Each to his mate; while fixed in fond amaze
The Luſian features every eye ſurveys;
While preſent to the view, by Fancy brought,
Ariſe the wonders by the Luſians wrought;
And each bold feature to their wondering ſight
Diſplays the raptured ardour of the fight.

Apollo now withdrew the chearful day,
And left the weſtern ſky to twilight grey;
Beneath the wave he ſought fair Thetis' bed,
And to the ſhore Melinda's Sovereign ſped.

What boundleſs joys are thine, O juſt Renown,
Thou hope of Virtue, and her nobleſt crown;
By thee the ſeeds of conſcious worth are fired,
Hero by hero, fame by fame inſpired:
Without thine aid how ſoon the hero dies!
By thee upborne his name aſcends the ſkies.
This Ammon knew, and own'd his Homer's lyre
The nobleſt glory of Pelides' ire.
This knew Auguſtus, and from Mantua's ſhade
To courtly eaſe the Roman bard convey'd;
And ſoon exulting flow'd the ſong divine,
The nobleſt glory of the Roman line.
Dear was the Muſe to Julius: ever dear
To Scipio; though the ponderous conquering ſpear

Rough-

Roughen'd his hand, th' immortal pen he knew,
And to the tented field the gentle Muſes drew.
Each glorious chief of Greek or Latian line
Or barbarous race [o], adorn'd th' Aonian ſhrine;
Each glorious name, e'er to the Muſe endear'd,
Or wooed the Muſes, or the Muſe revered.
Alas, on Tago's hapleſs ſhores alone
The Muſe is ſlighted, and her charms unknown;
For this, no Virgil here attunes the lyre,
No Homer here awakes the hero's fire.
On Tago's ſhores are Scipios, Cæſars born,
And Alexanders Liſboa's clime adorn.
But heaven has ſtampt them in rougher mould,
Nor gave the poliſh to their genuine gold.
Careleſs and rude or to be known or know,
In vain to them the ſweeteſt numbers flow;
Unheard, in vain their native poet ſings,
And cold neglect weighs down the Muſe's wings.
Even he [p] whoſe veins the blood of GAMA warms,
Walks by, unconſcious of the Muſe's charms:

[o] —— *Or barbarous race* — We have already obſerved that Camoens was miſled by the common declamations againſt the Gothic Conquerors. "Theodoric the ſecond king "of the Oſtrogoths, a pious and humane "prince, reſtored in ſome degree the ſtudy "of letters .... He adopted into his ſer- "vice Boethius, the moſt learned and al- "moſt only Latin philoſopher of that pe- "riod. Caſſiodorus, another eminent Ro- "man ſcholar was his grand ſecretary .... "Theodoric's patronage of learning is ap- "plauded by Claudian, &c. Many other "Gothic kings were equally attached to "the works of peace." Warton, Hiſt. Eng. Poetry.

[p] *Even he whoſe veins* — Don Fran. de Gama, grandſon of the hero of the Luſiad. For his inſignificant and worthleſs character, ſee the life of Camoens.

For

For him no Muſe ſhall leave her golden loom,
No palm ſhall bloſſom, and no wreath ſhall bloom;
Yet ſhall my [q] labours and my cares be paid
By fame immortal, and by Gama's ſhade:
Him ſhall the ſong on every ſhore proclaim,
The firſt of heroes, firſt of naval fame.
Rude and ungrateful though my country be,
This proud example ſhall be taught by Me,
" Where'er the hero's worth demands the ſkies,
" To crown that worth ſome generous bard ſhall riſe!"

[q] *Yet ſhall my labours* ——— Ariſtotle has pronounced, that the works of Homer contain the perfect model of the epic poem. Homer never gives us any digreſſive declamation ſpoken in the perſon of the poet, or interruptive of the thread of his narration. For this reaſon Milton's beautiful complaint of his blindneſs has been cenſured as a violation of the rules of the Epopœia. But it may be preſumed there is an appeal beyond the writings of Homer, an appeal to the reaſon of theſe rules. When Homer laid the plan of his works, he felt that to write a poem like an hiſtory, whoſe parts had no neceſſary dependence and connexion with each other, muſt be unintereſting and tireſome to the reader of real genius. The unity of one action adorned with proper collateral epiſodes therefore preſented itſelf in its progreſſive dependencies of beginning, middle, and end; or in other words, a deſcription of certain circumſtances, the actions which theſe produce, and the cataſtrophe. This unity of conduct, as moſt intereſting, is indeſpenſably neceſſary to the epic poem. But it does not follow, that a declamation in the perſon of the poet, at the beginning or end of a book, is properly a breach of the unity of the conduct of the action; the omiſſion therefore of ſuch declamations by Homer, as not founded on the nature of the epic poem, is no argument againſt the uſe of them. If this however will not be allowed by the critic, let the critic remember, that Homer has many digreſſive hiſtories, which have no dependence on, or connexion with the action of the poem. If the declamation of Camoens in praiſe of Poetry muſt be condemned, what defence can be offered for the long ſtory of Maron's wine in the ninth Odyſſey, to which even the numbers of a Pope could give no dignity! Yet however a *Boſſu* or a *Rapin* may condemn the digreſſive exclamations of Camoens, the reader of taſte, who judges from what he feels, would certainly be unwilling to have them expunged. The declamation with which he concludes the ſeventh Luſiad, muſt pleaſe, muſt touch every breaſt. The feelings of a great ſpirit in the evening of an active and military life, ſinking under the preſſure of neglect and dependence, yet the complaint expreſſed with the moſt manly reſentment, cannot fail to intereſt the generous, and, if adorned with the dreſs of poetry, to plead an excuſe for its admiſſion with the man of taſte. The declamation which concludes the preſent book, has alſo ſome arguments to offer in its defence. As the fleet of Gama have now ſafely conquered many difficulties, and are promiſed a pilot to conduct them to India, it is a proper contraſt to the murmurings of the populace, expreſſed by the old Man, at the end of the fourth Luſiad, and is by no means an improper concluſion to the epiſode which ſo highly extols the military fame of the Luſian warriors.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK VI.

WITH heart ſincere the royal Pagan joy'd,
And hoſpitable rites each hour employ'd;
For much the king the Luſian band admired,
And much their friendſhip and their aid deſired;
Each hour the gay feſtivity prolongs,
Melindian dances, and Arabian ſongs;
Each hour in mirthful tranſport ſteals away,
By night the banquet, and the chace by day:
And now the boſom of the deep invites,
And all the pride of Neptune's feſtive rites;
Their ſilken banners waving o'er the tide,
A jovial band, the painted galleys ride;

The net and angle various hands employ,
And Mooriſh timbrels ſound the notes of joy.
Such was the [a] pomp, when Egypt's beauteous queen
Bade all the pride of naval ſhew convene,
In pleaſure's downy boſom to beguile
Her love-ſick warrior: o'er the breaſt of Nile
Dazzling with gold the purple enſigns flow'd,
And to the lute the gilded barges row'd,
While from the wave, of many a ſhining hue,
The anglers' lines the panting fiſhes drew.

Now from the Weſt the ſounding breezes blow,
And far the hoary flood was yet to plow:
The fountain and the field beſtow'd their ſtore,
And friendly pilots from the friendly ſhore,
Train'd in the Indian deep, were now aboard,
When Gama, parting from Melinda's lord,
The holy vows of laſting peace renew'd,
For ſtill the king for laſting friendſhip ſued;

[a] *Such was the pomp*——Every diſplay of eaſtern luxury and magnificence was laviſhed in the fiſhing parties on the Nile, with which Cleopatra amuſed Mark Antony, when at any time he ſhewed ſymptoms of uneaſineſs, or ſeemed inclined to abandon the effeminate life which he led with his miſtreſs. At one of theſe parties, Mark Antony having procured Divers to put fiſhes upon his hooks while under the water, he very gallantly boaſted to his miſtreſs of his great dexterity in angling. Cleopatra perceived his art, and as gallantly outwitted him. Some other Divers received her orders, and in a little while Mark Antony's line brought up a fried fiſh in place of a live one, to the vaſt entertainment of the queen and all the convivial company.——Octavius was at this time on his march to decide who ſhould be maſter of the world.

That

That Luſus' heroes in his port ſupplied,
And taſted reſt, he own'd his deareſt pride,
And vow'd that ever while the ſeas they roam,
The Luſian fleets ſhould find a bounteous home,
And ever from the generous ſhore receive
Whate'er his port, whate'er his land could [b] give.
Nor leſs his joy the grateful Chief declared;
And now to ſeize the valued hours prepared.
Full to the wind the ſwelling ſails he gave,
And his red prows divide the foamy wave:
Full to the riſing ſun the pilot ſteers,
And far from ſhore through middle ocean bears.
The vaulted ſky now widens o'er their heads,
Where firſt the infant morn his radiance ſheds.
And now with tranſport ſparkling in his eyes
Keen to behold the Indian mountains riſe,
High on the decks each Luſian heroe ſmiles,
And proudly in his thoughts reviews his toils.
When the ſtern Dæmon, burning with diſdain,
Beheld the fleet triumphant plow the main:
The Powers of heaven, and heaven's dread Lord he knew,
Reſolved in Liſboa glorious to renew
The Roman honours—raging with deſpair
From high Olympus' brow he cleaves the air,

[b] —— *Whate'er his land could give* —— The friendſhip of the Portugueſe and Malindians was of long continuance. See the Preface.

On earth new hopes of vengeance to deviſe,
And ſue that aid deny'd him in the ſkies:
Blaſpheming heaven, he pierced the dread abode
Of ocean's Lord, and ſought the ocean's God.
Deep where the baſes of the hills extend,
And earth's huge ribs of rock enormous bend,
Where roaring through the caverns rowl the waves
Reſponſive as the aërial tempeſt raves,
The ocean's Monarch, by the Nereid train,
And watery Gods encircled, holds his reign.
Wide o'er the deep, which line could ne'er explore,
Shining with hoary ſands of ſilver ore,
Extends the level, where the palace rears
Its chryſtal towers, and emulates the ſpheres;
So ſtarry bright the lofty turrets blaze,
And vie in luſtre with the diamond's rays.
Adorn'd with pillars and with roofs of gold,
The golden gates their maſſy leaves unfold:
Inwrought with pearl the lordly pillars ſhine;
The ſculptured walls confeſs an hand divine.
Here various colours in confuſion loſt,
Old Chaos' face and troubled image boaſt.
Here riſing from the maſs; diſtinct and clear,
Apart the four fair Elements appear.
High o'er the reſt aſcends the blaze of fire,
Nor fed by matter did the rays aſpire,

But glow'd ætherial, as the living flame,
Which, ſtolen from heaven, inſpired the vital frame.
Next, all-embracing Air was ſpread around,
Thin as the light, incapable of wound;
The ſubtle power the burning ſouth pervades,
And penetrates the depth of polar ſhades.
Here mother Earth, with mountains crown'd, is ſeen,
Her trees in bloſſom, and her lawns in green;
The lowing beeves adorn the clover vales,
The fleecy dams beſpread the ſloping dales;
Here land from land the ſilver ſtreams divide;
The ſportive fiſhes through the chryſtal tide,
Bedropt with gold their ſhining ſides diſplay:
And here old Ocean rolls his billows gray;
Beneath the moon's pale orb his current flows,
And round the earth his giant arms he throws.
Another ſcene diſplay'd the dread alarms
Of war in heaven, and mighty Jove in arms:
Here Titan's race their ſwelling nerves diſtend
Like knotted oaks, and from their baſes rend
And tower the mountains to the thundering ſky,
While round their heads the forky lightnings fly:
Beneath huge Ætna vanquiſh'd Typhon lies,
And vomits ſmoke and fire againſt the darken'd ſkies.
Here ſeems the pictured wall poſſeſs'd of life;
Two Gods contending in the noble ſtrife,

The choiceſt boon to human kind to give,
Their toils to lighten, or their [c] wants relieve:
While Pallas here appears to wave her [d] hand,
The peaceful olive's ſilver boughs expand:
Here, while the Ocean's God indignant frown'd,
And raiſed his trident from the wounded ground,
As yet intangled in the earth appears
The warrior horſe, his ample cheſt he rears,
His wide red noſtrils ſmoke, his eye-balls glare,
And his fore-hoofs, high pawing, ſmite the air.

Though [e] wide and various o'er the ſculptured ſtone
The feats of Gods, and godlike heroes ſhone,

[c] *Their wants relieve*——According to fable, Neptune and Minerva diſputed the honour of giving a name to the city of Athens. They agreed to determine the conteſt by a diſplay of their wiſdom and power, in conferring the moſt beneficial gift on mankind. Neptune ſtruck the earth with his trident and produced the horſe, whoſe bounding motions are emblematical of the agitation of the ſea. Minerva commanded the olive tree, the ſymbol of peace and of riches, to ſpring forth. The victory was adjudged to the goddeſs, from whom the city was named Athens. As the Egyptians and Mexicans wrote their hiſtory in hieroglyphics, the taſte of the ancient Grecians cloathed almoſt every occurrence in mythological allegory. The founders of Athens, it is moſt probable, diſputed whether their new city ſhould be named from the fertility of the ſoil or from the marine ſituation of Attica. The former opinion prevailed, and the town received its name in honour of the goddeſs of the olive tree.

[d] *While Pallas here appears to wave her hand*——As Neptune ſtruck the earth with his trident, Minerva, ſays the fable, ſtruck the earth with her lance. That ſhe waved her hand while the olive boughs ſpread, is a fine poetical attitude, and varies the picture from that of Neptune, which follows it.

[e] *Though wide and various o'er the ſculptured ſtone*——The deſcription of palaces is a favourite topic ſeveral times touched upon by the two great maſters of Epic Poetry, in which they have been happily imitated by their three greateſt diſciples among the moderns, Camoens, Taſſo, and Milton. The deſcription of the palace of Neptune has great merit. Nothing can be more in place than the picture of Chaos and the four Elements. The war of the Gods, and the conteſt of Neptune and Minerva are touched with the true boldneſs of poetical colouring. But perhaps it deſerves cenſure thus to point out what every Reader of taſte muſt perceive. To ſhew to the mere Engliſh Reader that the Portugueſe Poet is, in his manner, truly claſſical, is the intention of many of theſe notes.

On

On ſpeed the vengeful Dæmon views no more:
Forward he ruſhes through the golden door,
Where Ocean's king, encloſed with nymphs divine,
In regal ſtate receives the king of Wine:
O Neptune! inſtant as he came, he cries,
Here let my preſence wake no cold ſurpriſe,
A friend I come, your friendſhip to implore
Againſt the Fates unjuſt, and Fortune's power;
Beneath whoſe ſhafts the great Celeſtials bow,
Yet ere I more, if more you wiſh to know,
The watery Gods in awful ſenate call,
For all ſhould hear the wrong that touches all.
Neptune alarm'd, with inſtant ſpeed commands
From every ſhore to call the watery bands:
Triton, who boaſts his high Neptunian race,
Sprung from the God by Salace's embrace,
Attendant on his ſire the trumpet ſounds,
Or through the yielding waves, his herald, bounds;
Huge is his bulk deform'd, and dark his hue;
His buſhy beard and hairs that never knew
The ſmoothing comb, of ſea-weed rank and long,
Around his breaſt and ſhoulders dangling hung,
And on the matted locks black muſſels clung;
A[1] ſhell of purple on his head he bore,
Around his loins no tangling garb he wore,

[1] *A ſhell of purple on his head he bore—*
In the Portugueſe,
Na cabeça por gorra tinha poſta
Huma mui grande caſca de lagoſta.
Thus

But all was cover'd with the ſlimy brood,
The ſnaily offſpring of the unctuous flood.
And now obedient to his dreadful ſire,
High o'er the wave his brawny arms aſpire;
To his black mouth his crooked ſhell applied,
The blaſt rebellows o'er the ocean wide:
Wide o'er their ſhores, where'er their waters flow,
The watery Powers the awful ſummons know;
And inſtant darting to the palace hall,
Attend the founder of the Dardan [g] wall.
Old father Ocean, with his numerous race
Of daughters and of ſons, was firſt in place.
Nereus and Doris, from whoſe nuptials ſprung
The lovely Nereid train for ever young,

Thus rendered by Fanſhaw,

He had (for a * Montera) on his crown
The ſhell of a red lobſter overgrown.

The deſcription of Triton, who, as Fanſhaw ſays,

Was a great naſty clown——

is in the ſtyle of the claſſics. His parentage is differently related. Heſiod makes him the ſon of Neptune and Amphitrité. By Triton, in the phyſical ſenſe of the fable, is meant the noiſe, and by Salacé, the mother by ſome aſcribed to him, the ſalt of the ocean. The origin of the fable of Triton, it is probable, was founded on the appearance of a ſea animal, which, according to ſome ancient and modern Naturaliſts, in the upward parts reſembles the human figure. Pauſanias relates a wonderful ſtory of a monſtrouſly large one, which often came aſhore on the meadows of Boetia. Over his head was a kind of finny cartilage, which, at a diſtance, appeared like hair, the body covered with brown ſcales; and noſe and ears like the human, the mouth of a dreadful width, jagged with teeth like thoſe of a Panther; the eyes of a greeniſh hue; the hands divided into fingers, the nails of which were crooked, and of a ſhelly ſubſtance. This monſter, whoſe extremities ended in a tail like a dolphin's, devoured both men and beaſts as they chanced in his way. The citizens of Tanagra, at laſt, contrived his deſtruction. They ſet a large veſſel full of wine on the ſea ſhore. Triton got drunk with it, and fell into a profound ſleep, in which condition the Tanagrians beheaded him, and afterwards, with great propriety, hung up his body in the temple of Bacchus; where, ſays Pauſanias, it continued a long time.

[g] Neptune.

* Montera, the Spaniſh word for a huntſman's cap.

Who

Who people every ſea on every ſtrand
Appear'd, attended with their filial band;
And changeful Proteus, whoſe prophetic [h] mind
The ſecret cauſe of Bacchus' rage divined,
Attending, left the flocks, his ſcaly charge,
To graze the bitter weedy foam at large.
In charms of power the raging waves to tame,
The lovely ſpouſe of Ocean's ſovereign [i] came:
From Heaven and Veſta ſprung the birth divine;
Her ſnowy limbs bright through the veſtments ſhine.
Here with the dolphin, who perſuaſive [k] led
Her modeſt ſteps to Neptune's ſpouſal bed,
Fair Amphitrité moved, more ſweet, more gay,
Than vernal fragrance and the flowers of May;
Together with her ſiſter ſpouſe ſhe came,
The ſame their wedded Lord, their love the ſame;
The ſame the brightneſs of their ſparkling eyes,
Bright as the ſun and azure as the ſkies.
She who the rage of Athamas to [l] ſhun
Plunged in the billows with her infant ſon;

[h] *And changeful Proteus, whoſe prophetic mind*——The fulleſt and beſt account of the fable of Proteus is in the fourth Odyſſey.

[i] Thetis.

[k] *Here with the Dolphin*——Caſtera has a moſt curious note on this paſſage. "Neptune, (ſays he) is the vivifying ſpirit, and Amphitrité the humidity of the ſea, which the Dolphin, the Divine Intelligence, unites for the generation and nouriſhment of fiſhes Who, ſays he, cannot but be ſtruck with admiration to find how conſonant this is to to the ſacred Scripture; *Spiritus Domini fertur ſuper aquas*; *The ſpirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.*"

[l] *She who the rage of Athamas to ſhun*—Ino, the daughter of Cadmus and Hermione, and ſecond ſpouſe of Athamas, king of Thebes. The fables of her fate are various. That which Camoens follows is the moſt common. Athamas, ſeized with madneſs, imagined that his ſpouſe was a lioneſs,

A Goddeſs now, a God the ſmiling boy
Together ſped; and Glaucus loſt to [m] joy,
Curſt in his love by vengeful Circé's hate,
Attending wept his Scylla's hapleſs fate.

And now aſſembled in the hall divine,
The ocean Gods in ſolemn council join;
The Goddeſſes on pearl embroidery ſate,
The Gods on ſparkling chryſtal chairs of ſtate;
And proudly honour'd on the regal throne,
Beſide the ocean's Lord, Thyoneus [n] ſhone.
High from the roof the living amber [o] glows,
High from the roof the ſtream of glory flows,
And richer fragrance far around exhales
Than that which breathes on fair Arabia's gales.

Attention now in liſtening ſilence waits:
The Power, whoſe boſom raged againſt the Fates,

lioneſs, and her two ſons young lions. In this frenzy he ſlew Learchus, and drove the mother and her other ſon Melicertus into the ſea. The corpſe of the mother was thrown aſhore on Megaria, and that of the ſon at Corinth. They were afterwards deified, the one as a ſea Goddeſs, the other as the God of harbours.

[m] ——— *and Glaucus loſt to joy* —— A fiſherman, ſays the fable, who, on eating a certain herb, was turned into a ſea God. Circé was enamoured of him, and in revenge of her ſlighted love, poiſoned the fountain where his miſtreſs uſually bathed. By the force of the enchantment the favoured Scylla was changed into an hideous monſter, whoſe loins were ſurrounded with the ever barking heads of dogs and wolves. Scylla, on this, threw herſelf into the ſea, and was metamorphoſed into the rock which bears her name. The rock Scylla at a diſtance appears like the ſtatue of a woman: The furious daſhing of the waves in the cavities which are level with the water, reſembles the barking of wolves and dogs. Hence the fable.

[n] Thyoneus, a name of Bacchus.

[o] *High from the roof the living amber glows* ——

——— From the arched roof,
Pendent by ſubtle magic, many a row
Of ſtarry lamps, and blazing creſſets, fed
With naphtha and aſphaltus, yielded light
As from a ſky. Milton.

Riſing,

Riſing, caſts round his vengeful eyes, while rage
Spread o'er his brows the wrinkled ſeams of age;
O thou, he cries, whoſe birthright ſovereign ſway,
From pole to pole, the raging waves obey;
Of human race 'tis thine to fix the bounds,
And fence the nations with thy watery mounds:
And thou, dread Power, O father Ocean, hear,
Thou, whoſe wide arms embrace the world's wide ſphere,
'Tis thine the haughtieſt victor to reſtrain,
And bind each nation in its own domain:
And you, ye Gods, to whom the ſeas are given,
Your juſt partition with the Gods of heaven;
You who, of old unpuniſh'd never bore
The daring treſpaſs of a foreign oar;
You who beheld, when Earth's dread offspring ſtrove
To ſcale the vaulted ſky, the ſeat of Jove:
Indignant Jove deep to the nether world
The rebel band in blazing thunders hurl'd.
Alas! the great monition loſt on you,
Supine you ſlumber, while a roving crew,
With impious ſearch, explore the watery way,
And unreſiſted through your empire ſtray:
To ſeize the ſacred treaſures of the main
Their fearleſs prows your ancient laws diſdain:
Where far from mortal ſight his hoary head
Old Ocean hides, their daring ſails they ſpread,

And their glad ſhouts are ecchoed where the roar
Of mounting billows only howl'd before.
In wonder, ſilent, ready Boreas ſees
Your paſſive languor, and neglectful eaſe;
Ready with force auxiliar to reſtrain
The bold intruders on your awful reign;
Prepared to burſt his tempeſts, as of old,
When his black whirlwinds o'er the ocean roll'd,
And rent the Mynian [p] ſails, whoſe impious pride
Firſt braved their fury, and your power defied.
Nor deem that, fraudful, I my hope deny;
My darken'd glory ſped me from the ſky.
How high my honours on the Indian ſhore!
How ſoon theſe honours muſt avail no more!
Unleſs theſe rovers, who with doubled ſhame
To ſtain my conqueſts, bear my vaſſal's [q] name,
Unleſs they periſh on the billowy way——
Then rouſe, ye Gods, and vindicate your ſway.
The Powers of heaven in vengeful anguiſh ſee
The Tyrant of the ſkies, and Fate's decree;
The dread decree, that to the Luſian train
Conſigns, betrays your empire of the main:
Say, ſhall your wrong alarm the high abodes?
Are men exalted to the rank of gods,

[p] *And rent the Mynian ſails*—The ſails of the Argonauts, inhabitants of Mynia.

[q] See the firſt note on the firſt book of the Luſiad.

O'er

O'er you exalted, while in careleſs eaſe
You yield the wreſted trident of the ſeas,
Uſurp'd your monarchy, your honours ſtained,
Your birth-right raviſh'd, and your waves profaned!
Alike the daring wrong to me, to you,
And ſhall my lips in vain your vengeance ſue!
This, this to ſue from high Olympus bore —
More he attempts, but rage permits no more.
Fierce burſting wrath the watery gods inſpires,
And their red eye-balls burn with livid fires:
Heaving and panting ſtruggles every breaſt,
With the fierce billows of hot ire oppreſt.
Twice from his ſeat divining Proteus roſe,
And twice he ſhook enraged his ſedgy brows:
In vain; the mandate was already given,
From Neptune ſent, to looſe the winds of heaven
In vain; though prophecy his lips inſpired,
The ocean's queen his ſilent lips required.
Nor leſs the ſtorm of headlong rage denies,
Or council to debate, or thought to riſe.
And now the God of Tempeſts ſwift unbinds
From their dark caves the various ruſhing winds:
High o'er the ſtorm the Power impetuous rides,
His howling voice the roaring tempeſt guides;
Right to the dauntleſs fleet their rage he pours,
And firſt their headlong outrage tears the ſhores;

A deep,

A deeper night involves the darken'd air,
And livid flaſhes through the mountains glare:
Up-rooted oaks, with all their leafy pride,
Rowl thundering down the groaning mountains' ſide;
And men and herds in clamorous uproar run,
The rocking towers and craſhing woods to ſhun.

While thus the council of the watery ſtate,
Enraged, decree the Luſian heroes' fate,
The weary fleet before the gentle gale
With joyful hope diſplayed the ſteady ſail;
Thro' the ſmooth deep they plough'd the lengthening way;
Beneath the wave the purple car of day
To ſable night the eaſtern ſky reſign'd,
And o'er the decks cold breath'd the midnight wind.
All but the watch in warm pavilions ſlept;
The ſecond watch the wonted vigils kept;
Supine their limbs, the maſt ſupports the head,
And the broad yard-ſail o'er their ſhoulders ſpread
A grateful cover from the chilly gale,
And ſleep's ſoft dews their heavy eyes aſſail.
Languid againſt the languid Power they ſtrive,
And ſweet diſcourſe preſerves their thoughts alive.
When Leonardo, whoſe enamoured thought
In every dream the plighted fair-one ſought,

The dews of ſleep what better to remove
Than the ſoft, woeful, pleaſing tales of love?
Ill timed, alas, the brave Veloso cries,
The tales of love, that melt the heart and eyes.
The dear enchantments of the Fair I know,
The fearful tranſport and the rapturous woe:
But with our ſtate ill ſuits the grief or joy;
Let war, let gallant war our thoughts employ:
With dangers threaten'd, let the tale inſpire
The ſcorn of danger, and the hero's fire.
His mates with joy the brave Veloso hear,
And on the youth the ſpeaker's toil confer.
The brave Veloso takes the word with joy,
And truth, he cries, ſhall theſe ſlow hours decoy.
The warlike tale adorns our nation's fame;
The twelve of England give the noble theme.

When Pedro's gallant heir, the valiant John,
Gave war's full ſplendor to the Luſian throne,
In haughty England, where the winter ſpreads
His ſnowy mantle o'er the ſhining [1] meads,

[1] *In haughty England where the winter ſpreads*
His ſnowy mantle o'er the ſhining meads.

In the original,

Là na grande Inglaterra, que de neve
Boreal ſempre abunda——

That is, "In illuſtrious England, always "covered with northern ſnow." Though the tranſlator was willing to retain the manner of Homer, he thought it proper to correct the error in natural hiſtory fallen into by Camoens. Fanſhaw ſeems to have been ſenſible of the miſtake of his author, and has given the following, uncountenanced by the Portugueſe, in place of the eternal ſnows aſcribed to his country.

In merry England, which (from cliffs that ſtand
Like hills of ſnow) once Albion's name did git.

The

The ſeeds of ſtrife the fierce Erynnis ſows;
The baleful ſtrife from court diſſention roſe.
With every charm adorn'd, and every grace,
That ſpreads its magic o'er the female face,
Twelve ladies ſhined the courtly train among,
The firſt, the faireſt of the courtly throng:
But Envy's breath reviled their injured name,
And ſtain'd the honour of their virgin fame.
Twelve youthful barons own'd the foul report,
The charge at firſt, perhaps, a tale of ſport.
Ah, baſe the ſport that lightly dares defame
The ſacred honour of a lady's name!
What [r] knighthood aſks the proud accuſers yield,
And dare the damſels' champions to the field.

[r] *What knighthood aſks the proud accuſers yield,*
And dare the damſels' champions to the field.

The tranſlator, either by his own reſearches, or by his application to ſome gentlemen who were moſt likely to inform him, has not been able to diſcover the ſlighteſt veſtige of this chivalrous adventure in any memoirs of the Engliſh hiſtory. It is probable, nevertheleſs, that however adorned with romantic ornament, it is not entirely without foundation in truth. Caſtera, who unhappily does not cite his authority, gives the names of the twelve Portugueſe champions; Alvaro Vaz d'Almada, afterwards count d'Avranches in Normandy; another Alvaro d'Almada, ſurnamed the Juſter, from his dexterity at that warlike exerciſe; Lopez Fernando Pacheco; Pedro Homen D'Acoſta; Juan Auguſtin Pereyra; Luis Gonſalez de Malafay; the two brothers Alvaro and Rodrigo Mendez de Cerveyra; Ruy Gomez de Sylva; Soueyro d'Acoſta, who gave his name to the river Acoſta in Africa; Martin Lopez d'Azevedo; and Alvaro Gonſalez de Coutigno, ſurnamed Magricio. The names of the Engliſh champions and of the ladies, he confeſſes are unknown, nor does hiſtory poſitively explain the injury of which the dames complained. It muſt however, he adds, have been ſuch as required the atonement of blood; *il falloit qu'elle fût ſanglante*, ſince two ſovereigns allowed to determine it by the ſword. "Some critics, ſays Caſtera, "may perhaps condemn this epiſode of "Camoens; but for my part (he continues) "I think the adventure of Olindo and Sophronia, in Taſſo, is much more to be "blamed. The epiſode of the Italian "poet is totally exuberant, *il eſt tout-à-fait "poſtiche*, whereas that of the Portugueſe "has a direct relation to his propoſed "ſubject; the wars of his country, a vaſt "field, in which he has admirably ſucceeded, without prejudice to the firſt rule of "the epopœia, the unity of the action." To this may be added the ſuffrage of Voltaire, who acknowledges that Camoens artfully interweaves the hiſtory of Portugal.

And

"There let the cauſe, as honour wills, be tried,
"And let the lance and ruthleſs ſword decide."
The lovely dames implore the courtly train,
With tears implore them, but implore in vain:
So famed, ſo dreaded tower'd each boaſtful knight,
The damſels' lovers ſhunn'd the proffer'd fight.
Of arm unable to repel the ſtrong,
The heart's each feeling conſcious of the wrong,
When robb'd of all the female breaſt holds dear,
Ah heaven, how bitter flows the female tear!
To Lancaſter's bold duke the damſels ſue;
Adown their cheeks, now paler than the hue
Of ſnowdrops trembling to the chilly gale,
The ſlow-paced chryſtal tears their wrongs bewail.
When down the beauteous face the dew-drop flows,
What manly boſom can its force oppoſe!
His hoary curls th' indignant hero ſhakes,
And all his youthful rage reſtored awakes:

And the ſevereſt critic muſt allow that the epiſode related by Veloſo, is happily introduced. To one who has ever been at ſea, the ſcene muſt be particularly pleaſing. The fleet is under ſail, they plough the ſmooth deep,

And o'er the decks cold breath'd the midnight wind.

All but the ſecond watch are aſleep in their warm pavilions; the ſecond watch ſit by the maſt, ſheltered from the chilly gale by a broad ſail-cloth; ſleep begins to overpower them, and they tell ſtories to entertain one another. For beautiful picturesque ſimplicity there is no ſea-ſcene equal to this in the Odyſſey or Æneid. And even the prejudice of a Scaliger muſt have confeſſed, that the romantic chivalrous narrative of Veloſo,

With dangers threaten'd, let the tale inſpire
The ſcorn of danger, and the hero's fire——

is better adapted to the circumſtances of the ſpeaker and his audience, than almoſt any of the long hiſtories, which on all occaſions, and ſometimes in the heat of battle, the heroes of the Iliad relate to each other. Pope has been already cited, as giving his ſanction to the fine effect of variety in the epic poem. The preſent inſtance, which has a peculiar advantage, in agreeably ſuſpending the mind of the reader after the ſtorm is raiſed by the machinations of Bacchus, may be cited as a confirmation of the opinion of that judicious poet.

Though loth, he cries, to plunge my bold compeers
In civil diſcord, yet appeaſe your tears:
From Luſitania—for on Luſian ground
Brave Lancaſter had ſtrode with lawrel crown'd;
Had mark'd how bold the Luſian heroes ſhone,
What [s] time he claim'd the proud Caſtilian throne,
How matchleſs pour'd the tempeſt of their might,
When thundering at his ſide they ruled the fight:
Nor leſs their ardent paſſion for the fair,
Generous and brave, he view'd with wondering care,
When crown'd with roſes to the nuptial bed
The warlike John his lovely daughter led—
From Luſitania's clime, the hero cries,
The gallant champions of your fame ſhall riſe:
Their hearts will burn, for well their hearts I know,
To pour your vengeance on the guilty foe.
Let courtly phraſe the heroes' worth admire,
And for your injured names that worth require:
Let all the ſoft endearments of the fair,
And words that weep your wrongs, your wrongs declare.
Myſelf the heralds to the chiefs will ſend,
And to the king, my valiant ſon, commend.

[s] *What time he claim'd the proud Caſtilian throne.* —— *John* of *Gaunt*, duke of Lancaſter, claimed the crown of Caſtile in the right of his wife, Donna *Conſtantia*, daughter of Don *Pedro*, the late king. Aſſiſted by his ſon-in-law, John I. of Portugal, he entered Galicia, and was proclaimed king of Caſtile at the city of St. Jago de Compoſtella. He afterwards relinquiſhed his pretenſions on the marriage of his daughter *Catalina* with the infant Don *Henry* of Caſtile. See the ſecond note, p. 160.

He

He ſpoke; and twelve of Luſian race he names,
All noble youths, the champions of the dames.
The dames by lot their gallant champions [t] chuſe,
And each her hero's name exulting views.
Each in a various letter hails her chief,
And earneſt for his aid relates her grief:
Each to the king her courtly homage ſends,
And valiant Lancaſter their cauſe commends.
Soon as to Tagus' ſhores the heralds came,
Swift through the palace pours the ſprightly flame
Of high-ſoul'd chivalry; the monarch glows
Firſt on the liſted field to dare the foes;
But regal ſtate withheld. Alike their fires,
Each courtly noble to the toil aſpires:
High on his helm, the envy of his peers,
Each choſen knight the plume of combat wears.
In that proud port half circled by the [u] wave,
Which Portugallia to the nation gave,
A deathleſs name, a ſpeedy ſloop receives
The ſculptured bucklers, and the claſping greaves,
The ſwords of Ebro, ſpears of lofty ſize,
And breaſt-plates flaming with a thouſand dyes,

[t] *The dames by lot their gallant champions chuſe.*—The ten champions, who in the fifth book of the *Jeruſalem* are ſent by Godfrey for the aſſiſtance of Armida, are choſen by lot. Taſſo, who had read the Luſiad, and admired its author, undoubtedly had the Portugueſe poet in his eye.

[u] *In that proud port half circled by the wave,*
Which Portugallia to the nation gave,
A deathleſs name——Oporto, called by the the Romans *Calle*. Hence Portugal.

Helmets high plumed, and, pawing for the fight,
Bold ſteeds, whoſe harneſs ſhone with ſilvery light
Dazzling the day. And now the riſing gale
Invites the heroes, and demands the ſail,
When brave Magricio thus his peers addreſt,
Oh, friends in arms, of equal powers confeſt,
Long have I hoped through foreign climes to ſtray,
Where other ſtreams than Douro wind their way;
To note what various ſhares of bliſs and woe
From various laws and various cuſtoms flow.
Nor deem that, artful, I the fight decline;
England ſhall know the combat ſhall be mine.
By land I ſpeed, and ſhould dark fate prevent,
For death alone ſhall blight my firm intent,
Small may the ſorrow for my abſence be,
For yours were conqueſt, though unſhared by me.
Yet ſomething more than human warms my [x] breaſt,
And ſudden whiſpers, In our fortunes bleſt,
Nor envious chance, nor rocks, nor whelmy tide,
Shall our glad meeting at the liſt divide.

He ſaid; and now the rites of parting friends
Sufficed, through Leon and Caſteel he bends.

[x] *Yet ſomething more than human warms my breaſt,*
And ſudden whiſpers—
In the Portugueſe,
Mas ſe a verdade o eſprito me adevinha.
Literally, "But if my ſpirit truly divine."
Thus rendered by Fanſhaw,
But in my aug'ring ear a bird doth ſing.

On

On many a field enrapt the hero ſtood,
And the proud ſcenes of Luſian conqueſt viewed.
Navar he paſt, and paſt the dreary wild,
Where rocks on rocks o'er yawning glyns are piled;
The wolf's dread range, where to the evening ſkies
In clouds involved the cold Pyrenians riſe.
Through Gallia's flowery vales and wheaten plains
He ſtrays, and Belgia now his ſteps detains.
There, as forgetful of his vow'd intent,
In various cares the fleeting days he ſpent:
His peers the while direct to England's ſtrand,
Plough the chill northern wave; and now at land,
Adorn'd in armour, and embroidery gay,
To lordly London hold the crowded way.
Bold Lancaſter receives the knights with joy;
The feaſt and warlike ſong each hour employ.
The beauteous dames attending wake their fire,
With tears enrage them, and with ſmiles inſpire.
And now with doubtful bluſhes roſe the day,
Decreed the rites of wounded fame to pay.
The Engliſh monarch gives the liſted bounds,
And, fixt in rank, with ſhining ſpears ſurrounds.
Before their dames the gallant knights advance,
Each like a Mars, and ſhake the beamy lance:
The dames, adorn'd in ſilk and gold, diſplay
A thouſand colours glittering to the day:

Alone

Alone in tears, and doleful mourning, came,
Unhonour'd by her knight, Magricio's dame.
Fear not our proweſs, cry the bold Eleven,
In numbers, not in might, we ſtand uneven;
More could we ſpare, ſecure of dauntleſs might,
When for the injured female name we fight.

Beneath a canopy of regal ſtate,
High on a throne the Engliſh monarch ſate;
All round, the ladies and the barons bold,
Shining in proud array, their ſtations hold.
Now o'er the theatre the champions pour,
And facing three to three, and four to four,
Flouriſh their arms in prelude. From the bay
Where flows the Tagus, to the Indian ſea,
The ſun beholds not in his annual race
A twelve more ſightly, more of manly grace
Than tower'd the Engliſh knights. With froathing jaws
Furious each ſteed the bit reſtrictive gnaws;
And rearing to approach the rearing foe,
Their wavy manes are daſh'd with foamy ſnow:
Croſs-darting to the ſun a thouſand rays
The champions' helmets as the chryſtal blaze.
Ah now, the trembling ladies' cheeks how wan!
Cold crept their blood; when through the tumult ran

A ſhout

A ſhout loud gathering: turn'd was every eye
Where roſe the ſhout, the ſudden cauſe to ſpy.
And lo, in ſhining arms a warrior rode,
With conſcious pride his ſnorting courſer trod;
Low to the monarch and the dames he bends,
And now the great Magricio joins his friends.
With looks that glow'd, exulting roſe the fair,
Whoſe wounded honour claim'd the hero's care:
Aſide the doleful weeds of mourning thrown,
In dazzling purple and in gold ſhe ſhone.
Now loud the ſignal of the fight rebounds
Quivering the air; the meeting ſhock reſounds
Hoarſe craſhing uproar; griding ſplinters ſpring
Far round; and bucklers daſh'd on bucklers ring:
Their ſwords flaſh lightning; darkly reeking o'er
The ſhining mail-plates flows the purple gore.
Torn by the ſpur, the looſened reins at large,
Furious the ſteeds in thundering plunges charge;
Trembles beneath their hoofs the ſolid ground,
And thick the fiery ſparkles flaſh around,
A dreadful blaze! with pleaſing horror thrill'd
The croud behold the terrors of the field.
Here ſtunn'd, and ſtaggering with the forceful blow,
A bending champion graſps the ſaddle-bow;
Here backward bent a falling knight reclines,
His plumes diſhonour'd laſh the courſer's loins.

So

So tired and ſtagger'd toil'd the doubtful fight,
When great Magricio kindling all his might
Gave all his rage to burn: with headlong force,
Conſcious of victory, his bounding horſe
Wheels round and round the foe; the hero's ſpear
Now on the front, now flaming on the rear,
Mows down their firmeſt battle; groans the ground,
Beneath his courſer's ſmiting hoofs; far round
The cloven helms and ſplinter'd ſhields reſound.
Here, torn and trail'd in duſt the harneſs gay,
From the fall'n maſter ſprings the ſteed away;
Obſcene with duſt and gore, ſlow from the ground
Riſing, the maſter rowls his eyes around,
Pale as a ſpectre on the Stygian coaſt,
In all the rage of ſhame confuſed and loſt.
Here low on earth, and o'er the riders thrown,
The wallowing courſers and the riders groan:
Before their glimmering viſion dies the light,
And deep deſcends the gloom of death's eternal night.
They now who boaſted, "Let the ſword decide,"
Alone in flight's ignoble aid confide:
Loud to the ſky the ſhout of joy proclaims
The ſpotleſs honour of the ladies' names.

In painted halls of ſtate and roſy bowers,
The twelve brave Luſians crown the feſtive hours.

Bold

Bold Lancaſter the princely feaſt beſtows,
The goblet circles, and the muſic flows;
And every care, the tranſport of their joy,
To tend the knights the lovely dames employ;
The green-boughed foreſts by the lawns of Thames
Behold the victor-champions and the dames
Rouſe the tall roe-buck o'er the dews of morn,
While through the dales of Kent reſounds the bugle-horn.
The ſultry noon the princely banquet owns,
The minſtrel's ſong of war the banquet crowns;
And when the ſhades of gentle evening fall,
Loud with the dance reſounds the lordly hall:
The golden roofs, while Veſper ſhines, prolong
The trembling ecchoes of the harp and ſong.
Thus paſt the days on England's happy ſtrand,
Till the dear memory of their natal land
Sigh'd for the banks of Tagus. Yet the breaſt
Of brave Magricio ſpurns the thoughts of reſt:
In Gaul's proud court he fought the liſted plain,
In arms an injured lady's knight again.
As Rome's [y] Corvinus o'er the field he ſtrode,
And on the foe's huge cuiraſs proudly trod.

[y] *As Rome's Corvinus*—Valerius Maximus, a Roman tribune, who fought and ſlew a Gaul of enormous ſtature, in ſingle combat. During the duel a raven perched on the helm of his antagoniſt, ſometimes pecked his face and hand, and ſometimes blinded him with the flapping of his wings. The victor was thence named Corvinus. Vid. Liv. l. 7. c. 26.

No more by Tyranny's proud tongue reviled,
The Flandrian counteſs on her hero [z] ſmiled.
The Rhine another paſt, and proved his [a] might,
A fraudful German dared him to the fight;
Strain'd in his graſp the fraudful boaſter fell——
Here ſudden ſtopt the youth; the diſtant yell
Of gathering tempeſt ſounded in his ears,
Unheard, unheeded by his liſtening peers.
Earneſt at full they urge him to relate
Magricio's combat, and the German's fate.

[z] *The Flandrian counteſs on her hero ſmiled.*—"The princeſs, for whom Magricio ſignalized his valour, was Iſabella of Portugal, and ſpouſe to Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, and earl of Flanders. Some Spaniſh chronicles relate, that Charles VII. of France, having aſſembled the ſtates of his kingdom, cited Philip to appear with his other vaſſals. Iſabella, who was preſent, ſolemnly proteſted that the earls of Flanders were not obliged to do homage. A diſpute aroſe, on which ſhe offered, according to the cuſtom of that age, to appeal to the fate of arms. The propoſal was accepted, and Magricio, the champion of Iſabella, vanquiſhed a French chevalier, appointed by Charles. Though our authors do not mention this adventure, and though Emmanuel de Faria, and the beſt Portugueſe writers treat it with doubt, nothing to the diſadvantage of Camoens is thence to be inferred. A poet is not obliged always to follow the truth of hiſtory. *Caſtera.*

[a] *The Rhine another paſt, and prov'd his might*—"This was Alvaro Vaz d'Almada. "The chronicle of Garibay relates, that at "Baſil he received from a German a challenge to meaſure ſwords, on condition "that each ſhould fight with his right ſide "unarmed; the German by this hoping to "be victorious, for he was left-handed. "The Portugueſe, ſuſpecting no fraud, accepted. When the combat began he perceived the inequality. His right ſide unarmed was expoſed to the enemy, whoſe left ſide, which was neareſt to him, was defended with half a cuiraſs. Notwithſtanding all this, the brave Alvaro obtained the victory. He ſprung upon the German, ſeized him, and graſping him forcibly in his arms, ſtifled and cruſhed him to death; imitating the conduct of Hercules, who in the ſame manner ſlew the cruel Anteus. Here we ought to remark the addreſs of our author; he deſcribes at length the injury and grief of the Engliſh ladies, the voyage of the twelve champions to England, and the proweſs they there diſplayed. When Veloſo relates theſe, the ſea is calm; but no ſooner does it begin to be troubled, than the ſoldier abridges his recital: we ſee him follow by degrees the preludes of the ſtorm, we perceive the anxiety of his mind on the view of the approaching danger, haſtening his narration to an end. "*Voilà ce que s'appelle ces coups de maître.*" Behold the ſtrokes of a maſter." *Caſtera.*

Joam Franco Barreto, whoſe ſhort nomenclator is printed as an index to the Portugueſe editions of the Luſiad, informs us, that Magricio was ſon of the mariſchal Conçalo Coutinho, and brother to Don Vaſco Coutinho, the firſt count de Marialva.

When

When ſhrilly whiſtling through the decks reſounds
The maſter's call, and loud his voice rebounds:
Inſtant from converſe and from ſlumber ſtart
Both bands, and inſtant to their toils they dart.
Aloft, Oh ſpeed, down, down the topſails, cries
The Maſter, ſudden from my earneſt eyes
Vaniſh'd the ſtars, ſlow rowls the hollow ſigh,
The ſtorm's dread herald.—To the topſails fly
The bounding youths, and o'er the yard-arms whirl
The whizzing ropes, and ſwift the canvas furl;
When from their graſp the burſting tempeſts bore
The ſheets half-gathered, and in fragments tore.
Strike, ſtrike the mainſail, loud again he rears
His ecchoing voice; when roaring in their ears,
As if the ſtarry vault by thunders riven,
Ruſh'd downward to the deep the walls of heaven:
With headlong weight a fiercer blaſt deſcends,
And with ſharp whirring craſh the main-ſail rends;
Loud ſhrieks of horror through the fleet reſound,
Burſts the torn cordage, rattle far around
The ſplinter'd yard-arms; from each bending maſt,
In many a ſhred, far ſtreaming on the blaſt
The canvas floats; low ſinks the leeward ſide,
O'er the broad veſſels rolls the ſwelling tide;
O ſtrain each nerve, the frantic Pilot cries,
Oh now—and inſtant every nerve applies,

Tugging what cumbrous lay with ſtrainful force;
Daſh'd by the ponderous loads the ſurges hoarſe
Roar in new whirls: the dauntleſs ſoldiers ran
To pump, yet ere the groaning pump began
The wave to vomit, o'er the decks o'erthrown
In groveling heaps the ſtagger'd ſoldiers groan:
So rowls the veſſel, not the boldeſt Three,
Of arm robuſteſt, and of firmeſt knee,
Can guide the ſtarting rudder; from their hands
The helm burſts; ſcarce a cable's ſtrength commands
The ſtaggering fury of its ſtarting bounds,
While to the forceful beating ſurge reſounds
The hollow crazing hulk: with kindling rage
The adverſe winds the adverſe winds engage:
As from its baſe of rock their banded power
Strove in the duſt to ſtrew ſome lordly tower,
Whoſe dented battlements in middle ſky
Frown on the tempeſt and its rage defy;
So roar'd the winds: high o'er the reſt upborne
On the wide mountain-wave's ſlant ridge forlorn,
At times diſcover'd by the lightnings blue,
Hangs GAMA's lofty veſſel, to the view
Small as her boat; o'er Paulus' ſhatter'd prore
Falls the tall main-maſt prone with craſhing roar;
Their hands, yet graſping their uprooted hair,
The ſailors lift to heaven in wild deſpair;

The

The Saviour God each yelling voice implores:
Nor leſs from brave Coello's war-ſhip pours
The ſhriek, ſhrill rolling on the tempeſt's wings:
Dire as the bird of death at midnight ſings
His dreary howlings in the ſick man's ear,
The anſwering ſhriek from ſhip to ſhip they hear.
Now on the mountain-billows upward driven,
The navy mingles with the clouds of heaven;
Now ruſhing downward with the ſinking waves,
Bare they behold old Ocean's vaulty caves.
The eaſtern blaſt againſt the weſtern pours,
Againſt the ſouthern ſtorm the northern roars:
From pole to pole the flaſhy lightnings glare,
One pale blue twinkling ſheet enwraps the air;
In ſwift ſucceſſion now the volleys fly,
Darted in pointed curvings o'er the ſky,
And through the horrors of the dreadful night,
O'er the torn waves they ſhed a ghaſtly light;
The breaking ſurges flame with burning red,
Wider and louder ſtill the thunders ſpread,
As if the ſolid heavens together cruſh'd,
Expiring worlds on worlds expiring ruſh'd,
And dim-brow'd Chaos ſtruggled to regain
The wild confuſion of his ancient reign.
Not ſuch the volley when the arm of Jove
From heaven's high gates the rebel Titans drove;

Not

Not ſuch fierce lightnings blazed athwart the flood,
When, ſaved by heaven, Deucalion's veſſel rode
High o'er the deluged hills. Along the ſhore
The Halcyons, mindful of their fate, [a] deplore;
As beating round on trembling wings they fly,
Shrill through the ſtorm their woeful clamours die.
So from the tomb, when midnight veils the plains,
With [b] ſhrill, faint voice, th' untimely ghoſt complains.
The amorous dolphins to their deepeſt caves
In vain retreat to fly the furious waves;

[a] *The Halcyons, mindful of their fate, deplore*——Ceyx, king of Trachinia, ſon of Lucifer, married Alcyone, the daughter of Eolus. On a voyage to conſult the Delphic Oracle he was ſhipwrecked. His corpſe was thrown aſhore in the view of his ſpouſe, who, in the agonies of her love and deſpair, threw herſelf into the ſea. The Gods, in pity of her pious fidelity, metamorphoſed them into the birds which bear her name. The Halcyon is a little bird, about the ſize of a thruſh, its plumage of a beautiful ſky blue, mixed with ſome traits of white and carnation. It is vulgarly called the King, or Martin Fiſher. The Halcyons very ſeldom appear but in the fineſt weather, whence they are fabled to build their neſts on the waves. The female is no leſs remarkable than the turtle, for her conjugal affection. She nouriſhes and attends the male when ſick, and ſurvives his death but a few days. When the Halcyons are ſurpriſed in a tempeſt, they fly about as in the utmoſt terror, with the moſt lamentable and doleful cries. To introduce them therefore in the picture of a ſtorm, is a proof both of the taſte and judgment of Camoens.

[b] *With ſhrill faint voice th' untimely ghoſt complains*—— It may not perhaps be unentertaining to cite Madam *Dacier*, and Mr. *Pope*, on the voices of the dead. It will, at leaſt, afford a critical obſervation, which appears to have eſcaped them both. "The "ſhades of the ſuitors (obſerves *Dacier*) "when they are ſummoned by *Mercury* out "the palace of *Ulyſſes*, emit a feeble, plain-"tive, inarticulate ſound, τριζουσι, *ſtrident:* "whereas *Agamemnon*, and the ſhades that "have been long in the ſtate of the dead, "ſpeak articulately. I doubt not but Ho-"mer intended to ſhew, by the former de-"ſcription, that when the ſoul is ſeparated "from the organs of the body, it ceaſes to "act after the ſame manner as when it was "joined to it; but how the dead recover "their voices afterwards is not eaſy to un-"derſtand. In other reſpects *Virgil* paints "after *Homer:*

——— *Pars tollere vocem*
Exiguam: inceptus clamor fruſtratur hiantes."

To this Mr. *Pope* replies, "But why ſhould "we ſuppoſe with *Dacier*, that theſe ſhades "of the ſuitors (*of Penelope*) have loſt the "faculty of ſpeaking; I rather imagine that "the ſounds they uttered were ſigns of com-"plaint and diſcontent, and proceeded not "from an inability to ſpeak. After *Petro-"clus* was ſlain, he appears to *Achilles*, and "ſpeaks very articulately to him, yet to "expreſs his ſorrow at his departure, he "acts like theſe ſuitors: for *Achilles*

Like a thin ſmoke beholds the ſpirit fly,
And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.

"*Dacier* conjectures, that the power of "ſpeech ceaſes in the dead, till they are "admitted

High o'er the mountain-capes the ocean flows,
And tears the aged foreſts from their brows:
The pine and oak's huge ſinewy roots uptorn,
And from their beds the duſky ſands, upborne
On the rude whirlings of the billowy ſweep,
Imbrown the ſurface of the boiling deep.
High to the poop the valiant GAMA ſprings,
And all the rage of grief his boſom wrings,
Grief to behold, the while fond hope enjoy'd
The meed of all his toils, that hope deſtroy'd.
In awful horror loſt the Hero ſtands,
And rowls his eyes to heaven, and ſpreads his hands,
While to the clouds his veſſel rides the ſwell,
And now her black keel ſtrikes the gates of hell;

" admitted into a ſtate of reſt; but *Patroclus*
" is an inſtance to the contrary in the *Iliad*,
" and *Elpenor* in the *Odyſſey*, for they both
" ſpeak before their funereal rites are per-
" formed, and conſequently before they en-
" ter into a ſtate of repoſe amongſt the
" ſhades of the happy."

The Critic, in his ſearch for diſtant proofs often omits the moſt material one immediately at hand Had Madam *Dacier* attended to the epiſode of the ſouls of the ſuitors, the world had never ſeen her ingenuity in theſe mythological conjectures; nor had Mr. *Pope* any need to bring the caſe of *Patroclus* or *Elpenor* to overthrow her ſyſtem. *Amphimedon*, one of the ſuitors, in the very epiſiode which gave birth to *Dacier*'s conjecture, tells his ſtory very articulately to the ſhade of *Agamemnon*, though he had not received the funereal rites:

Our mangled bodies now deform'd with gore,
Cold and neglected ſpread the marble floor:
No friend to bathe our wounds! or tears to ſhed
O'er the pale corſe! the honours of the dead.
ODYSS. XXIV.

On the whole, the defence of *Pope* is almoſt as idle as the conjectures of *Dacier*. The plain truth is, Poetry delights in Perſonification: every thing in it, as *Ariſtotle* ſays of the Iliad, has manners; Poetry muſt therefore perſonify according to our ideas. Thus in *Milton:*

Tears, ſuch as angels weep, burſt forth—

And thus in *Homer*, while the ſuitors are conducted to hell;

Trembling the ſpectres glide, and plaintive vent
Thin, hollow ſcreams, along the deep deſcent:

and, unfettered with mythological diſtinctions, either ſhriek or articulately talk, according to the moſt poetical view of their ſuppoſed circumſtances.

Oh

Oh thou, he cries, whom trembling heaven obeys,
Whoſe will the tempeſt's furious madneſs ſways,
Who, through the wild waves, led'ſt thy choſen race,
While the high billows ſtood like walls of braſs:
Oh thou, while ocean burſting o'er the world
Roar'd o'er the hills, and from the ſky down hurl'd
Ruſh'd other headlong oceans; Oh, as then
The ſecond father of the race of men
Safe in thy care the dreadful billows rode,
Oh! ſave us now, be now the ſaviour God!
Safe in thy care, what dangers have we paſt!
And ſhalt thou leave us, leave us now at laſt
To periſh here—our dangers and our toils
To ſpread thy laws unworthy of thy ſmiles;
Our vows unheard—Heavy with all thy weight,
Oh horror, come! and come, eternal night!

He pauſed;—then round his eyes and arms he threw
In geſture wild, and thus; Oh happy you!
You, who in Afric fought for holy Faith,
And, pierced with Mooriſh ſpears, in glorious death
Beheld the ſmiling heavens your toils reward,
By your brave mates beheld the conqueſt ſhared;
Oh happy you, on every ſhore renown'd!
Your vows reſpected, and your wiſhes crown'd.

He ſpoke; redoubled raged the mingled blaſts;
Through the torn cordage and the ſhatter'd maſts
The winds loud whiſtled, fiercer lightnings blazed,
And louder roars the doubled thunders raiſed,
The ſky and ocean blending, each on fire,
Seem'd as all Nature ſtruggled to expire.
When now the ſilver ſtar of Love appear'd,
Bright in her eaſt her radiant front ſhe rear'd;
Fair through the horrid ſtorm the gentle ray
Announced the promiſe of the cheerful day;
From her bright throne Celeſtial Love beheld
The tempeſt burn, and blaſt on blaſt impell'd:
And muſt the furious Dæmon ſtill, ſhe cries,
Still urge his rage, nor all the paſt ſuffice!
Yet as the paſt, ſhall all his rage be vain —
She ſpoke, and darted to the roaring main;
Her lovely nymphs ſhe calls, the nymphs obey,
Her nymphs the Virtues who confeſs her ſway;
Round every brow ſhe bids the roſe-buds twine,
And every flower adown the locks to ſhine,
The ſnow-white lily and the laurel green,
And pink and yellow as at ſtrife be ſeen.
Inſtant amid their golden ringlets ſtrove
Each flowret, planted by the hand of Love;
At ſtrife, who firſt th' enamour'd Powers to gain,
Who rule the tempeſts and the waves reſtrain:

Bright as a ſtarry band the Nereïds ſhone,
Inſtant old Eolus' ſons their preſence [c] own;
The winds die faintly, and in ſofteſt ſighs
Each at his Fair one's feet deſponding lies.
The bright Orithia, threatening, ſternly chides
The furious Boreas, and his faith derides;
The furious Boreas owns her powerful bands:
Fair Galatea, with a ſmile commands
The raging Notus, for his love, how true,
His fervent paſſion and his faith, ſhe knew.
Thus every Nymph her various Lover chides;
The ſilent winds are fetter'd by their brides;
And to the Goddeſs of Celeſtial loves,
Mild as her look, and gentle as her doves
In flowery bands are brought. Their amorous flame
The Queen approves, and ever burn the ſame,
She cries, and joyful on the Nymphs' fair hands,
Th' Eolian race receive the Queen's commands,
And vow, that henceforth her Armada's ſails
Should gently ſwell with fair propitious [d] gales.

[c] For the fable of Eolus ſee the tenth Odyſſey.

[d] *And vow, that henceforth her Armada's ſails*
Should gently ſwell with fair propitious gales.
—In innumerable inſtances Camoens diſcovers himſelf a judicious imitator of the ancients. In the two great maſters of the Epic are ſeveral prophecies oracular of the fate of different heroes, which give an air of ſolemn importance to the Poem. The fate of the Armada thus obſcurely anticipated, reſembles in particular the prophecy of the ſafe return of Ulyſſes to Ithaca, foretold by the ſhade of *Tireſias*, which was afterwards fulfilled by the Phæacians. It remains now to make ſome obſervations on the machinery uſed by Camoens in this book. The neceſſity of machinery in the Epopœia, and the perhaps inſurmountable difficulty of finding one unexceptionably adapted to a Poem where the heroes are Chriſtians,

Now morn, ſerene in dappled grey, aroſe
O'er the fair lawns where murmuring Ganges flows;
Pale ſhone the wave beneath the golden beam;
Blue o'er the ſilver flood Malabria's mountains gleam:
The ſailors on the main-top's airy round,
Land, land, aloud, with waving hands, reſound;
Aloud the Pilot of Melinda cries,
Behold, O Chief, the ſhores of India riſe!
Elate the joyful crew on tip-toe trod,
And every breaſt with ſwelling raptures glow'd;
GAMA's great ſoul confeſt the ruſhing ſwell,
Prone on his manly knees the Hero fell,
Oh bounteous heaven, he cries, and ſpreads his hands
To bounteous heaven, while boundleſs joy commands

Chriſtians, or, in other words, to a Poem whoſe ſubject is modern, have already been obſerved in the Preface. The deſcent of Bacchus to the palace of Neptune in the depths of the ſea, and his addreſs to the watery Gods are noble imitations of Virgil's Juno in the firſt Æneid. The deſcription of the ſtorm is alſo maſterly. In both inſtances the conduct of the Æneid is joined with the deſcriptive exuberance of the Odyſſey. The appearance of the ſtar of Venus through the ſtorm is finely imagined, the influence of the nymphs of that Goddeſs over the winds, and their ſubſequent nuptials, are in the ſpirit of the promiſe of Juno to Eolus;

Sunt mihi bis ſeptem præſtanti corpore nymphæ:
Quarum, quæ forma pulcherrima, Deïopeiam
Connubio jungam ſtabili, propriamque dicabo:
Omnes ut tecum meritis pro talibus annos
Exigat, & pulchra faciat te prole parentem.

And the fiction itſelf is an allegory exactly in the manner of Homer. Orithia, the daughter of Erecteus, and queen of the Amazons, was raviſhed and carried away by Boreas. Her name derived from ὄρος, *bound* or *limit*, and βία, *violence*, implies, ſays Caſtera, that ſhe moderated the rage of her huſband. In the ſame manner, Galatea, derived from γάλα, *milk*, and θεὰ, a *goddeſs*, ſignifies the Goddeſs of candour or innocence.

"If one would ſpeak poetically, ſays *Boſſu*, he muſt imitate *Homer*. *Homer* will not ſay that ſalt has the virtue to preſerve dead bodies, or that the ſea preſented *Achilles* a remedy to preſerve the corps of *Patroclus* from putrefaction: He makes the ſea a Goddeſs, and tells us that *Thetis*, to comfort *Achilles*, promiſed to perfume the body with an Ambroſia, which ſhould keep it a whole year from corruption.—All this is told us poetically, the whole is reduced into action, the ſea is made a perſon who ſpeaks and acts, and this *proſopopœia* is accompanied with paſſion, tenderneſs, and affection."

It has been obſerved by the critics, that Homer, in the battle of the Gods, has, with great propriety, divided their auxiliary forces. On the ſide of the *Greeks* he places

No farther word to flow. In wonder loſt,
As one in horrid dreams through whirlpools toſt,
Now ſnatch'd by Dæmons rides the flaming air,
And howls, and hears the howlings of deſpair;
Awaked, amazed, confuſed with tranſport glows,
And, trembling ſtill, with troubled joy o'erflows;
So, yet affected with the fickly weight
Left by the horrors of the dreadful night,
The Hero wakes in raptures to behold
The Indian ſhores before his prows unfold:
Bounding he riſes, and with eyes on fire
Surveys the limits of his proud deſire.

O glorious Chief, while ſtorms and oceans raved,
What hopeleſs toils thy dauntleſs valour braved!

all the Gods who preſide over the arts and ſciences. Mars and Venus favour the adultery of Paris; and Apollo is for the Trojans, as their ſtrength conſiſted chiefly in the uſe of the bow. Talking of the battle, "With what art, ſays *Euſtathius* as cited by *Pope*, does the Poet engage the Gods in this conflict! *Neptune* oppoſes *Apollo*, which implies, that things moiſt and dry are in continual diſcord. *Pallas* fights with *Mars*, which ſignifies that raſhneſs and wiſdom always diſagree: *Juno* is againſt *Diana*, that is, nothing more differs from a marriage ſtate than celibacy: *Vulcan* engages *Xanthus*, that is, fire and water are in perpetual variance. Thus we have a fine allegory concealed under the veil of excellent poetry, and the Reader conceives a double ſatisfaction at the ſame time, from the beautiful verſes and an inſtructive moral." And again, "The combat of *Mars* and *Pallas* is plainly allegorical. Juſtice and Wiſdom demanded, that an end ſhould be put to this terrible war: the God of war oppoſes this, but is worſted.—No ſooner has our reaſon ſubdued one temptation, but another ſucceeds to re-inforce it, thus *Venus* ſuccours *Mars*.—*Pallas* retreated from *Mars* in order to conquer him; this ſhews us that the beſt way to ſubdue a temptation is to retreat from it."

Theſe explications of the manner of Homer ought, in juſtice, to be applied to his imitator; nor is the moral part of the allegory of Camoens leſs exact than the mythological. In the preſent inſtances, his allegory is peculiarly happy. The rage and endeavours of the evil Dæmon to prevent the intereſts of Chriſtianity are ſtrongly marked. The ſtorm which he raiſes is the tumult of the human paſſions; theſe are moſt effectually ſubdued by the influence of the virtues, which more immediately depend upon Celeſtial Love; and the union which ſhe confirms between the virtues and paſſions, is the ſureſt pledge of future tranquillity.

By

By toils like thine the brave aſcend to heaven;
By toils like thine immortal fame is given.
Not he, who daily moves in ermine gown,
Who nightly ſlumbers on the couch of down;
Who proudly boaſts through heroes old to trace
The lordly lineage of his titled race;
Proud of the ſmiles of every courtier lord,
A welcome gueſt at every courtier's board;
Not he, the feeble ſon of eaſe, may claim
Thy wreathe, O Gama, or may hope thy fame.
'Tis he, who nurtured on the tented field,
From whoſe brown cheek each tint of fear expell'd,
With manly face unmoved, ſecure, ſerene,
Amidſt the thunders of the deathful ſcene,
From horror's mouth dares ſnatch the warrior's crown,
His own his honours, all his fame his own:
Who proudly juſt to honour's ſtern commands,
The dogſtar's rage on Afric's burning ſands,
Or the keen air of midnight polar ſkies,
Long watchful by the helm, alike defies:
Who on his front, the trophies of the wars,
Bears his proud knighthood's badge, his honeſt ſcars;
Who cloath'd in ſteel, by thirſt, by famine worn,
Through raging ſeas by bold ambition borne,
Scornful of gold, by nobleſt ardour fired,
Each wiſh by mental dignity inſpired,

Prepared

Prepared each ill to ſuffer or to dare,
To bleſs mankind, his great his only care;
Him whom her ſon mature Experience owns,
Him, him alone Heroic Glory crowns.

Once more the tranſlator is tempted to confeſs his opinion, that the contrary practice of Homer and Virgil affords in reality no reaſonable objection againſt the exclamatory exuberances of Camoens. Homer, though the father of the epic poem, has his exuberances, as has been already obſerved, which violently treſpaſs againſt the firſt rule of the Epopœia, the unity of the action: a rule which, ſtrictly ſpeaking, is not outraged by the digreſſive exclamations of Camoens. The one now before us, as the ſevereſt critic muſt allow, is happily adapted to the ſubject of the book. The great dangers which the hero had hitherto encountered, are particularly deſcribed. He is afterwards brought in ſafety to the Indian ſhore, the object of his ambition, and of all his toils. The exclamation therefore on the grand hinge of the poem, has its propriety, and diſcovers the warmth of its author's genius. It muſt alſo pleaſe, as it is ſtrongly characteriſtical of the temper of our military poet. The manly contempt with which he ſpeaks of the luxurious inactive courtier, and the delight and honour with which he talks of the toils of the ſoldier, preſent his own active life to the reader of ſenſibility. His campaigns in Africa, where in a gallant attack he loſt an eye, his dangerous life at ſea, and the military fatigues, and the battles in which he bore an honourable ſhare in India, riſe to our idea, and poſſeſs us with an eſteem and admiration of our martial poet, who thus could look back with a gallant enthuſiaſm, though his modeſty does not mention himſelf, on all the hardſhips he had endured: who thus could bravely eſteem the dangers to which he had been expoſed, and by which he had ſeverely ſuffered, as the moſt deſireable occurrences of his life, and the ornament of his name.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE LUSIAD.

BOOK VII.

HAIL, glorious Chief! where never chief before
Forced his bold way, all hail on India's ſhore!
And hail, ye Luſian heroes! fair and wide
What groves of palm, to haughty Rome deny'd,
For you by Ganges' lengthening banks unfold!
What laurel foreſts on the ſhores of gold
For you their honours ever verdant rear,
Proud with their leaves to twine the Luſian ſpear!

Ah heaven! what fury Europe's ſons controuls!
What ſelf-conſuming diſcord fires their ſouls!
'Gainſt her own breaſt her ſword Germania turns;
Through all her ſtates fraternal rancour burns;

Some,

Some, blindly wandering, holy Faith [a] diſclaim,
And fierce through all wild rages civil flame.
High ſound the titles of the Engliſh crown,
King of Jeruſalem, his old [b] renown!
Alas, delighted with an airy name,
The thin dim ſhadow of departed fame,
England's ſtern Monarch, ſunk in ſoft repoſe,
Luxurious riots mid his northern ſnows:
Or if the ſtarting burſt of rage ſucceed,
His brethren are his foes, and Chriſtians bleed;
While Hagar's brutal race his titles ſtain,
In weeping Salem unmoleſted reign,
And with their rites impure her holy ſhrines profane.
And thou, O Gaul, with gaudy trophies plumed,
Moſt Chriſtian named; alas, in vain aſſumed!
What impious luſt of empire ſteels thy [c] breaſt
From their juſt Lords the Chriſtian lands to wreſt!

[a] *Some, blindly wandering, holy Faith diſclaim*—The conſtitution of Germany, obſerves Puffendorff, may be ſaid to verify the fable of the Hydra, with this difference, that the heads of the German ſtate bite and devour each other. At the time when Camoens wrote, the German empire was plunged into all the miſeries of a religious war, the Catholics uſing every endeavour to rivet the chains of Popery, the adherents of Luther as ſtrenuouſly endeavouring to ſhake them off.

[b] *High ſound the titles of the Engliſh crown, King of Jeruſalem* —— This is a miſtake. The title of King of Jeruſalem was never aſſumed by the Kings of England. Robert, Duke of Normandy, ſon of William the Conqueror, was elected King of Jeruſalem by the army in Syria, but declined it in hope of aſcending the throne of England, which attempt was defeated. Regnier, Count d'Anjou, father of Margaret, queen of Henry VI. was flattered with the mock royalty of Naples, Cyprus, and Jeruſalem; his armorial bearing for the latter, Luna, a croſs potent, between four croſſes Sol.—Hen. VIII. filled the throne of England when our author wrote this part of the Luſiad: his gothic luxury and conjugal brutality amply deſerved the cenſure of the honeſt Poet.

[c] *What impious luſt of empire ſteels thy breaſt*——The French Tranſlator very cordially agrees with the Portugueſe Poet in the ſtrictures upon Germany, England, and Italy. But when his own country is touched upon, "*Malgré l'eſtime*, ſays he, *que j'ai pour* "*mon auteur, je ne craindrai pas de dire* "*qu'il tombe ici dans une grande injuſtice:*

"For

While Holy Faith's hereditary foes
Poſſeſs the treaſures where Cynifio [d] flows;
And all ſecure, behold their harveſts ſmile
In waving gold along the banks of Nile.
And thou, O loſt to glory, loſt to fame,
Thou dark oblivion of thy ancient name,
By every vicious luxury debaſed,
Each noble paſſion from thy breaſt eraſed,
Nerveleſs in ſloth, enfeebling arts thy boaſt,
Oh! Italy, how fallen, how low, how [e] loſt!

" For all the regard I have for my Author, " I will not heſitate to ſay, that here he " has committed an enormous injuſtice." All Europe beſides however will witneſs the truth of the aſſertion, which ſtigmatizes the French politics with the luſt of extending their monarchy.

[d] ——*where Cynifio flows*——A river in Africa.

[e] *Oh! Italy, how fallen, how low, how loſt!*—However theſe ſevere reflections on modern Italy may diſpleaſe the admirers of Italian manners, the picture on the whole is too juſt to admit of confutation. Never did the hiſtory of any court afford ſuch inſtances of villainy and all the baſeneſs of intrigue, as that of the Popes. The faith and honour of gentlemen baniſhed from the politics of the Vatican, every public virtue muſt of conſequence decline among the higher ranks; while the lower, broken by oppreſſion, ſink into the deepeſt poverty, and its attendant vices of meanneſs and puſillanimity. That this view of the lower ranks in the Pope's dominions is juſt, we have the indubitable teſtimony of an Addiſon, confirmed by the miſerable depopulation of a province, which was once the fineſt and moſt populous of the Roman empire. It has long been the policy of the court of Spain, to encourage the luxury and effeminate diſſipation of the Neapolitan nobility; and thoſe of modern Venice reſemble their warlike anceſtors only in name. That Italy can boaſt many individuals of a different character, will by no means overthrow theſe general obſervations founded on the teſtimony of the moſt authentic Writers. Our Poet is beſides juſtifiable, in his cenſures, for he only follows the ſevere reflections of the greateſt of the Italian Poets. It were eaſy to give fifty inſtances, two or three however ſhall ſuffice. Dante in his ſixth Canto, del Purg.

Ahi, ſerva Italia, di do.ore oſtello,
Nave ſenza nocchiero in gran tempeſta,
Non donna di provincie, ma bordello——

" Ah, ſlaviſh Italy, the Inn of dolour, a " ſhip without a pilot in a horrid tempeſt, " not the miſtreſs of provinces, but a " brothel."

Arioſto, Canto 17.

O d'ogni vitio fetida ſentina
Dormi Italia *imbriac*——

" O inebriated Italy, thou ſleepeſt the ſink " of every filthy vice."

And Petrarch;

Del' empia Babilonia, ond' è fuggita
Ogni vergogna, ond' ogni bene è fuori,
Albergo di dolor, madre d'errori
Son fuggit' io per allungar la vita.

" From the impious Babylon *(the Papal court)* from whence all ſhame and all " good are fled, the Inn of dolour, the " mother of errors, have I haſtened away " to prolong my life."

In vain to thee the call of glory ſounds,
Thy ſword alone thy own ſoft boſom wounds.

Ah, Europe's ſons, ye brother-powers, in you
The fables old of Cadmus now are [f] true:
Fierce roſe the brothers from the dragon teeth,
And each fell crimſon'd with a brother's death.
So fall the braveſt of the Chriſtian [g] name,
While dogs unclean Meſſiah's lore blaſpheme,

A much admired Sonnet from the ſame Author ſhall cloſe theſe citations.

SONNETTO.

La gola, e'l ſonno, e l'otioſo piume
Hanno del mondo ogni virtù ſbandita;
Ond è dal corſo ſuo quaſi ſmarrita
Noſtra natura vinta dal coſtume:
Ed è ſi ſpento ogni benigno lume
Del ciel; per cui s'informa humana vita
Che per coſa mirabile s'addita
Chi vuol far d'Helicona naſcer fiume
Qual vaghezza di lauro, qual di mirto?
Povera e nuda vai Filiſofia,
Dice la turba al vil guadagno inteſa.
Pochi compagni havrai per l'alta via;
Tanto ti prego più; gentile ſpirto,
Non laſſar la magnanima tua impreſa.

Though this elegant little Poem is general, yet as the Author and the friend to whom he addreſſes it, were Italians, it muſt be acknowledged that he had a particular regard to the ſtate of their own country. His friend, it is ſuppoſed, was engaged on ſome great literary work, but was diſcouraged by the view of the diſſipation and profligacy of his age. I have thus attempted it in Engliſh:

SONNET.

Ah! how, my friend, has foul-gorged Luxurie,
And bloated ſlumbers on the ſlothful down,
From the dull world all manly virtue thrown,
And ſlaved the age to cuſtom's tyrannie!

The bleſſed lights ſo loſt in darkneſs be,
Thoſe lights by heaven to guide our minds beſtown,
Mad were he deem'd who brought from Helicon
The hallowed water or the laurel tree.

Philoſophy, ah! thou art cold and poor,
Exclaim the crowd, on ſordid gain intent;
Few will attend thee on thy loſty road:
Yet I, my friend, would fire thy zeal the more;
Ah, gentle ſpirit, labour on unſpent,
Crown thy fair toils, and win the ſmile of God.

[f] *The fables old of Cadmus* —— Cadmus having ſlain the dragon which guarded the fountain of Dirce in Bœotia, ſowed the teeth of the monſter. A number of armed men immediately ſprung up, and ſurrounded Cadmus, in order to kill him. By the counſel of Minerva he threw a precious ſtone among them, in ſtriving for which they ſlew one another. Only five ſurvived, who afterwards aſſiſted him to build the city of Thebes. Vid. Ovid. Met. IV.

The foundation of this fable appears to be thus: Cadmus having ſlain a famous Freebooter, who infeſted Bœotia, a number of his Banditti, not improperly called his teeth, attempted to revenge his death, but quarrelling about the preſents which Cadmus ſent them to diſtribute among themſelves, they fell by the ſwords of each other.

Terrigenæ pereunt per mutua vulnera fratres.

[g] *So fall the braveſt of the Chriſtian name, While dogs unclean*—Imitated from this fine paſſage in Lucan:

Quis furor, O Cives! quæ tanta licentia ferri,
Gentibus inviſis Latium *præbere cruorem?*
Cumque ſuperba foret Babylon *ſpolianda trophæis*
Aſſyriis, umbraque erraret Craſſus *inulta,*
Belligeri placuit nullos habitura triumphos?
Heu, quantum potuit terræ pelagique parari
Hoc, quem civiles hauſerunt, ſanguine, dextræ!

And

And howl their curſes o'er the holy tomb,
While to the ſword the Chriſtian race they doom.
From age to age, from ſhore to diſtant ſhore,
By various princes led, their legions pour;
United all in one determined aim,
From every land to blot the Chriſtian name.
Then wake, ye brother-powers, combined awake,
And from the foe the great example take.
If empire tempt ye, lo, the eaſt expands,
Fair and immenſe, her ſummer-garden lands:
There boaſtful wealth diſplays her radiant ſtore;
Pactol and Hermus' ſtreams o'er golden ore
Rowl their long way; but not for you they flow;
Their treaſures blaze on the ſtern Soldan's brow:
For him Aſſyria plies the loom of gold,
And Afric's ſons their deepeſt mines unfold
To build his haughty throne. Ye weſtern powers,
To throw the mimic bolt of Jove is yours,
Yours all the art to wield the arms of fire;
Then bid the thunders of the dreadful tire
Againſt the walls of proud Byzantium roar,
Till headlong driven from Europe's raviſh'd ſhore
To their cold Scythian wilds, and dreary dens,
By Caſpian mountains, and uncultured fens,
Their fathers' ſeats beyond the Wolgian [h] lake,
The barbarous race of Saracen betake.

[h] *Beyond the Wolgian lake*—The Caſpian ſea, ſo called from the large river Volga or Wolga, which empties itſelf into it.

And hark, to you the woeful Greek exclaims,
The Georgian fathers and th' Armenian dames,
Their faireſt offſpring from their boſoms torn,
A dreadful tribute, loud imploring [i] mourn.
Alas, in vain! their offſpring captive led,
In Hagar's ſon's unhallow'd temples bred,
To rapine train'd, ariſe a brutal hoſt,
The Chriſtian terror, and the Turkiſh boaſt.

Yet ſleep, ye powers of Europe, careleſs ſleep,
To you in vain your eaſtern brethren weep;
Yet not in vain their woe-wrung tears ſhall ſue;
Though ſmall the Luſian realms, her legions few,
The guardian oft by heaven ordain'd before,
The Luſian race ſhall guard Meſſiah's lore.
When heaven decreed to cruſh the Mooriſh foe,
Heaven gave the Luſian ſpear to ſtrike the blow.
When heaven's own laws o'er Afric's ſhores were heard,
The ſacred ſhrines the Luſian heroes [k] rear'd;
Nor ſhall their zeal in Aſia's bounds expire,
Aſia ſubdued ſhall fume with hallowed fire:
When the red ſun the Luſian ſhore forſakes,
And on the lap of deepeſt weſt [l] awakes,

[i] *Their faireſt offſpring from their boſoms torn,*
A dreadful tribute!——By this barbarous policy the tyranny of the Ottomans has been long ſuſtained. The troops of the Turkiſh infantry and cavalry, known by the name of Janizaries and Spahis, are thus ſupported, and the ſcribes in office called Mufti, ſays Sandys, "are the ſons of Chriſtians (and "thoſe the moſt completely furniſhed by "nature) taken in their childhood from "their miſerable parents by a levy made "every five years, or oftener or ſeldomer, "as occaſion requireth."

[k] ——*O'er Afric's ſhores*——
The ſacred ſhrines the Luſian heroes rear'd——
See the note on page 187.

[l] ——*of deepeſt weſt*——Alludes to the diſcovery and conqueſt of the Brazils by the Portugueſe.

O'er

O'er the wild plains, beneath unincenſed ſkies
The ſun ſhall view the Luſian altars riſe.
And could new worlds by human ſtep be trod,
Thoſe worlds ſhould tremble at the Luſian [m] nod.

[m] —*at the Luſian nod*—If our former defences of the exuberant declamations of Camoens are allowed by the critic, we doubt not but the digreſſion, now concluded, will appear with peculiar propriety. The poet having brought his heroes to the ſhore of India, indulges himſelf with a review of the ſtate of the weſtern and eaſtern worlds; the latter of which is now, by the labour of his heroes, rendered acceſſible to the former. The purpoſe of his poem is alſo ſtrictly kept in view. The Weſt and the Eaſt he conſiders as two great empires, the one of the true religion, the other of a falſe. The profeſſors of the true, diſunited and deſtroying each other; the profeſſors of the falſe religion all combined to extirpate the adherents of the other. He upbraids the profeſſors of the true religion for their vices, particularly for their diſunion and for deſerting the intereſts of holy faith. His countrymen, however, he boaſts, have been its defenders and planters, and, without the aſſiſtance of their brother-powers, will plant it in Aſia. This, as it is the purpoſe of his hero, is directly to the ſubject of the poem, and the honour, which heaven, he ſays, vouchafed to his countrymen, in chuſing them to defend and propagate its laws, is mentioned in the genuine ſpirit of that religious enthuſiaſm which breathes through the two great epic poems of Greece and Rome, and which gives an air of the moſt ſolemn importance to the Gieruſalemme of Taſſo.

Yet whatever liberties a poet may be allowed to take when he treats of the fabulous ages, any abſurdity of opinion, where authentic hiſtory, and the ſtate of modern nations afford the topic, muſt to the intelligent reader appear ridiculous, and therefore a blemiſh in a ſolemn poem. There are many, the tranſlator is aware, to whom a ſerious and warm exhortation to a general cruſade will appear as an abſurdity, and a blemiſh of this kind. "The cruſaders," according to what M. Voltaire calls their true character, "*des brigands liguès pour venir*, &c. "were a band of vagabond thieves, who "had agreed to ramble from the heart of "Europe in order to deſolate a country they "had no right to, and maſſacre, in cold "blood, a venerable prince more than "fourſcore years old, and his whole peo-"ple, againſt whom they had no pretence "of complaint."

Yet however confidently Voltaire and others may pleaſe to talk, it will be no difficult matter to prove that the cruſades were neither ſo unjuſtifiable, ſo impolitical, nor ſo unhappy in their conſequences as the ſuperficial readers of hiſtory are habituated to eſteem them.

Were the Aborigines of all America to form one general confederacy againſt the deſcendants of thoſe Europeans, who maſſacred upwards of forty millions of Mexicans, and other American natives, and were theſe confederates totally to diſpoſſeſs the preſent poſſeſſors of an empire ſo unjuſtly acquired, no man, it is preſumed, would pronounce that their combination and hoſtilities were againſt the law of nature or nations. Yet, whatever Voltaire may pleaſe to aſſert, this ſuppoſition is by no means unapplicable to the confederacy of the croſs. A party of wandering Arabs are joined by the Turks or Turcomans, who inhabited the frozen wilds of mount Caucaſus, and whoſe name ſignifies wanderers; theſe, incorporated with other banditti, from the deſerts of Scythia, now called Tartary, over-run the regions of Syria, to which they had no title, whoſe inhabitants had given them no offence. They profeſs that they are commiſſioned by heaven to eſtabliſh the religion of Mohammed by violence and the ſword. In a few ages they ſubdue the fineſt countries around the Euphrates, and the Chriſtian inhabitants, the rightful poſſeſſors, are treated with the moſt brutal policy and

And now their enſigns blazing o'er the tide
On India's ſhore the Luſian heroes ride.
High to the fleecy clouds reſplendant far
Appear the regal towers of Malabar,

and all its attendant cruelties. Bound by their creed to make war on the Chriſtians, their ambition neglects no opportunity to extend their conqueſts; and already poſſeſſed of immenſe territory, their acknowledged purpoſe and their power threaten deſtruction to the Chriſtian empire of the Greeks.

Having conquered and proſelyted Africa, from the Nile to the Straits of Gibraltar, the princes of that country, their tributaries and allies, combining in the great deſign to extirpate Chriſtianity, turn their arms againſt Europe, and are ſucceſsful: they eſtabliſh kingdoms in Spain and Portugal; and France, Italy, and the weſtern iſlands of the Mediterranean, ſuffer by their excurſions; while Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, and Italy itſelf, from its vicinage to Dalmatia, are immediately concerned in the impending fate of the Grecian empire. While ſuch dangers threatened, it is impoſſible the princes of Europe could have been unconcerned. Nor were preſent injuries wanting to ſtimulate them to arms. Coſmas, a writer of the ſixth century, mentions the conſiderable trade which the Franks carried on with Syria through the Levant. He himſelf travelled to India, and he informs us that in his time Juſtinian ſent two Monks to China. In the ninth century, ſays M. de Guignes, an aſſociation of French merchants went twice a year to Alexandria, from whence they brought to Europe the commodities of India and Arabia. *Kalif Haroun* made a formal ceſſion of the Holy Sepulchre to Charlemagne, and allowed the Franks to build houſes of hoſpitality for the reception of pilgrims, in various places of Syria. Nor was devotion the only motive of pilgrimage. The emoluments of commerce were alſo attended to, and the houſes of hoſpitality poſſeſſed by the Franks, Italians, and Venitians in the Eaſt, were of the nature of factories. But theſe were ſeized, and plundered by the Saracens, and the Eaſtern commerce which flowed to Europe through the Levant, was almoſt totally interrupted. To theſe conſiderations let it alſo be added, that ſeveral eaſtern Chriſtians fled to Europe, and begging as pilgrims from country to country, implored the aſſiſtance of the Chriſtian powers to diſpoſſeſs the cruel and unjuſt uſurpers of their lands. At this period the cruſades commence. To ſuppoſe that the princes of Europe were ſo inſenſible to the danger which threatened them, as ſome modern writers who have touched upon that ſubject, appear to be, is to aſcribe a degree of ſtupidity to them, by no means applicable to their military character. Though ſuperſtition inflamed the multitude, we may be aſſured however, that ſeveral princes found it their political intereſt to fan the flames of that ſuperſtition; and accordingly we find that the princes of Spain and Portugal greatly availed themſelves of it. The immenſe reſources which the Turks received from Egypt, and the neighbouring countries, which had not been attempted by Godfrey and the firſt cruſaders, determined their ſucceſſors to alter the plan of their operations. They began their hoſtilities in Spain and Portugal, and proceeded through Barbary to Egypt. By this new route of the croſſes, the Spaniards and Portugueſe were * enabled not only to drive the Moors from Europe, but to give a fatal blow to their power in Africa. Nor was the ſafety of the Greek empire leſs neceſſary to Italy and the eaſtern kingdoms of Europe. Injuries, however, offered by the cruſaders, who even ſeized the throne of Conſtantinople, upon which they placed an earl of Flanders, excited the reſentment of the Greeks; and their averſion † to the papal ſupremacy rendered them ſo jealous of the

* Liſbon itſelf was taken from the Moors, by the aſſiſtance of an Engliſh fleet of cruſaders. See the note, p. 108.

† A Patriarch of Conſtantinople declared publickly to the Latins, "That he would much "rather behold the turban than the triple crown upon the great altar of Conſtantinople."

cruſaders,

Imperial Calicut, the lordly ſeat
Of the firſt monarch of the Indian ſtate.
Right to the port the valiant GAMA bends,
With joyful ſhouts a fleet of boats attends;

cruſaders, that the ſucceſſors of Godfrey, for want of auxiliary ſupport, after about ninety years poſſeſſion, were totally driven from their new-erected kingdom in the Holy Land. By the fall of the Greek empire, an event which followed, and which had been long foreſeen, the Venetians, the Auſtrians, the Poles, and the Ruſſians, became the natural enemies of the Turks; and many deſperate wars, attended with various ſucceſs, have been continued to the preſent time. Not much above fifty years ago, their formidable efforts to poſſeſs themſelves of the Venetian dominions alarmed all the Chriſtian powers; and had it not been for the repeated defeats they received from prince Eugene, a great part of the Auſtrian territories muſt have yielded to their yoke. However overlooked, it requires but little political philoſophy to perceive the ſecurity which would reſult to Europe were there a powerful and warlike kingdom on the eaſtern ſide of the Turkiſh empire. The weſtern conqueſts of that fierce warrior Bajazet I. were interrupted by Tamerlane, and by the enemy they found in Kouli Khan, the enraged Porte was prevented from revenging the triumphs of Eugene. A few years ago we beheld them trample on the law of nations, ſend an ambaſſador to priſon, and command the Ruſſian empreſs to deſert her allies. And however the foreſight of the narrow politician may dread the riſing power of the Ruſs, it is to be wiſhed that the arms of Muſcovy may fix ſuch barriers to the Turkiſh empire as will for ever prevent their long meditated, and often attempted deſign, to poſſeſs themſelves of the Venetian dominions, or to extend their conqueſts on the Weſt, conqueſts which would render them the moſt dangerous power to the peace of Europe.

In a word, the cruſades, a combination which tended to ſupport the Greek empire for the ſecurity of the eaſtern part of Europe, and to drive the enemy from the ſouthern, whatever the ſuperſtition of its promoters and conductors might have been, can by no means deſerve to be called a moſt ſingular monument of human folly. And however the inutility and abſurdity of their profeſſed aim, to reſcue the tomb of Chriſt, may excite the ridicule of the modern philoſopher, it was a motive admirably adapted to the ſuperſtition of the monkiſh ages; and where it is neceſſary that an enemy ſhould be reſtrained, an able politician will avail himſelf of the moſt powerful of all incitements to hoſtility, the ſuperſtitious or religious fervour of his army. And by thus reſting the war on a religious motive, the Engliſh, who were moſt remote from Mohammedan depredation, were induced to join the confederacy, to which, at various times, they gave the moſt important aſſiſtance.

It is with peculiar propriety therefore that Camoens upbraids his age for negligently permitting the aggrandizement of the Mohammedan power. Nor is the boaſt that his countrymen will themſelves effect this great purpoſe, unfounded in truth. As already obſerved in the Introduction, the voyage of Gama ſaved the liberties of mankind. The ſuperiority of the Aſiatic ſeas in the hands of Europeans, the conſequence of that voyage, is the moſt effectual and moſt important completion of the cruſades.

It will be found, therefore, that Camoens talks of the political reaſons of a cruſade, with an accuracy in the philoſophy of hiſtory, as ſuperior to that of Voltaire, as the poetical merit of the Luſiad ſurpaſſes that of the Henriade. And the critic in poetry muſt allow, that, to ſuppoſe the diſcovery of Gama, the completion of all the former endeavours to overthrow the great enemies of the true religion, gives a dignity to the poem, and an importance to the hero, ſimilar to that which Voltaire, on the ſame ſuppoſition, allows to the ſubject of the Jeruſalem of Taſſo.

Having

Joyful their nets they leave and finny prey,
And crouding round the Luſians, point the way.
A herald now, by VASCO's high command
Sent to the monarch, treads the Indian ſtrand;
The ſacred ſtaff he bears, in gold he ſhines,
And tells his office by majeſtic ſigns.
As to and fro, recumbent to the gale,
The harveſt waves along the yellow dale,
So round the herald preſs the wondering throng,
Recumbent waving as they pour along;
And much his manly port and ſtrange attire,
And much his fair and ruddy hue admire:
When ſpeeding through the crowd with eager haſte,
And honeſt ſmiles, a ſon of Afric preſt:

Having entered ſo far into the hiſtory of the cruſades, it may not be improper to take a view of the happy conſequences which flowed from them. "To theſe wild expeditions," ſays Robertſon, "the effect of "ſuperſtition or folly, we owe the firſt "gleams of light which tended to diſpel "barbarity and ignorance, and introduce "any change in government or manners." Conſtantinople, at that time the ſeat of elegance, of arts and commerce, was the principal rendezvous of the European armies. The Greek writers of that age ſpeak of the Latins as the moſt ignorant barbarians; the Latins, on the other hand, talk with aſtoniſhment of the grandeur, elegance, and commerce of Conſtantinople. The moſt ſtupid barbarians, when they have the opportunity of compariſon, are ſenſible of the ſuperiority of civilized nations, and, by an acquaintance with them, begin to reſemble their manners, and emulate their advantages. The fleets which attended the croſſes introduced commerce, and the freedom of commercial cities into their mother countries. This, as Robertſon obſerves, proved deſtructive to the feudal ſyſtem, which had now degenerated into the moſt gloomy oppreſſion, and introduced the plans of regular government. "This acquiſition "of liberty," ſays the ſame moſt ingenious hiſtorian, "made ſuch a happy change "in the condition of all the members of "communities, as rouſed them from that "ſtupidity and inaction into which they "had been ſunk by the wretchedneſs of "their former ſtate. The ſpirit of induſtry "revived, commerce became an object of "attention, and began to flouriſh. Popu-"lation increaſed. Independence was eſ-"tabliſhed, and wealth flowed into cities "which had long been the ſeat of poverty "and oppreſſion."

Enrapt

Enrapt with joy the wondering herald hears[o]
Caſtilia's manly tongue ſalute his [n] ears.
What friendly angel from thy Tago's ſhore
Has led thee hither? cries the joyful Moor.
Then hand in hand, the pledge of faith, conjoin'd,
O joy beyond the dream of hope to find,
To hear a kindred voice, the Luſian cried,
Beyond unmeaſured gulphs and ſeas untry'd;
Untry'd before our daring keels explored
Our fearleſs way—Oh heaven, what tempeſts roared,
While round the vaſt of Afric's ſouthmoſt land
Our eaſtward bowſprits ſought the Indian ſtrand!
Amazed, o'erpower'd, the friendly ſtranger ſtood;
A path now open'd through the boundleſs flood!
The hope of ages, and the dread deſpair,
Accompliſh'd now, and conquer'd—ſtiff his hair
Roſe thrilling, while his labouring thoughts purſued
The dreadful courſe by GAMA's fate ſubdued.
Homeward, with generous warmth o'erflow'd, he leads
The Luſian gueſt, and ſwift the feaſt ſucceeds:
The purple grape and golden fruitage ſmile;
And each choice viand of the Indian ſoil

[o] ——— *the herald hears*
Caſtilia's manly tongue ſalute his ears.——
This is according to the truth of hiſtory. While the meſſenger, ſent aſhore by Gama, was borne here and there, and carried off his feet by the throng, who underſtood not a word of his language, he was accoſted in Spaniſh by a Mooriſh merchant, a native of Tunis, who, according to Oſorius, had been the chief perſon with whom king John II. had formerly contracted for military ſtores. He proved himſelf an honeſt agent, and of infinite ſervice to Gama, with whom he returned to Portugal, where, according to Faria, he died in the Chriſtian communion. He was named Monzaida.

Heapt o'er the board, the maſter's zeal declare;
The ſocial feaſt the gueſt and maſter ſhare;
The ſacred pledge of eaſtern faith ° approved,
By wrath unalter'd, and by wrong unmoved.
Now to the fleet the joyful herald bends,
With earneſt pace the heaven-ſent friend attends:
Now down the river's ſweepy ſtream they glide,
And now their pinnace cuts the briny tide:
The Moor, with tranſport ſparkling in his eyes,
The well-known make of Gama's navy ſpies,
The bending bowſprit, and the maſt ſo tall,
The ſides black frowning as a caſtle wall,
The high-tower'd ſtern, the lordly nodding prore,
And the broad ſtandard ſlowly waving o'er
The anchor's moony fangs. The ſkiff he leaves,
Brave Gama's deck his bounding ſtep receives;
And, Hail, he cries: in tranſport Gama ſprung,
And round his neck with friendly welcome hung;
Enrapt ſo diſtant o'er the dreadful main
To hear the muſic of the tongue of Spain.

° *The ſacred pledge of eaſtern faith*—To eat together was in the eaſt looked upon as the inviolable pledge of protection. As a Perſian nobleman was one day walking in his garden, a wretch in the utmoſt terror proſtrated himſelf before him, and implored to be protected from the rage of a multitude who were in purſuit of him, to take his life. The nobleman took a peach, eat part of it, and gave the reſt to the fugitive, aſſuring him of ſafety. As they approached the houſe, they met a crowd who carried the murdered corſe of the nobleman's beloved ſon. The incenſed populace demanded the murderer, who ſtood beſide him, to be delivered to their fury. The father, though overwhelmed with grief and anger, replied, "We have eaten together, and I will not "betray him." He protected the murderer of his ſon from the fury of his domeſtics and neighbours, and in the night facilitated his eſcape.

And

And now beneath a painted ſhade of ſtate
Beſide the Ammiral the ſtranger ſate:
Of India's clime, the natives, and the laws,
What monarch ſways them, what religion awes?
Why from the tombs devoted to his ſires
The ſon ſo far? the valiant Chief enquires.
In act to ſpeak the ſtranger waves his hand,
The joyful crew in ſilent wonder ſtand,
Each gently preſſing on with greedy ear,
As erſt the bending foreſts ſtoopt to hear
In Rhodope[p], when Orpheus' heavenly ſtrain,
Deplored his loſt Eurydice in vain;
While with a mien that generous friendſhip won
From every heart, the ſtranger thus begun:

Your glorious deeds, ye Luſians, well I know,
To neighbouring earth the vital air I owe;
Yet though my faith the Koran's lore revere;
So taught my ſires; my birth at proud Tangier,
An hoſtile clime to Liſboa's awful name,
I glow enraptured o'er the Luſian fame;
Proud though your nation's warlike glories ſhine,
Theſe proudeſt honours yield, O Chief, to thine;

[p] *In Rhodope*—The well-known fable of the deſcent of Orpheus to hell, and the ſecond loſs of his wife, is thus explained: Aëdoneus, king of Theſprotia, whoſe cruelty procured him the name of Pluto, tyrant of hell, having ſeized Eurydice, as ſhe fled from his friend Ariſtæus, detained her as a captive. Orpheus having charmed the tyrant with his muſic, his wife was reſtored, on condition that he ſhould not look upon her, till he had conducted her out of Theſprotia. Orpheus, on his journey, forfeited the condition, and irrecoverably loſt his ſpouſe.

Beneath thy dread atchievements low they fall,
And India's ſhore, diſcovered, crowns them all.
Won by your fame, by fond affection ſway'd,
A friend I come, and offer friendſhip's aid.
As on my lips Caſtilia's language glows,
So from my tongue the ſpeech of India flows:
Mozaide my name, in India's court beloved,
For honeſt deeds, but time ſhall ſpeak, approved.
When India's Monarch greets his court again,
For now the banquet on the tented [9] plain
And ſylvan chace his careleſs hours employ;
When India's mighty Lord, with wondering joy,
Shall hail you welcome on his ſpacious ſhore
Through oceans never plough'd by keel before,
Myſelf ſhall glad Interpreter attend,
Mine every office of the faithful friend.
Ah! but a ſtream, the labour of the oar,
Divides my birth-place from your native ſhore;
On ſhores unknown, in diſtant worlds, how ſweet
The kindred tongue the kindred face to greet!
Such now my joy; and ſuch, O heaven, be yours!
Yes, bounteous heaven, your glad ſucceſs ſecures.
Till now impervious, heaven alone ſubdued
The various horrors of the trackleſs flood;

[9] *For now the banquet on the tented plain,*
And ſylvan chace his careleſs hours employ—
The Great Mogul and other eaſtern ſovereigns, attended with their courtiers, ſpend annually ſome months of the fineſt ſeaſon in encampments in the field, in hunting parties, and military amuſements.

Heaven

Heaven ſent you here for ſome great work divine,
And heaven inſpires my breaſt your ſacred toils to join.

Vaſt are the ſhores of India's wealthful ſoil;
Southward ſea-girt ſhe forms a demi-iſle:
His cavern'd cliffs with dark-brow'd foreſts crown'd,
Hemodian Taurus frowns her northern bound:
From Caſpia's lake th' enormous mountain[r] ſpreads,
And bending eaſtward rears a thouſand heads;
Far to extremeſt ſea the ridges thrown,
By various names through various tribes are known:
Here down the waſte of Taurus' rocky ſide
Two infant rivers pour the chryſtal tide,
Indus the one, and one the Ganges named,
Darkly of old through diſtant nations famed:
One eaſtward curving holds his crooked way,
~~One~~ to the weſt gives his ſwoln tide to ſtray:
Declining ſouthward many a land they lave,
And widely ſwelling roll the ſea-like wave,
Till the twin offspring of the mountain fire
Both in the Indian deep ingulph'd expire.
Between theſe ſtreams, fair ſmiling to the day,
The Indian lands their wide domains diſplay,

[r] —*th' enormous mountain*—Properly an immenſe chain of mountains, known by various names, Caucaſus, Taurus, Hemodus, Paropamiſſus, Orontes, Imaus, &c. and from Imaus extended through Tartary to the ſea of Kamchatka.

And

And many a league, far to the ſouth they bend,
From the broad region where the rivers end,
Till where the ſhores to Ceylon's iſle [3] oppoſe,
In conic form the Indian regions cloſe.
To various laws the various tribes incline,
And various are the rites eſteem'd divine:
Some as from heaven receive the Koran's lore,
Some the dread monſters of the wild adore;
Some bend to wood and ſtone the proſtrate head,
And rear unhallowed altars to the dead.
By Ganges' banks, as wild traditions [4] tell,
Of old the tribes lived healthful by the ſmell;
No food they knew, ſuch fragrant vapours roſe
Rich from the flowery lawns where Ganges flows:
Here now the Delhian, and the fierce Patan
Feed their fair flocks; and here, an heathen clan,
Stern Decam's ſons the fertile valleys till,
A clan, whoſe hope to ſhun eternal ill,

[3] — *to Ceylon's iſle* — One Captain Knox, who publiſhed an account of Ceylon, in 1681, has the following curious paſſage: "This for certain, ſays he, I can affirm, that oftentimes the Devil doth cry with an audible voice in the night: It is very ſhrill, almoſt like the barking of a dog. This I have often heard myſelf, but never heard that he did any body any harm. Only this obſervation the inhabitants of the land have made of this voice, and I have made it alſo, that either juſt before, or very ſuddenly after this voice, the king always cuts off people. To believe that this is the voice of the Devil theſe reaſons urge; becauſe there is no creature known to the inhabitants that cries like it, and becauſe it will on a ſudden depart from one place, and make a noiſe in another, quicker than any fowl can fly, and becauſe the very dogs will tremble when they hear it; and it is ſo counted by all the people."—Knox, Hiſt. Ceyl. p. 78. We need not have reſource to the Devil, however, for this quick tranſition of ſound. Birds which live by ſuction in marſhy grounds, the bittern in particular, often ſet up an hideous ſcreaming cry by night, and inſtantly anſwer one another at the diſtance of ſeveral miles.

[4] —— *as wild traditions tell*——Pliny, impoſed upon by ſome Greeks, who pretended to have been in India, relates this fable. Vid. Nat. Hiſt. Lib. 12.

Whoſe

Whoſe truſt from every ſtain of guilt to ſave,
Is fondly placed in Ganges' holy wave;
If to the ſtream the breathleſs corpſe be given
They deem the ſpirit wings her way to heaven.
Here by the mouths, where hallowed Ganges ends,
Bengala's beauteous Eden wide extends;
Unrivall'd ſmile her fair luxurious vales:
And here Cambaya ſpreads her palmy [w] dales;
A warlike realm, where ſtill the martial race
From Porus famed of yore their lineage trace.
Narſinga [x] here diſplays her ſpacious line;
In native gold her ſons and ruby ſhine:

[w] *And here Cambaya*—Now called Gazarate. The inhabitants are ingenious, cultivate letters, and are ſaid to be particularly happy in the agreeable Romance. According to ancient tradition, Porus was ſovereign of this country. His memory is ſtill preſerved with an eclat, worthy of that valour and generoſity which attracted the eſteem of the great Alexander. *Caſtera*. This country was known to the ancients by the name of Gedroſia.

[x] *Narſinga*—The laws of Narſinga oblige "the women to throw themſelves into the "funeral pile, to be burnt with their de- "ceaſed huſbands. An infallible ſecret to "prevent the deſire of widowhood." *Caſtera* from *Barros*, Dec. 4.

There are many accounts in different travellers of the performance of this moſt barbarous ceremony. The two following are ſelected as the moſt pictureſque of any in the knowledge of the tranſlator.

"At this time (1710) died the Prince of Marata, aged above eighty years. The ceremony of his funeral, where his forty-ſeven wives were burned with his corpſe, was thus: A deep circular pit was digged in a field without the town; in the middle of the trench was erected a pile of wood, on the top of which, on a couch richly ornamented, lay the body of the deceaſed Prince in his fineſt robes. After numberleſs rituals performed by the Bramins, the pile was ſet on fire, and immediately the unhappy Ladies appeared, ſparkling with jewels and adorned with flowers. Theſe victims of this diabolical ſacrifice walked ſeveral times about the burning pile, the heat whereof was felt at a conſiderable diſtance. The principal Lady then, holding the dagger of her late huſband, thus addreſſed herſelf to the Prince his ſucceſſor: Here, ſaid ſhe, is the dagger which the King made uſe of, to triumph over his enemies: beware never to employ it to other purpoſe, never to embrue it with the blood of your ſubjects. Govern them as a father, as he has done, and you ſhall live long and happy, as he did. Since he is no more, nothing can keep me longer in the world; all that remains for me is to follow him. With theſe words, ſhe reſigned the dagger into the Prince's hands, who took it from her without ſhewing the leaſt ſign of grief or compaſſion. The Princeſs now appeared agitated. One of her domeſtics, a Chriſtian woman, had frequently talked with her on religion, and though ſhe never renounced her idols, had made ſome impreſſions on her mind. Perhaps theſe impreſſions now revived. With a moſt expreſſive

Alas, how vain! theſe gaudy ſons of fear,
Trembling, bow down before each hoſtile ſpear.
And now behold;—and while he ſpoke he roſe;
Now with extended arm the proſpect ſhews,—
Behold theſe mountain-tops of various ſize
Blend their dim ridges with the fleecy ſkies;
Nature's rude wall, againſt the fierce Canar
They guard the fertile lawns of Malabar.
Here from the mountain to the ſurgy main,
Fair as a garden ſpreads the ſmiling plain:

preſſive look ſhe exclaimed, Alas! what is the end of human happineſs! I know I ſhall plunge myſelf headlong into hell. On theſe words, a horror was viſible on every countenance; when reſuming her courage, ſhe boldly turned her face to the burning pile, and calling upon her gods, flung herſelf into the midſt of the flames. The ſecond Lady was the ſiſter of a Prince of the blood, who was preſent, and aſſiſted at the deteſtable ſacrifice. She advanced to her brother, and gave him the jewels wherewith ſhe was adorned. His paſſion gave way, he burſt into tears, and fell upon her neck in the moſt tender embraces. She, however, remained unmoved, and with a reſolute countenance, ſometimes viewed the pile, and ſometimes the aſſiſtants. Then loudly exclaiming, *Chiva, Chiva*, the name of one of her idols, ſhe precipitated herſelf into the flames, as the former had done. The other Ladies ſoon followed after, ſome decently compoſed, and ſome with the moſt bewildered, down-caſt, ſorrowful looks. One of them, ſhocked above the reſt, ran to a Chriſtian ſoldier, whom ſhe beheld among the guards, and hanging about his neck, implored him to ſave her. The new convert, ſtunned with ſurprize, puſhed the unfortunate Lady from him; and ſhrieking aloud ſhe fell into the fiery trench. The ſoldier, all ſhivering with terror, immediately retired, and a delirious fever ended his life in the following night. Though many of the unhappy victims, diſcovered at firſt the utmoſt intrepidity, yet no ſooner did they feel the flames, than they roared out in the moſt dreadful manner; and, weltering over each other, ſtrove to gain the brim of the pit; but in vain: the aſſiſtants forced them back with their poles, and heaped new fuel upon them. The next day the *Bramins* gathered the bones, and threw them into the ſea. The pit was levelled, a temple built on the ſpot, and the deceaſed Prince and his wife were reckoned among the Deities. To conclude, this deteſtable cruelty has the appearance of the free choice of the women. But that freedom is only ſpecious; it is almoſt impoſſible to avoid it. If they do, they muſt lie under perpetual infamy, and the relations, who eſteem themſelves highly diſgraced, leave no means untried to oblige them to it. Princeſſes, and Concubines of Princes, however, are the only perſons from whom this ſpecies of ſuicide is expected. When women of inferior rank ſubmit to this abominable cuſtom, they are only urged to it by the impulſe of a barbarous pride and vanity of oſtentation." Extracted from a letter from Father Martin, on the miſſion of Coromandel, to Father de Villette, of the Society of Jeſus, publiſhed at Paris, in 1719.

Mr. Holwell the advocate and warm admirer of the Gentoos has taken great pains to vindicate the Practice of this horrid ſacrifice,

And lo, the Empreſs of the Indian powers,
There lofty Calicut reſplendent towers;
Her's every fragrance of the ſpicy ſhore,
Her's every gem of India's countleſs ſtore:

crifice, and the principles upon which, he ſays, it is eſtabliſhed These we have given in the Enquiry at the end of this Luſiad. His narrative is as follows:

"We have been preſent, ſays he, at many of theſe ſacrifices: in ſome of the victims we have obſerved a pitiable dread, tremor and reluctance, that ſtrongly ſpoke repentance for their declared reſolution, but it was now too late to retract or retreat; *Biſtnoo* was *waiting for the ſpirit*. If the ſelf-doomed victim diſcovers want of courage and fortitude, ſhe is with *gentle force* obliged to aſcend the pile, where ſhe is held down with long poles, held by men on each ſide of the pile, until the flames reach her; her ſcreams and cries in the mean time being drowned amidſt the deafening noiſe of loud muſic, and the acclamations of the multitude. — Others we have ſeen go through this fiery trial, with moſt amazing ſteady, calm reſolution, and joyous fortitude. It will not we hope be unacceptible, if we preſent our readers with an inſtance of the latter, which happened ſome years paſt at the *Eaſt India* company's factory at *Coſſimbuzaar*, in the time of Sir *Francis Ruſſel's* chiefſhip; the author, and ſeveral other gentlemen of the factory were preſent, ſome of whom are now (1765) living."

"At five of the clock on the morning of Feb. 4, 1742-3, died Rhaam Chund Pundit of the *Mahabrattor* tribe, aged twenty-eight years; his widow, (for he had but one wife) aged between ſeventeen and eighteen, as ſoon as he expired, diſdaining to wait the term allowed her for reflection, immediately declared to the *Bramins* and witneſſes preſent, her reſolution to burn."—Lady *Ruſſel*, ſays Mr. H. all the merchants, and the victim's own relations, uſed every endeavour to diſſuade her, but in vain. When urged to live on account of her three infant children, ſhe replied, *He that made them would take care of them*; and when told ſhe would not be permitted to burn, ſhe affirmed that *ſhe would ſtarve herſelf*.

"The body of the deceaſed was carried down to the water ſide early the following morning, the widow followed about ten o'clock, accompanied by three very principal *Bramins*, her children, parents, and relations, and a numerous concourſe of people. The *order of leave* * for her burning did not arrive until after one, and it was then brought by one of the *Soubah's* own officers, who had orders to ſee that ſhe burnt voluntarily. The time they waited for the order was employed in praying with the *Bramins*, and waſhing in the *Ganges*; as ſoon as it arrived ſhe retired, and ſtayed for the ſpace of half an hour in the midſt of her female relations, among whom was her mother; ſhe then diveſted herſelf of her bracelets and other ornaments, and tied them in a cloth which hung like an apron before her, and was conducted by her female relations to one corner of the pile; on the pile was an arched arbour, formed of dry ſticks, boughs and leaves, open only at one end to admit her entrance; in this the body of the deceaſed was depoſited, his head at the end oppoſite to the opening. At the corner of the pile to which ſhe had been conducted, the *Bramin* had made a ſmall fire, round which ſhe and the three *Bramins* ſat for ſome minutes; one of them gave into her hand a leaf of the bale tree (the wood commonly conſecrated to form part of the funeral pile) with ſundry things on it, which ſhe threw into the fire; one of the others gave her a ſecond leaf, which ſhe held over the flame, whilſt he dropped three times ſome ghee on it, which melted and fell into the fire (theſe two operations were preparatory ſymbols of her approaching diſſolution *by fire*) and whilſt they were performing this, the third *Bramin* read to her ſome por-

* On this Mr H. has the following note: "The *Gentoos* are not permitted to burn, without an order from the *Mahommedan* government, and this permiſſion is commonly made a perquiſite of."

Great Samoreem, her Lord's imperial ſtyle,
The mighty Lord of India's utmoſt ſoil:
To him the kings their duteous tribute pay,
And at his feet confeſs their borrowed ſway.
Yet higher tower'd the monarchs ancient boaſt,
Of old one ſovereign ruled the ſpacious [y] coaſt.
A votive train, who brought the Koran's lore,
What time great Perimal the ſceptre bore,
From bleſt Arabia's groves to India came:
Life were their words, their eloquence a flame
Of holy zeal: fired by the powerful ſtrain
The lofty monarch joins the faithful train,

tions of the *Aughtorrah Bhade*, and aſked her ſome queſtions, to which ſhe anſwered with a ſteady and ſerene countenance; but the noiſe was ſo great, we could not underſtand what ſhe ſaid, although we were within a yard of her:—theſe over, ſhe was led with great ſolemnity *three times* round the pile, the *Bramins* reading before her; when ſhe came the third time to the ſmall fire, ſhe ſtopped, took her rings off her toes and fingers, and put them to her other ornaments; here ſhe took a ſolemn, majeſtic leave of her children, parents and relations; after which one of the *Bramins* dipped a large wick of cotton in ſome ghee, and gave it ready lighted into her hand, and led her to the open ſide of the arbour; there all the *Bramins* fell at her feet—after ſhe had bleſſed them they retired weeping—by two ſteps ſhe aſcended the pile, and entered the arbour; on her entrance ſhe made a profound reverence at the feet of the deceaſed, and advanced and ſeated herſelf by his head; ſhe looked, in ſilent meditation, on his face for the ſpace of a minute, then ſet fire to the arbour in *three places*; obſerving that ſhe had ſet fire to leeward, and that the flames blew from her, inſtantly ſeeing her error, ſhe roſe, and ſet fire to windward, and reſumed her ſtation; enſign *Daniel* with his cane ſeparated the graſs and leaves on the windward ſide, by which means we had a diſtinct view of her as ſhe ſat. With what dignity and undaunted a countenance ſhe ſet fire to the pile the laſt time, and aſſumed her ſeat, can only be conceived, for words cannot convey a juſt idea of her.—The pile being of combuſtible matters, the ſupporters of the roof were preſently conſumed, and it tumbled upon her."

"There have been inſtances known, when the victim has, *by Europeans*, been forcibly reſcued from the pile; it is currently ſaid and believed (how true we will not aver) that the wife of Mr. *Job Charnock* was by him ſnatched from this ſacrifice; be this as it may, the outrage is conſidered by the Gentoos, an atrocious and wicked violation of their ſacred rites and privileges."

[y] *Of old one ſovereign ruled the ſpacious coaſt*—"Whatever Monzaida relates of the "people and their manners, is confirmed by "the hiſtories of India, according to Barros, "Caſtaneda, Maffeus, and Oſorius. Our "Author, in this, imitates Homer and "Virgil, who are fond of every opportu-"nity to introduce any curious cuſtom or "veſtige of antiquity." *Caſtera.*

And vows, at fair Medina's ſhrine, to cloſe
His life's mild eve in prayer and ſweet repoſe.
Gifts he prepares to deck the Prophet's tomb,
The glowing labours of the Indian loom,
Orixa's ſpices and Golconda's gems;
Yet, ere the fleet th'Arabian ocean ſtems,
His final care his potent regions claim,
Nor his the tranſport of a father's name;
His ſervants now the regal purple wear,
And high enthroned the golden ſceptres bear.
Proud Cochim one, and one fair Chalé ſways,
The ſpicy Iſle another Lord obeys:
Coulam and Cananoor's luxurious fields,
And Cranganore to various Lords he yields.
While theſe and others thus the monarch graced,
A noble youth his care unmindful paſt:
Save Calicut, a city poor and ſmall,
Though lordly now, no more remain'd to fall:
Grieved to behold ſuch merit thus repay'd,
The ſapient youth the king of kings he made,
And honour'd with the name, great Samoreem,
The lordly titled boaſt of power ſupreme.
And now great Perimal reſigns his reign,
The bliſsful bowers of Paradiſe to gain:
Before the gale his gaudy navy flies,
And India ſinks for ever from his eyes.

And ſoon to Calicut's commodious port
The fleets, deep-edging with the wave, reſort:
Wide o'er the ſhore extend the warlike piles,
And all the landſcape round luxurious ſmiles.
And now her flag to every gale unfurl'd,
She towers the Empreſs of the eaſtern world:
Such are the bleſſings ſapient kings beſtow,
And from thy ſtream ſuch gifts, O Commerce, flow.

From that ſage youth, who firſt reign'd king of kings,
He now who ſways the tribes of India ſprings.
Various the tribes, all led by fables vain,
Their rites the dotage of the dreamful brain.
All, ſave where Nature whiſpers modeſt care,
Naked they blacken in the ſultry air.
The haughty nobles and the vulgar race
Never muſt join the conjugal embrace;
Nor may the ſtripling, nor the blooming maid,
Oh loſt to joy, by cruel rites betray'd!
To ſpouſe of other than their father's art,
At Love's connubial ſhrine unite the heart:
Nor may their ſons, the genius and the view
Confined and fetter'd, other art purſue.
Vile were the ſtain, and deep the foul diſgrace,
Should other tribe touch one of noble race:

A thou-

A thouſand rites, and waſhings o'er and o'er,
Can ſcarce his tainted purity reſtore.
Poleas the labouring lower clans are named;
By the proud Nayres the noble rank is claimed;
The toils of culture, and of art they ſcorn,
The warrior's plumes their haughty brows adorn;
The ſhining faulchion brandiſh'd in the right,
Their left arm weilds the target in the fight;
Of danger ſcornful, ever arm'd they ſtand
Around the king, a ſtern barbarian band.
Whate'er in India holds the ſacred name
Of piety or lore, the Brahmins claim;
In wildeſt rituals, vain and painful, loſt,
Brahma their founder as a God they boaſt.
To crown their meal no meaneſt life expires,
Pulſe, fruit, and herbs alone their board requires:
Alone in lewdneſs riotous and free,
No ſpouſal ties with-hold, and no degree:
Loſt to the heart-ties, to his neighbour's arms
The willing huſband yields his ſpouſe's charms:
In unendear'd embraces free they blend;
Yet but the huſband's kindred may aſcend
The nuptial couch: alas, too bleſt, they know
Nor jealouſy's ſuſpence, nor burning woe;
The bitter drops which oft from dear affection flow.

But ſhould my lips each wond'rous ſcene unfold,
Which your glad eyes will ſoon amazed behold,
Oh, long before the various tale could run,
Deep in the weſt would ſink yon eaſtern ſun.
In few, all wealth from China to the Nile,
All balſoms, fruit, and gold on India's boſom ſmile.

While thus the Moor his faithful tale reveal'd,
Wide o'er the coaſt the voice of Rumour ſwell'd;
As firſt ſome upland vapour ſeems to float
Small as the ſmoke of lonely ſhepherd cot,
Soon o'er the dales the rolling darkneſs ſpreads,
And wraps in hazy clouds the mountain heads,
The leafleſs foreſt and the utmoſt lea;
And wide its black wings hover o'er the ſea:
The tear-dropt bough hangs weeping in the vale,
And diſtant navies rear the miſt-wet ſail.
So Fame increaſing, loud and louder grew,
And to the ſylvan camp reſounding flew;
A lordly band, ſhe cries, of warlike mien,
Of face and garb in India never ſeen,
Of tongue unknown, through gulphs undared before,
Unknown their aim, have reach'd the Indian ſhore.
To hail their Chief the Indian Lord prepares,
And to the fleet he ſends his banner'd Nayres:

As to the bay the nobles preſs along,
The wondering city pours th'unnumber'd throng.
And now brave GAMA and his ſplendid train,
Himſelf adorn'd in all the pride of Spain,
In gilded barges ſlowly bend to ſhore,
While to the lute the gently-falling oar
Now breaks the ſurges of the briny tide,
And now the ſtrokes the cold freſh ſtream divide.
Pleaſed with the ſplendour of the Luſian band,
On every bank the crowded thouſands ſtand.
Begirt with high-plumed nobles, by the flood
The firſt great Miniſter of India ſtood,
The Catual his name in India's tongue;
To GAMA ſwift the lordly Regent ſprung:
His open arms the valiant Chief enfold,
And now he lands him on the ſhore of gold:
With pomp unwonted India's nobles greet
The fearleſs heroes of the warlike fleet.
A couch on ſhoulders borne, in India's mode,
With gold the canopy and purple glow'd,
Receives the Luſian captain; equal rides
The lordly Catual, and onward guides,
While GAMA's train, and thouſands of the throng
Of India's ſons, encircling pour along.
To hold diſcourſe in various tongues they try;
In vain; the accents unremember'd die

Inſtant

Inſtant as utter'd. Thus on Babel's plain
Each builder heard his mate, and heard in vain.
GAMA the while, and India's ſecond Lord,
Hold glad reſponſes, as the various word
The faithful Moor unfolds. The city gate
They paſt, and onward, tower'd in ſumptuous ſtate,
Before them now the ſacred temple roſe;
The portals wide the ſculptured ſhrines diſcloſe.
The Chiefs advance, and, entered now, behold
The gods of wood, cold ſtone, and ſhining gold;
Various of figure, and of various face,
As the foul Demon will'd the likeneſs baſe.
Taught to behold the rays of godhead ſhine
Fair imaged in the human face divine,
With ſacred horror thrill'd, the Luſians viewed
The monſter forms, Chimera-like, and [b] rude.
Here ſpreading horns an human viſage bore;
So frown'd ſtern Jove in Lybia's fane of yore.
One body here two various faces rear'd;
So ancient Janus o'er his ſhrine appear'd.
An hundred arms another brandiſh'd wide;
So Titan's ſon the race of heaven [c] defy'd.

[b] *The monſter forms, Chimera-like, and rude.* Chimera, a monſter ſlain by Bellerophon.

Firſt, dire Chimera's conqueſt was enjoyn'd,
A mingled monſter of no mortal kind;
Behind, a dragon's fiery tail was ſpread,
A goat's rough body bore a lion's head;
Her pitchy noſtrils flaky flames expire,
Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.
Pope's Il. vi.

[c] *So Titan's ſon.*—Briareus.

And

And here a dog his ſnarling tuſks diſplay'd:
Anubis thus in Memphis' hallowed ſhade
Grinn'd horrible. With vile proſtrations low
Before theſe ſhrines the blinded Indians [d] bow.
And now again the ſplendid pomp proceeds;
To India's Lord the haughty Regent leads.
To view the glorious Leader of the fleet
Increaſing thouſands ſwell o'er every ſtreet;
High o'er the roofs the ſtruggling youths aſcend,
The hoary fathers o'er the portals bend,
The windows ſparkle with the glowing blaze
Of female eyes, and mingling diamonds' rays.
And now the train with ſolemn ſtate and ſlow,
Approach the royal gate, through many a row
Of fragrant wood walks, and of balmy bowers,
Radiant with fruitage, ever gay with flowers.

[d] *Before theſe ſhrines the blinded Indians bow.*—In this inſtance, Camoens has with great art deviated from the truth of hiſtory. As it was the great purpoſe of his hero to propagate the law of heaven in the Eaſt, it would have been highly abſurd to have repreſented Gama and his attendants as on their knees in a Pagan temple. This, however, was the caſe. "Gama, who had been told, ſays Oſorius, that there were many Chriſtians in India, conjectured that the temple, to which the Catual led him, was a Chriſtian church. At their entrance they were met by four prieſts, who ſeemed to make croſſes on their foreheads. The walls were painted with many images. In the middle was a little round chapel, in the wall of which, oppoſite to the entrance, ſtood an image which could hardly be diſcovered; *Erat enim locus ita ab omni ſolis radio ſecluſus, ut vix aliquis malignæ lucis ſplendor in eum penetraret.* The four prieſts aſcending, ſome entered the chapel by a little braſs door, and pointing to the benighted image, cried aloud, *Mary, Mary.* The Catual and his attendants proſtrated themſelves on the ground, while the Luſians on their bended knees adored the bleſſed virgin. "*Virginemque Dei matrem more noſtris uſitato venerantur.*" Thus Oſorius. Another writer ſays, that a Portugueſe ſailor, having ſome doubt, exclaimed, *If this be the Devil's image, I however worſhip God.*

Spacious the dome its pillar'd grandeur ſpread,
Nor to the burning day high tower'd the head;
The citron groves around the windows glow'd,
And branching palms their grateful ſhade beſtow'd;
The mellow light a pleaſing radiance caſt;
The marble walls Dædalian ſculpture graced.
Here India's fate, from darkeſt times of [e] old,
The wondrous Artiſt on the ſtone inroll'd;
Here o'er the meadows, by Hydaſpes' ſtream,
In fair array the marſhall'd legions ſeem:
A youth of gleeful eye the ſquadrons led,
Smooth was his cheek, and glow'd with pureſt red;
Around his ſpear the curling vine-leaves waved;
And by a ſtreamlet of the river laved,
Behind her founder, Nyſa's walls were [f] rear'd;
So breathing life the ruddy god appear'd,

[e] *Here India's fate*—The deſcription of the palace of the Zamorim, ſituated among aromatic groves, is according to hiſtory; the embelliſhment of the walls is in imitation of Virgil's deſcription of the Palace of king Latinus:

Tectum auguſtum, ingens, centum ſublime columnis,
Urbe fuit ſumma, &c.

The palace built by Picus, vaſt and proud,
Supported by a hundred pillars ſtood
And round encompaſs'd with a riſing wood.
The pile o'erlook'd the town, and drew the ſight,
Surpriſed at once with reverence and delight. . . .
Above the portal, carved in cedar wood,
Placed in their ranks their godlike grandſires ſtood.
Old Saturn, with his crooked ſcythe on high;
And Italus, that led the colony:
And ancient Janus with his double face,
And bunch of keys, the porter of the place.
There ſtood Sabinus, planter of the vines,
On a ſhort pruning hook his head reclines;
And ſtudiouſly ſurveys his generous wines.
Then warlike kings who for their country fought,
And honourable wounds from battle brought.
Around the poſts hung helmets, darts, and ſpears;
And captive chariots, axes, ſhields, and bars;
And broken beaks of ſhips, the trophies of their wars.
Above the reſt, as chief of all the band
Was Picus placed, a buckler in his hand;
His other waved a long divining wand.
Girt in his Gabin gown the hero ſate——
DRYD. EN. VII.

[f] *Behind her founder Nyſa's walls were rear'd*——
——*at diſtance far*
The Ganges laved the wide-extended war—
This is in the perſpective manner of the beautiful deſcriptions of the figures on the ſhield of Achilles. IL. XVIII.

Had

Had [e] Semele beheld the ſmiling boy,
The mother's heart had proudly heav'd with joy.
Unnumber'd here were ſeen th' Aſſyrian throng,
That drank whole rivers as they march'd along:
Each eye ſeem'd earneſt on their warrior queen,
High was her port, and furious was her mien;
Her valour only equall'd by her luſt;
Faſt by her ſide her courſer paw'd the duſt,
Her ſon's [h] vile rival; reeking to the plain
Fell the hot ſweat-drops as he champt the rein.
And here diſplay'd, moſt glorious to behold,
The Grecian banners opening many a fold,
Seem'd trembling on the gale; at diſtance far
The Ganges laved the wide-extended war.
Here the blue marble gives the helmet's gleam,
Here from the cuiras ſhoots the golden beam.
A proud-ey'd youth, with palms unnumber'd gay,
Of the bold veterans led the brown array;
Scornful of mortal birth enſhrin'd he rode,
Call'd Jove his father [i], and aſſumed the god.

[e] *Had Semele beheld the ſmiling boy*—The Theban Bacchus, to whom the Greek fabuliſts aſcribed the Indian expedition of Seſoſtris or Oſiris king of Egypt.

[h] *Her ſon's vile rival*——"The infamous paſſion of Semiramis for a horſe, "has all the air of a fable invented by the "Greeks to ſignify the extreme libidiny of "that queen. Her inceſtuous paſſion for "her ſon Nynias, however, is confirmed "by the teſtimony of the beſt authors. "Shocked at ſuch an horrid amour, Nynias "ordered her to be put to death." *Caſtera.*

[i] *Call'd Jove his father.*—The *bon mot* of Olympias on this pretenſion of her ſon Alexander, was admired by the ancients. "This hot-headed youth, forſooth, cannot "be at reſt unleſs he embroil me in a quarrel with Juno." QUINT. CURT.

While dauntleſs GAMA and his train ſurvey'd
The ſculptured walls, the lofty Regent ſaid;
For nobler wars than theſe you wondering ſee
That ample ſpace th' eternal fates decree:
Sacred to theſe th' unpictured wall remains,
Unconſcious yet of vanquiſh'd India's chains.
Aſſured we know the awful day ſhall come,
Big with tremendous fate, and India's doom.
The ſons of Brahma, by the god their ſire
Taught to illume the dread divining fire,
From the drear manſions of the dark abodes
Awake the dead, or call th' infernal gods;
Then round the flame, while glimmering ghaſtly blue,
Behold the future ſcene ariſe to view.
The ſons of Brahma in the magic hour
Beheld the foreign foe tremendous lour;
Unknown their tongue, their face, and ſtrange attire,
And their bold eye-balls burn'd with warlike ire:
They ſaw the chief o'er proſtrate India rear
The glittering terrors of his awful ſpear.
But ſwift behind theſe wintery days of woe
A ſpring of joy aroſe in livelieſt glow,
Such gentle manners leagued with wiſdom reign'd
In the dread victors, and their rage reſtrain'd:
Beneath their ſway majeſtic, wiſe, and mild,
Proud of her victors' laws thrice happier India ſmiled.

So

So to the prophets of the Brahmin train
The viſions [i] roſe, that never roſe in vain.

The Regent ceaſed; and now with ſolemn pace
The Chiefs approach the regal hall of grace.
The tapſtried walls with gold were pictured [k] o'er,
And flowery velvet ſpread the marble floor.
In all the grandeur of the Indian ſtate,
High on a blazing couch the Monarch ſate,
With ſtarry gems the purple curtains ſhined,
And ruby flowers and golden foliage twined

[i] *The viſions roſe*——The pretenſions to, and belief in divination and magic, are found in the hiſtory of every nation and age. The ſources from whence thoſe opinions ſprung, may be reduced to theſe: The ſtrong deſire which the human mind has to pry into futurity. The conſciouſneſs of its own weakneſs, and the *inſtinctive* belief, if it may be ſo called, in inviſible agents. On theſe foundations it is eaſy for the artful to take every advantage of the ſimple and credulous. A knowledge of the virtues of plants, and of ſome chemical preparations, appeared as altogether ſupernatural to the great bulk of mankind in former ages. And ſuch is the proneneſs of the ignorant mind, to reſolve, what it does not comprehend, into the marvellous, that even the common medicinal virtues of plants were eſteemed as magical, and dependent upon the incantation which was muttered over the application of them. But we muſt not ſuppoſe that all the profeſſors of magical knowledge were determined cheats, and conſcious impoſtors. So far from ſuch idea of the futility of their pretended art, they themſelves were generally the dupes of their own prejudices, of prejudices imbibed in their moſt early years, and to which the veneration of their oldeſt age was devoutly paid. Nor were the prieſts of ſavage tribes the only profeſſors and ſtudents of inchantment. The very greateſt names of Pagan antiquity, during the firſt centuries of the Chriſtian æra, firmly believed in divination, and were earneſtly devoted to the purſuit of it. If Cicero, once or twice in his life, conſulted the flight of birds, or the manner in which chickens picked up their corn; the great philoſopher Marcus Aurelius Antoninus carried his veneration for the occult ſciences much farther. When he might have attacked the Quadi and Marcomanni with every proſpect of ſucceſs, he delayed to do it, till the magical ſacrifice preſcribed by Alexander of Pontus, the magician, could be performed. But when this was performed, the barbarians happened to be greatly reinforced, and Antoninus was defeated, with the loſs of 20,000 men. Yet his devout obſervation of ſuch rites never ſuffered the leaſt abatement. And the enlarged, and philoſophical mind of the accompliſhed Julian, by ſome called the Apoſtate, was amid all his other great avocations, moſt aſſiduouſly devoted to the ſtudy of magic.

[k] *The tapſtried walls with gold were pictured o'er,*
And flowery velvet ſpread the marble floor—
According to Oſorius.

Around

Around the ſilver pillars: High o'er head
The golden canopy its radiance ſhed:
Of cloth of gold the ſovereign's mantle ſhone,
And his high turban flamed with precious ſtone.
Sublime and awful was his ſapient mien,
Lordly his poſture, and his brow ſerene.
An hoary ſire ſubmiſs on bended knee,
(Low bow'd his head,) in India's luxury,
A leaf[1], all fragrance to the glowing taſte,
Before the king each little while replaced.
The patriarch Brahmin, ſoft and ſlow he roſe,
Advancing now to lordly GAMA bows,
And leads him to the throne: in ſilent ſtate
The Monarch's nod aſſigns the Captain's ſeat;
The Luſian train in humbler diſtance ſtand:
Silent the Monarch eyes the foreign band
With awful mien; when valiant GAMA broke
The ſolemn pauſe, and thus majeſtic ſpoke;

From where the crimſon ſun of evening laves
His blazing chariot in the weſtern waves,

[1] *A leaf.*——The Betel. This is a particular luxury of the Eaſt. The Indians powder it with the fruit of *Areca*, or *drunken date tree*, and chew it, ſwallowing the juice. Its virtues, they ſay, preſerve the teeth, ſtrengthen the ſtomach, and incite to venery. It is ſo eſteemed in India, that its origin is derived from heaven. *Degaſtri*, one of the wives of the celeſtial ſpirits, carried *Argionem*, an Indian, one day to heaven, from whence he ſtole the *betel*, and planted it on earth. And for this reaſon, he who cultures the *betel*, muſt, as neceſſary to its thriving, ſteal the ſtock which he plants. The leaf is ſo like our common ivy, that ſome Indian Ambaſſadors at Liſbon have uſed the latter mixed with the Cypreſs apples inſtead of the areca, and have ſaid, that in virtue it was much the ſame with the Indian plant. Our dictionaries call the betel, the baſtard pepper.

I come,

I come, the herald of a mighty King,
And holy vows of laſting friendſhip bring
To thee, O Monarch, for reſounding Fame
Far to the weſt has borne thy princely name,
All India's ſovereign Thou! Nor deem I ſue,
Great as thou art, the humble ſuppliant's due.
Whate'er from weſtern Tagus to the Nile,
Inſpires the monarch's wiſh, the merchant's toil,
From where the north-ſtar gleams o'er ſeas of froſt,
To Ethiopia's utmoſt burning coaſt,
Whate'er the ſea, whate'er the land beſtows,
In My great Monarch's realm unbounded flows.
Pleaſed thy high grandeur and renown to hear,
My Sovereign offers friendſhip's bands ſincere:
Mutual he aſks them, naked of diſguiſe,
Then every bounty of the ſmiling ſkies
Shower'd on his ſhore and thine, in mutual flow,
Shall joyful Commerce on each ſhore beſtow.
Our might in war, what vanquiſh'd nations fell
Beneath our ſpear, let trembling Afric tell;
Survey my floating towers, and let thine ear,
Dread as it roars, our battle thunder hear.
If friendſhip then thy honeſt wiſh explore,
That dreadful thunder on thy foes ſhall roar.
Our banners o'er the crimſon field ſhall ſweep,
And our tall navies ride the foamy deep,

Till

Till not a foe againſt thy land ſhall rear
Th' invading bowſprit, or the hoſtile ſpear;
My King, thy brother, thus thy wars ſhall join,
The glory his, the gainful harveſt thine.

Brave GAMA ſpake: the Pagan King replies,
From lands which now behold the morning riſe,
While eve's dim clouds the Indian ſky enfold,
Glorious to us an offer'd league we hold.
Yet ſhall our will in ſilence reſt unknown,
Till what your land, and who the King you own,
Our Council deeply weigh. Let joy the while,
And the glad feaſt the fleeting hours beguile.
Ah! to the wearied mariner, long toſt
O'er briny waves, how ſweet the long-ſought coaſt!
The night now darkens; on the friendly ſhore
Let ſoft repoſe your wearied ſtrength reſtore,
Aſſured an anſwer from our lips to bear,
Which, not diſpleaſed, your Sovereign Lord ſhall hear.
More [m] now we add not—From the hall of ſtate
Withdrawn, they now approach the Regent's gate;
The ſumptuous banquet glows; all India's pride
Heap'd on the board the royal feaſt ſupplied.
Now o'er the dew-drops of the eaſtern lawn
Gleamed the pale radiance of the ſtar of dawn,
The valiant GAMA on his couch repoſed,
And balmy reſt each Luſian eye-lid cloſed;

[m] *More now we add not*—The tenor of this firſt converſation between the Zamorim and Gama, is according to the truth of hiſtory.

When

When the high Catual, watchful to fulfil
The cautious mandates of his Sovereign's will,
In ſecret converſe with the Moor retires,
And, earneſt, much of Luſus' ſons enquires;
What laws, what holy rites, what monarch ſway'd
The warlike race? When thus the juſt Mozaide:

The land from whence theſe warriors well I know,
(To neighbouring earth my hapleſs birth I owe)
Illuſtrious Spain, along whoſe weſtern ſhores
Grey-dappled eve the dying twilight pours.—
A wonderous prophet gave their holy lore,
The Godlike Seer a virgin-mother bore,
Th' Eternal Spirit on the human race,
So be they taught, beſtow'd ſuch awful grace.
In war unmatch'd they rear the trophied creſt:
What [m] terrors oft have thrill'd my infant breaſt,
When their brave deeds my wondering fathers told;
How from the lawns, where chryſtalline and cold,
The Guadiana rowls his murmuring tide;
And thoſe where, purple by the Tago's ſide,
The lengthening vineyards gliſten o'er the field;
Their warlike fires my routed fires expell'd.

[m] *What terrors oft have thrill'd my infant breaſt*—The enthuſiaſm with which Monzaida, a Moor, talks of the Portugueſe, may perhaps to ſome appear unnatural. Camoens ſeems to be aware of this by giving a reaſon for that enthuſiaſm in the firſt ſpeech of Monzaida to Gama;

Heaven ſent you here for ſome great work divine,
And heaven inſpires my breaſt your ſacred truths to join.

That this Moor did conceive a great affection for Gama, whoſe religion he embraced, and to whom he proved of the utmoſt ſervice, is according to the truth of hiſtory.

Nor pauſed their rage; the furious ſeas they braved;
Nor loftieſt walls, nor caſtled mountains ſaved;
Round Afric's thouſand bays their navies rode,
And their proud armies o'er our armies trod.
Nor leſs, let Spain through all her kingdoms own,
O'er other foes their dauntleſs valour ſhone:
Let Gaul confeſs, her mountain ramparts wild,
Nature in vain the hoar Pyrenians piled.
No foreign lance could e'er their rage reſtrain,
Unconquer'd ſtill the warrior race remain.
More would you hear, ſecure your care may truſt
The anſwer of their lips, ſo nobly juſt,
Conſcious of inward worth, of manners plain,
Their manly ſouls the gilded lye diſdain.
Then let thine eyes their lordly might admire,
And mark the thunder of their arms of fire:
The ſhore with trembling hears the dreadful ſound,
And rampired walls lie ſmoaking on the ground.
Speed to the fleet; their arts, their prudence weigh,
How wiſe in peace, in war how dread, ſurvey.

With keen deſire the craftful Pagan burn'd;
Soon as the morn in orient blaze return'd,
To view the fleet his ſplendid train prepares;
And now attended by the lordly Nayres,

The

The ſhore they cover, now the oar-men ſweep
The foamy ſurface of the azure deep:
And now brave PAULUS gives the friendly hand,
And high on GAMA's lofty deck they ſtand.
Bright to the day the purple ſail-cloaths glow,
Wide to the gale the ſilken enſigns flow;
The pictured flags diſplay the warlike ſtrife;
Bold ſeem the heroes as inſpired by life.
Here arm to arm the ſingle combat ſtrains,
Here burns the battle on the tented plains
General and fierce; the meeting lances thruſt,
And the black blood ſeems ſmoaking on the duſt.
With earneſt eyes the wondering Regent views
The pictured warriors, and their hiſtory ſues.
But now the ruddy juice, by Noah [n] found,
In foaming gobblets circled ſwiftly round,
And o'er the deck ſwift roſe the feſtive board;
Yet ſmiling oft, refrains the Indian Lord:
His faith forbade with other [o] tribe to join
The ſacred meal, eſteem'd a rite divine.
In bold vibrations, thrilling on the ear,
The battle ſounds the Luſian trumpets rear;
Loud burſt the thunders of the arms of fire,
Slow round the ſails the clouds of ſmoke aſpire,

[n] —— the ruddy juice by Noah found— Gen. ix. 20. *And Noah began to be an huſbandman, and he planted a vineyard, and he drank of the wine*, &c.

[o] *His faith forbade with other tribe to join The ſacred meal, eſteem'd a rite divine.*— The opinion of the ſacredneſs of the table is very ancient in the Eaſt. It is plainly to be diſcovered in the hiſtory of Abraham and the Hebrew patriarchs.

And rolling their dark volumes o'er the day,
The Luſian war, in dreadful pomp, diſplay.
In deepeſt thought the careful Regent weigh'd
The pomp and power at GAMA's nod bewray'd,
Yet ſeem'd alone in wonder to behold
The glorious heroes and the wars half told
In ſilent poeſy—Swift from the board
High crown'd with wine, uproſe the Indian Lord;
Both the bold GAMAS, and their generous Peer,
The brave COELLO, roſe, prepared to hear,
Or, ever courteous, give the meet reply:
Fixt and enquiring was the Regent's eye:
The warlike image of an hoary ſire,
Whoſe name ſhall live till earth and time expire,
His wonder fixt; and more than human glow'd
The hero's look; his robes of Grecian mode;
A bough, his enſign, in his right he waved,
A leafy bough——But I, fond man depraved!
Where would I ſpeed, as mad'ning in a dream,
Without your aid, ye Nymphs of Tago's ſtream!
Or yours, ye Dryads of Mondego's bowers!
Without your aid how vain my wearied powers!
Long yet and various lies my arduous way
Through louring tempeſts and a boundleſs ſea.
Oh then, propitious hear your ſon implore,
And guide my veſſel to the happy ſhore.

Ah!

Ah! ſee how long what per'lous days, what woes
On many a foreign coaſt around me roſe,
As dragg'd by Fortune's chariot wheels along
I ſooth'd my ſorrows with the warlike [o] ſong;
Wide ocean's horrors lengthening now around,
And now my footſteps trod the hoſtile ground;
Yet mid each danger of tumultuous war
Your Luſian heroes ever claim'd my care:
As Canace of old, ere [p] ſelf-deſtroy'd,
One hand the pen, and one the ſword employ'd.
Degraded now, by poverty abhorr'd,
The gueſt dependent at the Lordling's board:
Now bleſt with all the wealth fond hope could crave,
Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the [q] wave
For ever loſt; myſelf eſcaped alone,
On the wild ſhore all friendleſs, hopeleſs, thrown;
My life, like Judah's heaven-doom'd king of [r] yore,
By miracle prolong'd; yet not the more
To end my ſorrows: woes ſucceeding woes
Belied my earneſt hopes of ſweet repoſe:

[o] ——— *the warlike ſong* —— Though Camoens began his Luſiad in Portugal, almoſt the whole of it was written while on the ocean, while in Africa, and in India. See his Life.

[p] *As Canace*—Daughter of Eolus. Her father having thrown her inceſtuous child to the dogs, ſent her a ſword, with which ſhe ſlew herſelf. In Ovid ſhe writes an epiſtle to her huſband-brother, where ſhe thus deſcribes herſelf;

Dextra tenet calamum, ſtrictum tenet altera ferrum.

[q] *Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the wave*
For ever loſt——See the Life of Camoens.

[r] *My life, like Judah's heaven-doom'd king of yore*—Hezekiah. See Iſaiah xxxviii.

In

In place of bays around my brows toſhed
Their ſacred honours, o'er my deſtined head
Foul Calumny proclaim'd the fraudful tale,
And left me mourning in a dreary [r] jail.
Such was the meed, alas! on me beſtow'd,
Beſtow'd by thoſe for whom my numbers glow'd,
By thoſe who to my toils their laurel honours owe

Ye gentle Nymphs of Tago's roſy bowers,
Ah, ſee what letter'd Patron-Lords are yours!
Dull as the herds that graze their flowery dales,
To them in vain the injured Muſe bewails:
No foſtering care their barbarous hands beſtow,
Though to the Muſe their faireſt fame they owe.
Ah, cold may prove the future Prieſt of Fame
Taught by my fate: yet will I not diſclaim
Your ſmiles, ye Muſes of Mondego's ſhade,
Be ſtill my deareſt joy your happy aid!
And hear my vow; Nor king, nor loftieſt peer
Shall e'er from Me the ſong of flattery hear;
Nor crafty tyrant, who in office reigns,
Smiles on his king, and binds the land in chains;
His king's worſt foe: Nor he whoſe raging ire,
And raging wants, to ſhape his courſe, conſpire;

[r] *And left me mourning in a dreary jail*— This, and the whole paragraph from *Degraded now, by poverty abhorr'd*— alludes to his fortunes in India. The latter circumſtance relates particularly to the baſe and inhuman treatment he received on his return to Goa, after his unhappy ſhipwreck. See his Life.

True

True to the clamours of the blinded crowd,
Their changeful Proteus, inſolent and loud:
Nor he whoſe honeſt mien ſecures applauſe,
Grave though he ſeem, and father of the laws,
Who, but half-patriot, niggardly denies
Each other's merit, and withholds the prize:
Who [p] ſpurns the Muſe, nor feels the raptured ſtrain,
Uſeleſs by him eſteem'd, and idly vain:

[p] *Who ſpurns the Muſe*——Similarity of condition has produced ſimilarity of ſentiment in Camoens and Spenſer. Each was the ornament of his country and of his age; and each was cruelly neglected by the Men of Power, who, in truth, were incapable to judge of their merit, or to reliſh their writings. We have ſeen ſeveral of the ſtrictures of Camoens on the barbarous Nobility of Portugal. The ſimilar complaints of Spenſer will ſhew that neglect of Genius, however, was not confined to the court of Liſbon.

O Grief of griefs; O Gall of all good hearts!
To ſee that Virtue ſhould deſpiſed be
Of ſuch as firſt were raiſed for Virtue's parts,
And now broad ſpreading like an aged tree,
Let none ſhoot up that nigh them planted be.
O let not thoſe of whom the Muſe is ſcorned,
Alive or dead be by the Muſe adorned.
Ruins of Time.

It is thought Lord Burleigh, who withheld the bounty intended by Queen Elizabeth, is here meant. But he is more clearly ſtigmatized in theſe remarkable lines, where the miſery of dependence on Court-favour is painted in colours which muſt recal ſeveral ſtrokes of the Luſiad to the mind of the Reader.

Full little knoweſt thou that haſt not tried,
What hell it is, in ſuing long to bide;
To loſe good days, that might be better ſpent,
To waſte long nights in penſive diſcontent;
To ſpeed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and ſorrow;
To have thy Princeſs' grace, yet want her peers;
To have thy aſking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy ſoul with croſſes and with cares,
To eat thy heart thro' comfortleſs deſpairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To ſpend, to give, to want, to be undone.
Mother Hubberd's Tale.

Theſe lines exaſperated ſtill more the inelegant, the illiberal Burleigh. So true is the obſervation of Mr. Hughes, that, *even the ſighs of a miſerable man are ſometimes reſented as an affront by him that is the occaſion of them.*

The arrival of Gama in India—In ſeveral parts of the Luſiad the Portugueſe Poet has given ample proof that he could catch the genuine ſpirit of Homer and Virgil. The ſeventh Luſiad throughout bears a ſtriking reſemblance to the ſeventh and eighth Æneid. Much of the action is naturally the ſame; Æneas lands in Italy, and Gama in India; but the conduct of Camoens, in his maſterly imitation of his great model, particularly demands obſervation. Had Statius or Ovid deſcribed the landing or reception of Æneas, we ſhould undoubtedly have been preſented with pictures different from thoſe of the pencil of Virgil. We ſhould have ſeen much buſtle and fire, and perhaps much ſmoke and falſe dignity. Yet if we may judge from the Odyſſey, Homer, had he written the Æneid, would have written as the Roman Poet wrote, would have preſented us with a calm majeſtic narrative, till every circumſtance was explained, and then would have given the concluding books of hurry and fire. In this manner has Virgil written, and in this manner has Camoens followed him, as far as the different nature of his ſubject would allow. In Virgil, king Latinus is informed by prodigies and prophecy of the fate of his kingdom, and of the new-

landed

For him, for theſe, no wreath my hand ſhall twine;
On other brows th' immortal rays ſhall ſhine:
He who the path of honour ever trod,
True to his King, his country, and his God,
On his bleſt head my hands ſhall fix the crown
Wove of the deathleſs laurels of Renown.

landed ſtrangers. Æneas enters Latium. The dinner on the graſs, and the prophecy of famine turned into a jeſt. He ſends ambaſſadors to Latinus, whoſe palace is deſcribed. The embaſſy is received in a friendly manner. Juno, enraged, calls the aſſiſtance of the Fiends, and the truce is broken. Æneas, admoniſhed in a dream, ſeeks the aid of Evander. The voyage up the Tyber, the court of Evander, and the ſacrifices in which he was employed, are particularly deſcribed. In all this there is no blaze of fire, no earneſt hurry. Theſe are judiciouſly reſerved for their after and proper place. In the ſame manner Camoens lands his hero in India; and though in ſome circumſtances the reſemblance to Virgil is evident, yet he has followed him as a free imitator, who was conſcious of his own ſtrength, and not as a Copyiſt. He has not deſerved that ſhrewd ſatire which Mr. Pope, not unjuſtly, throws on Virgil himſelf. "Had the galley of "*Sergeſtus* been broken, ſays he, if the cha- "riot of *Eumelus* had not been demoliſhed? "Or *Mneſtheus* been caſt from the helm, had "not the other been thrown from his ſeat?" In a word, that calm dignity of poetical narrative which breathes through the ſeventh and eighth Æneid, is judiciouſly copied, as moſt proper for the ſubject; and with the hand of a maſter characteriſtically ſuſtained throughout the ſeventh book of the Poem which celebrates the diſcovery of the Eaſtern World.

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

ENQUIRY

ENQUIRY into the RELIGIOUS TENETS,

AND

PHILOSOPHY of the BRAHMINS.

AN account of the celebrated ſect of the Brahmins, and an enquiry into their theology and philoſophy, are undoubtedly requiſite in the notes of a Poem which celebrates the diſcovery of the Eaſtern World; of a poem where their rites and opinions are neceſſarily mentioned. To place the ſubject in the cleareſt and moſt juſt view, as far as his abilities will ſerve him, is the intention of the tranſlator. If he cannot be ſo warm in his admiration of the religious philoſophy of the Hindoos, as ſome late writers have been, ſome circumſtances of that philoſophy, as delivered by themſelves, it is hoped, will very fully exculpate his coolneſs.

But before we endeavour to trace the religion and philoſophy of the Brahmins by the lights of antiquity, and the concurrent teſtimony of the moſt learned travellers who have viſited India ſince the diſcovery of that country by the hero of the Luſiad, it will not be improper to pay particular attention to the *ſyſtematical* accounts of the doctrines of the Gentoos, which have lately been given to the public by Mr. Holwell and Mr. Dow. A particular attention is due to theſe gentlemen: each of them brands all the received accounts of the Gentoos as moſt ignorantly fallacious, and each of them claims an opportunity of knowledge enjoyed by no traveller before himſelf: Each of them has been in Aſia, in the Eaſt India Company's ſervice, and each of them aſſures us that he has converſed with the moſt learned of the Brahmins.

Mr. Holwell's ſyſtem, we have endeavoured with the utmoſt exactneſs thus to abridge. "It is an allowed truth, (ſays he, ch. viii. p. 3.), "that there never was yet any ſyſtem of theology broached to mankind, whoſe firſt profeſſors and propagators did not announce *its deſcent from* GOD; and God forbid we ſhould doubt of, or impeach the divine origin of any of them; for ſuch eulogium they poſſibly all merited in their primitive purity, could they be traced up to that ſtate."

Again in p. 50. "The religions which manifeſtly carry the divine ſtamp of God, are, firſt, that which *Bramah* was appointed to declare to the ancient *Hindoos*; ſecondly, that law which *Moſes* was deſtined to deliver to the ancient *Hebrews*; and thirdly, that which *Chriſt* was delegated to preach to the latter *Jews* and *Gentiles*, or the *Pagan* world."

The divine œconomy of theſe different revelations is thus accounted for by our Author. "Let us ſee how far the ſimilitude of doctrines, (p. 72.) preached firſt by *Bramah*, and afterwards *Chriſt*, at the diſtinct period of above 3000 years, corroborate our concluſions; if they mutually ſupport each other, it amounts to proof of the authenticity of both. *Bramah* preached the exiſtence of ONE ONLY, ETERNAL GOD, his firſt created angelic being, BIRMAH, *Biſtnoo*, *Sieb*, and *Moiſaſoor*; the *pure* Goſpel diſpenſation teaches ONE ONLY ETERNAL GOD, his firſt begotten of the father CHRIST; the angelic beings *Gabriel*, *Michael*, and *Satan*, all theſe correſponding under different names minutely with each other, in their reſpective dignities, functions and characters. *Birmah* is made prince and governor of all the angelic bands, and the occaſional vice-

gerent

" gerent of the *eternal One*; Chriſt is in-
" veſted with *all power* by the *Father*;
" *Birmah* is deſtined to works of power and
" glory, ſo is *Chriſt*; *Biſtnoo* to acts of
" benevolence, ſo is *Gabriel*; *Sieb* to acts
" of terror and deſtruction, ſo is *Michael*—
" Moiſaſoor is repreſented as a prime an-
" gel, and the inſtigator and leader of the
" revolt in heaven, ſo is the Satan of the
" goſpel."—After much more in this ſtrain our author adds, " It is no violence
" to faith (p. 80.) if we believe that Bir-
" mah and Chriſt is one and the ſame
" individual celeſtial being, the firſt
" begotten of the Father, who had moſt
" probably appeared at *different* periods of
" time, in *diſtant* parts of the earth, under
" *various* mortal forms of humanity and
" denominations."—Having thus ſeen who Birmah is, we now proceed to our author's account of the Scriptures which he delivered to mankind. Chriſt, he tells us, (p. 80.) ſtyled Birmah by the Eaſterns, delivered the great primitive truths to man at his creation: but theſe truths being effaced by time and the induſtrious influence of Satan, a written record became neceſſary, and Bramah accordingly gave the *Shaſtah*. This we are told, (ch. iv. p. 12.) was at the beginning of the preſent age (or world) when Bramah having aſſumed the human form, and the government of Indoſtan, tranſlated the *Chatah Bhade Shaſtah* from the language of angels, into the *Sanſcrit*, a tongue at that time univerſally known in India. " Theſe *Scriptures*, ſays our author, (ch. viii. p. 71.) contain, to a moral certainty the original doctrines, and terms of reſtoration, delivered from God himſelf by the mouth of his firſt created Birmah to mankind at his firſt creation in the *form of man*. And in p. 74. tells us that, " the *miſſion of Chriſt* is the ſtrongeſt confirmation of the authenticity and divine origin of the *Chatah-bhade Shaſtah of Bramah*; the doctrines of both, according to our author, being originally the ſame.

We now proceed to give an account of the ſyſtem which Mr. H. has laid before the public as the pure and ſublime doctrine of the Brahmins.

God is one; the creator of all that is; he governs by a general providence, the reſult of fixed principles: it is vain and criminal to enquire into the nature of his exiſtance, or by what laws he governs. In the fulneſs of time he reſolved to participate his glory and eſſence with beings capable of feeling and ſharing his beatitude, and of adminiſtering to his glory. He willed, and they were—he formed them in part of his own eſſence; capable of perfection, but with the powers (as Mr. Holwell terms it) of imperfection, both depending on their voluntary election. God has no preſcience of the actions of free agents, but he knows the thought of every being the moment it is conceived. He firſt created *Birmah*; then *Biſtnoo*, *Sieb* and *Moiſaſoor*, then all the ranks of angelic beings. He made Birmah his Vicegerent and prince of all ſpirits, whom he put in ſubjection under him; Biſtnoo and Sieb were his coadjutors—Over every angelic band he placed a chief. Moiſaſoor, chief of the firſt band led the ſong of praiſe and adoration to the Creator, and the ſong of obedience to Birmah, his firſt created. Joy compaſſed the throne of God for millions of years. Envy and jealouſy at laſt took poſſeſſion of Moiſaſoor, and Rhaabon, the angel next to him in dignity. They withheld their obedience from God; denied ſubmiſſion to his vicegerent, and drew a great part of the angelic hoſt into their rebellion. God ſent *Birmah*, *Biſtnoo* and *Seib*, to admoniſh and perſuade them to return to their duty, but this mercy only hardened them. The Eternal ONE then commanded *Sieb* to go armed with his omnipotence, to drive them from heaven, and plunge them into intenſe darkneſs for ever. Here they groaned 426,000,000 years. (See ch. iv. p. 47. and 119.) *Birmah*, *Biſtnoo*, *Seib*, and the faithful angels never ceaſed imploring the Eternal One for their pardon and reſtoration. By their interceſſion he at length relented. He declared his gracious intentions, and having given his power to Birmah, he retired into himſelf and became inviſible to all the angelic hoſt for the ſpace of 5000 years. At the end of this period he again appeared, and reſuming his throne, propoſed the creation of the material univerſe, which was to conſiſt of fifteen regions, or planets. In theſe the delinquent ſpirits were to be united to mortal bodies, in which they were to undergo a ſtate of purgation, probation, and purification, and to ſuffer natural evils, according to the degrees of their original guilt. *Biſtnoo* by God's command created the material Univerſe, and united the fallen ſpirits to mortal bodies Eighty-nine tranſmigrations form the term of purgation and

animal. Eighty-ſeven of theſe are through various animals, according to the original degree of turpitude. The leſs criminal ſpirits animate bees, ſinging birds, and other innocent creatures; while thoſe of deeper guilt become wolves and tygers. "And it ſhall be (ſays Mr. H:'s verſion of that part of the *Shaſtah*) "that when the rebellious *Debtah (ſpirit)* ſhall have acompliſhed and paſſed through the eighty-ſeven tranſmigrations, they ſhall, from my abundant favour *(it is the Deity who ſpeaks)* animate a new form; and thou, *Biſtnoo*, ſhalt call it *Ghoij* (i. e. the *Cow.)* And it ſhall be, that when the mortal body of the *Ghoij* ſhall by a natural decay become inanimate, the delinquent *Debtah* ſhall, from my more abundant favour, animate the form of MHURD, (i. e. *Man*) and in this form I will enlarge their intellectual powers, even as when I firſt created them free; and in this form ſhall be their chief ſtate of their trial and probation." In the next ſentence the cow is ordered to be deemed ſacred and holy *.

Of the fifteen planets made for the reception of the rebel ſpirits, ſeven are called lower, and ſeven higher than the earth. The lower ones are the regions of puniſhment and purgation; our earth, the principal ſeat of probation; and the higher ones are the regions of purification, from whence the approved ſpirits are again received into the Divine Preſence in the higheſt heaven. Mr. Holwell's Shaſtah ſays, that God, "although he could not foreſee the effect of his mercy on the future conduct of the delinquents, yet unwilling to relinquiſh the hopes of their repentance, he declared his will."—The principal terms of acceptance were, that they ſhould do all good offices to, and love one another. Unnatural luſt and ſelf-murder are declared as crimes for which no more probation ſhall be allowed, but the ſpirit who offends in theſe is to be plunged into the *Onderah*, or *interſe darkneſs* forever. What pity is it that theſe crimes againſt which "*Th' Eternal has fixt his canon*" ſhould be mentioned together with the abſurdities which follow! Whatever animal deſtroys the mortal form of another, be it that of gnat, bee, cow, or man, its ſpirit ſhall be plunged into the *Onderah* for a ſpace †, and from thence ſhall begin anew the eighty-nine tranſmigrations, notwithſtanding whatever number it may have formerly completed.

The time which the purgation and trial of the rebel ſpirits is to continue, is alſo aſcertained. It is divided into four *Jogues*, or ages, which in reality are new creations of the Univerſe. Three of theſe are paſt—The *Suttee Jogue*, or age of *truth*, laſted 3,200,000 years. In this period the life of man was 100,000 years. The *Tirta Jogue* continued 1,600,000 years, in which the life of man conſiſted of 10,000 years. The *Devapaar Jogue* was ſhortened to 800,000, and the human life to 1000 years. The laſt, the *Kolee Jogue*, or age of *pollution*, is, to expire after a period of 400,000 years. In this, human life is reduced to 100 years, and the man is deemed to haſten his exit who dies under that number. In the preſent A. D. 1777, 4877 years of this age have only elapſed, and therefore 359,123 are yet to come.

When *Biſtnoo* propoſed the terms of mercy to the fallen ſpirits in the *Onderah*, all except *Moiſaſoor*, *Rhaabon* and the other leaders of the rebellion, accepted,

* Mr. H. tells us that when a Cow ſuffers death by accident or violence, or through the neglect of the owner, it is eſteemed a ſign of God's wrath againſt the ſpirit of the proprietor, and as a warning that at the diſſolution of his human form, he ſhall be obliged to undergo anew all the eighty-nine tranſmigrations. "Hence it is", ſays Mr. H. "that not only mourning and lamentation enſue on the violent death of either cow or calf—but the proprietor is frequently enjoined, and oftener voluntarily undertakes, a three years pilgrimage in expiation of his crime. Forſaking his friends, family and relations, he ſubſiſts during his pilgrimage on charity and alms.—It is worthy remark, that the penitent thus circumſtanced ever meets with the deepeſt commiſeration, as his ſtate is deemed truly pitiable; two inſtances have fallen within our own knowledge where the penitents have devoted themſelves *to the ſervice of God*, and a pilgrimage during the term of their life."

† "The obvious conſtruction of the mouth and digeſtive faculties of man, ſays Mr. H. mark him deſtined to feed on fruits, herbage and milk." Anatomiſts, however, aſſert the very contrary. And the various allotment of food in various countries implies the approbation of nature. In the warmer climates the moſt cooling oily fruits, &c. are in the greateſt abundance. Where colder regions require the *nutritive ſtrength* of animal food, beeves and ſheep, &c. are in the greateſt plenty and perfection; and ſea fiſh, of all aliments the ſharpeſt and hotteſt in their ſalts, are profuſely thrown around the cold ſhores of the North. The Gentoos who live ſolely upon rice and vegetables, are of all mankind the feebleſt, moſt ſhort-lived, and puſillanimous.

with the utmoſt joy, of the divine favour. *Moiſaſoor* and his party were permitted to range through the earth and the lower regions of puniſhment, and to continue their temptations *. *Biſtnoo*, and the other good angels, petitioned for permiſſion to undergo the 89 tranſmigrations, and particularly to become men. It is theſe benevolent ſpirits, ſay the *Gentoos*, who at different times, under the various characters of kings, generals, philoſophers, lawgivers and prophets, have given ſhining examples of fortitude, virtue and purity. Many of theſe incarnations took place in the former *Joguçs*, but in the preſent one they are very rare †; the good angels, however, are permitted inviſibly to aſſiſt the penitent, and to afford them ſupport and protection. When the

* "When we peruſe ſome portions of *Milton's* account of the rebellion and expulſion of the angels," ſays Mr. H. "we are almoſt led to imagine, on compariſon, that *Bramah* and he were both inſtructed by the "ſame ſpirit; had not the ſoaring, ungovernable, inventive genius of the latter, inſtigated him to il-"luſtrate his poem with ſcenes too groſs and ludicrous, as well as manifeſtly repugnant to, and incon-"ſiſtent with, ſentiments we ought to entertain of an Omnipotent Being (as before remarked) in which "we rather fear he was inſpired by one of thoſe malignant ſpirits (alluded to in the Shaſtah and elſewhere) "who have from their original defection, been the declared enemies of God and man. For however we "are aſtoniſhed and admire the ſublimity of *Milton's* genius, we can hardly ſometimes avoid concluding "his conceits are truly diabolical.—" The former remark Mr. H. refers to, is, the ſuppoſition that angels oppoſed God in battle; any other than an inſtant act of expulſion being unworthy of Omnipotence. Milton, however, needs no defence. In the true ſpirit of poetry he oppoſes angel to angel; but theſe ſtrictures of our author lead us to ſome obvious obſervations on his account of the *Gentoo* ſyſtem. God, he tells us, previous to the creation, fought 5000 years with *Modoo* and *Kytoo*; but this is excuſed *by allegory*, and theſe are only *diſcord* and *tumult*; and an inſtant act of Omnipotence, it ſeems, was not here neceſſary. According to Mr. H's *divine* ſyſtem of the *Gentoos*, God has no preſcience of the actions of free agents. To ſtrip the Supreme Being of preſcience gives a ſevere ſhock to reaſon; and moſt aſſuredly it is the higheſt preſumption in a finite mind, to deny an attribute eſſential to omnipotence and omniſcience, becauſe its confined ideas cannot ‡ conceive the manner of that attribute's operation. But the groſſeſt impiety ſtill remains. The reſtoration of the fallen ſpirits, according to Mr. Holwell's *Gentoo* ſyſtem, flowed not from God. He is not *there* the fountain of mercy. The compaſſion of the good angels alone produced this divine favour, after the ſolicitation of 426 millions of years. In Milton we have no ſuch abſurdities, no ſuch impieties, as theſe ſuppoſitions, and aſſertions contain.

† The Devil and his chiefs, according to Mr. H. have often, as well as the good angels, taken the human form, and appeared in the character of tyrants; and corrupters of morals, or *philoſophers*; who, according to Mr. H. are the devil's *faithful deputies*. The great engines of Satan's temptations, ſays Mr. H. (p. 160. ch. viii.) are the uſe of animal food, and vinous and ſpiritous potations. "To give the "Devil his due, ſays he, it muſt in juſtice be acknowledged that the introduction of theſe two *firſt rate* "*vices* was a maſter-piece of politics in *Moiſaſoor* or *Satan*, who alone was capable of working ſo diabolical "a change in rational intellectual beings." The ſyſtem by which Satan affected this change, ſays Mr. H. was thus; "he began with the *prieſthood*. He ſuggeſted the religious uſe of animal ſacrifices, and of vinous libations. The prieſts ſoon began to taſte, and the laity followed their example. And theſe *two vices*, ſays he, are the roots from which all moral evils ſprang, and continue to flouriſh in the world." And, indeed, Mr. H. is ſerious; nay, he hopes the time is near, when animal food will be totally diſuſed, and very earneſtly he adviſes the butchers to turn bakers; an occupation, which he aſſures them, will be much more agreeable to their *humanity* of diſpoſition. And here we muſt remark that Mr. H. tells us, "it is more than probable that *Moſes* himſelf was the very identical ſpirit," deputed "in an earlier age" to deliver God's will "under the ſtile and title of Bramah." But whence then the bloody ſacrifices of the *Moſaical* law? Why, the anſwer is perfectly eaſy on Mr. H.'s ſcheme—As St. Peter by his ſanction to *kill and eat* corrupted the pure doctrine of *Chriſt* or *Birmah*, ſo Aaron the high prieſt by his bloody ſacrifices corrupted the pure doctrine of *Moſes* or *Bramah*.

‡ *To reconcile the Divine Preſcience with the liberty of volition, has vainly employed many philoſophers. Freedom of choice has been denied, and the groſs impiety of fataliſm has by many been adopted, to avoid the groſs abſurdity which would limit the powers of the Eternal Mind. Yet nothing, we preſume, is eaſier than to ſatisfy ſound reaſon on this ſubject. Let us remember our intellectual powers are very limited; let us remember we cannot form the faineſt idea of the act of creation. God ſaid let there be light, and there was light, is an expreſſion moſt truly ſublime; but it conveys not the leaſt idea of the modus how his power either acted upon that which was Not, or upon that which afterwards Was. Yet, we know we exiſt, and that we did not create ourſelves. In this caſe we reſt ſatisfied that we cannot comprehend the manner how the Deity acts. To deny preſcience to omnipotent omniſcience is juſt as reaſonable as to deny the creation. As we readily reſolve the one, let us alſo reſolve the other, into an attribute peculiar to the exiſtence of the Deity. This ſolution is not only perfectly eaſy, but the power of Creation ſtamps the higheſt authority of analogy upon it. Each of the other two ſolutions, fataliſm and negation of divine preſcience, are founded upon, and end, in the moſt impious abſurdity.*

359,123

323 years yet remaining of the preſent *Yogue* are expired, all the obdurate ſpirits who have not attained the firſt region of purification, ſhall be thrown into the *Omerah* forever. The eight regions of probation ſhall be then deſtroyed. And when the ſpirits in the ſeven planets of purification ſhall have attained the higheſt heaven, theſe regions ſhall alſo be no more. A long time after this, ſays the *Shaſtah*, there ſhall be another creation, but of what kind, or upon what principles the *Eternal One* only knows.

Such are the terms of ſalvation offered by the *Shaſtah* as given by Mr. Holwell. Almoſt innumerable are the wild, fanciful accounts of the creation contained in the ſacred books of India. Some of them are moſt horridly impure, (See *Faria y Souſa* Tom. II. p. 4. c. i.) and almoſt all of them have a whimſical meanneſs, or groſſneſs of idea. The account given by Mr. H. as that of the genuine, inſpired *Shaſtah* is thus, "When the Eternal ONE "firſt began his intended new creation of "the Univerſe, he was oppoſed by two "mighty *Offoors* (i. e. *giants*) which pro-"ceeded from the *wax* of *Brum*'s (i. e. "*Birmah*'s ear; and their names were "*Modoo*, and *Kytoo*. And the Eternal "ONE, contended and fought with *Modoo* "and *Kytoo* five thouſand years; and he "ſmote them on his thigh, and they "were loſt and aſſimilated with Murto "*(earth.)*

Birmah is then appointed to create, *Biſtnoo* to preſerve, and *Sieb* to change or deſtroy.—Mr. H. thus proceeds, "And when "*Brum (Birmah)* heard the command, "which the mouth of the Eternal ONE "had uttered, he ſtraightways formed a "*leaf of beetle*, and he floated on the *beetle* "*leaf* over the ſurface of the waters, and "the children of *Modoo* and *Kytoo* fled "from before him, and vaniſhed from his "preſence: And when the agitation of "the waters had ſubſided by the powers of "the ſpirit of *Brum*, *Biſtnoo* ſtraightways "transformed himſelf into a *mighty boar*, "and deſcending into the abyſs of waters, "brought up the *Murto* on his tuſks. "Then ſpontaneouſly iſſued from him a "mighty *tortoiſe* and a *mighty ſnake*. And "*Biſtnoo* put the ſnake erect upon the *back* "of the tortoiſe, and placed *Murto* upon "the *head* of the ſnake. And all things "were created and formed by Birmah——Mr. Holwell informs us, that all this is ſublime allegory; that *Modoo* and *Kytoo* ſignify diſcord and confuſion; that the boar is the *Gentoos* ſymbol of ſtrength; the tortoiſe, of ſtability; and the ſerpent, of wiſdom. And thus the ſtrength of God placed wiſdom on ſtability, and the earth upon wiſdom. But what the *beetle leaf*, and the *wax* of Brum's ear ſignify, Mr. H. has not told us.

As an account of the doctrines of the Brahmins is a neceſſary illuſtration of the Seventh Luſiad, ſome obſervations on their opinions are alſo requiſite. Mr. Holwell talks in the higheſt terms of theſe philoſophers; he calls them "a people, who, "from the earlieſt times, have been an "ornament to the creation." At the ſame time he confeſſes, "that unleſs we dive "into the myſteries of their theology they "ſeem below the level of the brute cre-"ation." Our firſt remarks ſhall therefore be confined to that ſyſtem which is given by Mr. H. as the pure and primary revelation which God gave to the rebellious ſpirits by *Chriſt*, at that time named *Birmah*.

"The creation and propagation of the "human form, according to the ſcriptures "of *Bramah*, ſays Mr. H. are clogged "with *no difficulties, no ludicrous unintel-"ligible circumſtances, or inconſiſtencies.* "God previouſly conſtructs mortal bodies "of both ſexes for the reception of the "angelic ſpirits——theſe were all doomed "to paſs through many ſucceſſive tranſmi-"grations in the mortal priſons, as a ſtate "of puniſhment and purgation, before "they received the grace of animating the "human form, which is their chief ſtate "of probation and trial." This, however, without heſitation, (the reader, we fear, will ſmile at the pains we take,) we will venture to call highly unphiloſophical. Nature has made almoſt the whole creation of fiſhes to feed upon each other. Their purgation therefore is only a mock trial; for, according to Mr. H. whatever being deſtroys a mortal body muſt begin its tranſmigrations anew; and thus the ſpirits of the fiſhes would be juſt where they were, though millions of the four Jogues were repeated. Mr. H. is at great pains to ſolve the reaſon why the fiſhes were not drowned at the general deluge, when every other ſpecies of animals

animals ſuffered death. The only reaſon for it, he ſays, is that they were more favoured of God, as more innocent. Why then are theſe leſs guilty ſpirits united to bodies whoſe natural inſtinct precludes them the very poſſibility of ſalvation. There is not a bird perhaps but eats occaſionally inſects and reptiles. Even the Indian philoſopher himſelf, who lets vermin overrun him, who carefully ſweeps his path ere he tread upon it, leſt he ſhould diſlodge the ſoul of an inſect, and who covers his mouth with a cloth, leſt he ſhould ſuck in a gnat with his breath; even he, in every ſallad which he eats, and in every cup of water which he drinks, cauſes the death of innumerable living creatures.——His ſalvation, therefore, according to Mr. H's Gentoo ſyſtem, is as impoſſible as that of the fiſhes. Nor need we ſcruple to pronounce the purgation of ſpirits, by paſſing through brutal forms, as *ludicrouſly unintelligible*. The young of every animal has moſt innocence. An old vicious ram has made a ſtrange retrograde purgation, when we conſider that he was once a lamb, the mildeſt and moſt innocent of creatures.

The attentive reader, no doubt, has ere now been apt to enquire, How is the perſon and revelation of *Chriſt* and of *Birmah* one and the ſame. Mr. H. thus ſolves the difficulty: The doctrine of Chriſt, as it is delivered to us, is totally corrupted. Age after age has diſfigured it. Even the moſt ancient record of its hiſtory, the N. T. is groſsly corrupted. St. Paul by *his reveries*, as Mr. H. ſays, and St. Peter by his ſanction to *kill and eat*, began this woeful declenſion, and perverſion of the doctrines of *Chriſt*.

A Traveller, ſays Mr. H. who deſcribes the religious tenets of any nation, but does not dive into the myſteries of their theology, "diſhoneſtly impoſes his own reveries on "the world, and does the greateſt injury "and violence to letters and the cauſe of "humanity." And here it muſt be again repeated, that Mr. H. aſſures us, that he received his inſtructions from ſome of the moſt learned Brahmins, an opportunity which he deems ſuperior to whatever had been enjoyed by any former enquirer.

A few years after Mr. Holwell's treatiſes were given to the public, Mr. Dow, who had alſo been in India, publiſhed alſo his account of the religion and philoſophy of the Bramins. The ſuperior opportunities of knowledge enjoyed by Mr. Dow are thus mentioned by himſelf.

Talking of the whole body of modern Travellers, he ſays, "They have pre-"diced Europe againſt the Brahmins, and "by a very *unfair* account, have thrown "diſgrace upon a ſyſtem of religion and "philoſophy which they did *by no means* "inveſtigate." After this he tells us, (Diſſert. p. xxii.) "that converſing *by ac-*"*cident* one day with a noble and learned "Brahmin, he perceived the error of Eu-"ropeans; and having reſolved to acquire "ſome knowledge of the *Shanſcrita* lan-"guage, the grand repoſitory of the re-"ligion, philoſophy, and hiſtory of the "Hindoos, his noble friend the Brahmin "procured him a Pundit (or *teacher*) from "the Univerſity of *Benaris*, well verſed in "in the *Shanſcrita*, and maſter of all the "knowledge of that learned body."—— Mr. Dow however, confeſſes, that he had not time to acquire the *Shanſcrita*; but his Pundit, he ſays, procured *ſome* of the principal *Shaſters*, and "explained to him as many paſſages of thoſe curious books, as ſerved to give him a *general* idea of the doctrine which they contain."

Such an opportunity of *ſuperior* knowledge as this, is *certainly ſingular*. But though it is thus confeſſedly *partial*, and entirely dependent on the truth of his Pundit, the claims of authenticity alledged by other travellers (p. xxxvii.) are thus reprobated——"They affirm, that they derived "their information from the Hindoos "themſelves. This may be the caſe, but "they *certainly* converſed upon that ſubject "only with the inferior tribes, or with the "unlearned part of the Brahmins: and it "would be as ridiculous to hope for a true "ſtate of the religion and philoſophy of "the *Hindoos* from thoſe illiterate caſts, as "it would be in a *Mahommedan* in London, "to rely upon the accounts of a pariſh "beadle, concerning the moſt abſtruſe "points of the Chriſtian faith; or, to "form his opinion of the principles of the "Newtonian philoſophy, from a conver-"ſation with an Engliſh carman."

Having thus eſtabliſhed his own authority, our author proceeds to a view of the religion and philoſophy of the Brahmins. But here it is proper to obſerve, that having mentioned Mr. Holwell, Mr. Dow informs his reader, that he "*finds himſelf obliged to* "*differ almoſt in every particular, concern-*"*ing*

" *ing the religion of the Hindoos, from that* " *Gentleman.*"

The *Bedang* or ſacred book of the Brahmins, ſays Mr. Dow, contains various accounts of the creation, one philoſophical, the others allegorical. The philoſophical one is contained in a dialogue between *Brimha* and his ſon *Narud*. God is here thus defined, " Being immaterial, he is " above all conception; being inviſible, he " can have no form; but from what we " behold in his works, we may conclude " that he is eternal, omnipotent, knowing " all things, and preſent every where." This, Mr. Dow informs us in a note, is literally tranſlated, and, " whether we, ſays " he, who profeſs Chriſtianity, and call " the *Hindoos* by the deteſtables names of " Pagans and Idolaters, have higher ideas " of the ſupreme divinity, we ſhall leave to " the unprejudiced reader to determine." Yet ſurely God is not above *all* conception. Nor is his inviſibility to his creatures a philoſophical proof that he *can* have no form.

Narud's enquiries into the nature of the ſoul or intellect, are thus anſwered——It is a portion of the GREAT SOUL, breathed into all creatures to animate them for a certain time; after death it either animates other bodies, or is abſorbed into the divine eſſence. The wicked are not at death diſengaged from the elements, but cloathed with bodies of fire, air, &c. and for a time are puniſhed in hell; and the good are abſorbed " in a participation of the divine " nature, where all paſſions are utterly un- " known, and where conſciouſneſs is loſt " in bliſs." Mr. Dow confeſſes that a ſtate of unconſciouſneſs is in fact the ſame with annihilation; and indeed it is, though he ſays that the Shaſter " *ſeems* here to im- " ply a kind of delirium of joy." By this unintelligible ſublimity we are put in mind of ſome of the reveries of a Shafteſbury or a Malebranche, and that wild imaginations are the growth of every country.

Narud then enquires into the continuance and diſſolution of the world. And here we have a legend much the ſame with Mr. Holwell's four Jogues or ages; after which the world ſhall be deſtroyed by fire, matter be annihilated, and God exiſt alone. Our year, according to the Brahmins, ſays Mr. Dow, makes one planetary day. The firſt *Jug* or *age of truth* contained four, the ſecond three, the third two, and the preſent *Jug*, or *age of pollution*, is to contain one thouſand of theſe planetary years. According to Mr. Dow, at the end of theſe periods there is not only a diſſolution of all things, but between the diſſolutions and renovations of the world, a period of 3,720,000 of our years. In the note on the Ptolemaic ſyſtem in Luſiad X. we truſt we have inveſtigated the ſource of theſe various ages of the Brahmins, and traced the origin of that idea into a natural planetary appearance.

In Mr. Dow's, or rather his *Pundit's* tranſlation of the ſacred Shaſter, we have the following account of the creation. It is contained in what our author, p. xlvi. calls the *philoſophical catechiſm*. Narud enquires, How did God create the world? and is anſwered; " Affection dwelt with " God, from all eternity. It was of three " different kinds, the creative, the preſerv- " ing, and the deſtructive. The firſt is " repreſented by *Brimha*, the ſecond by " *Biſhen*, and the third by *Shibah*. You, " O Narud, are taught to worſhip all the " three, in various ſhapes and likeneſſes, " as the creator, the preſerver, and the " deſtroyer. The affection of God then " produced power, and power, at a pro- " per conjunction of time and *fate*, em- " braced goodneſs, and produced matter. " The three qualities then acting upon " matter, produced the univerſe in the " following manner: From the oppoſite " actions of the creative and deſtructive " quality in matter, ſelf-motion firſt " aroſe. Self-motion was of three kinds; " the firſt inclining to plaſticity, the ſecond " to diſcord, and the third to reſt. The " diſcordant actions then produced the " Akaſh, which inviſible element poſſeſſed " the quality of conveying ſound; it pro- " duced air, a palpable element; fire, a " viſible element; water, a fluid element; " and earth, a ſolid element."

Such is the *philoſophical* coſmogony, placed by Mr. Dow, but for what reaſon we cannot diſcover, in oppoſition to the *allegorical* accounts which the Brahmins give of the creation.

The Shaſters, according to Mr. Dow, are divided into four Bedas, (i. e. *the Bhades of Mr. H.*) The firſt, he ſays, treats principally of the ſcience of divination; the ſecond, of religious and moral duties; the third, of the rites of religion, ſacrifices, penances, &c. and the fourth, of the knowledge of the good Being, and contains the whole ſcience of theology and metaphyſical philoſophy.

And

And thus, the Brahmins avow, and their ſacred books contain, that moſt deſpicable of all pretenſions to learning, judicial aſtrology; that mother of ſuperſtition in every country, that engine of villany, by which the philoſophers of India, and the gypſies of England, impoſe on the credulous and ignorant. "When a child is born, "ſays Mr. Dow, p. xxxiii. ſome of the "Brahmins are called; they pretend, from "the horoſcope of his nativity, to foretell "his future fortune, by means of ſome aſ-"trological tables, of which they are poſ-"ſeſſed." They then tie a ſtring, called the zinar, round his neck, which all the Hindoos wear, ſays our author, by way of charm or amulet.

That the Gentoos are divided into two great ſects is confeſſed, though differently accounted for, by both Mr. Holwell and Mr. Dow. By the latter they are diſtinguiſhed as the followers of the Bedang, the moſt ancient; and the *Neadirſen, a later Sect*. This, which by its followers is held as ſacred, is ſaid to have been written, ſays our author, by a "philoſopher, called "Goutam, near 4000 years ago." As a ſpecimen of this moſt abſtruſe metaphyſician, take the following —— Five things muſt of neceſſity be eternal, Firſt, the *Pirrum Attima*, or the *Great Soul*, which is immaterial, omniſcient, &c. the ſecond, the *Jive Attima*, or the *vital ſoul*; the third, time or duration; the fourth, ſpace or extenſion; the fifth, the Akaſh, or heavenly element, "which fills up the vacuum "or ſpace, and is compounded of *parmans* "or quantities infinitely ſmall, indiviſible, "and perpetual. God, ſays he, can nei-"ther make nor annihilate theſe atoms, on "account of the love which he bears to "them, and the neceſſity of their exiſ-"tence; but they are in other reſpects to-"tally ſubſervient to his pleaſure."

Not to be tedious, we ſhall only look into this metaphyſical labyrinth. Goutam, ſuppoſes the vital ſoul is material, ſays Mr. D. by giving it the following properties, *number, quantity*, motion, contraction, extenſion, *diviſibility*, perception, pleaſure, pain, deſire, averſion, accident and power. How Mr. D. diſcovers that Goutam ſuppoſes perception, deſire, &c. as the characteriſtics of matter, we know not; neither can we conceive the *number, quantity*, or *diviſibility* of a *being* ſoul. The akaſh, or atoms, which God can neither make nor deſtroy, were formed by him into the ſeeds of all productions, when *Jive Attima*, or the vital ſoul aſſociating with them, animals and plants were produced. And thus the greateſt act of creation is aſcribed to *Jive Attima*, a principle or quality which God did not produce. "The ſame vital ſoul, ſays Goutam, which before aſſociated with the *atom* of an animal, may afterwards aſſociate with the *atom* of a man;" the ſuperiority of man conſiſting only in his finer organization. "The "followers of the Bedang," ſays Mr. Dow, "affirm, that there is no ſoul in the uni-"verſe but God; the ſect of *Neadirſen* "ſtrenuouſly hold that there is, as they "cannot conceive that God can be ſubject "to ſuch affections and paſſions as they feel "in their own minds, or that he can poſ-"ſibly have a propenſity to evil." That is, in plain words, ſome do, and ſome do not think themſelves to be God. Wherefore, according to Goutam, the author of the humbler ſect, the vital ſoul is the ſource of evil, and is of neceſſity coeternal with the Eternal mind. But the *neceſſity* of the coeternity of the *vital ſoul*, is as unphiloſophical, we apprehend, as the much *ſuperior* agency aſcribed to it by Goutam, in the work of creation, is blaſphemous and abſurd. Yet Mr. D. has told us, p. lxxvi. that the Hindoo doctrine, while it teaches the pureſt morals, is ſyſtematically formed on philoſophical opinions.

Goutam, ſays Mr. Dow, admits a particular providence. But, "though he can-"not deny the poſſibility of its exiſtence," ſays our author, "without diveſting God of "his omnipotence, he ſuppoſes that the "Deity never exerts that power, but that "he remains in eternal reſt, taking *no* con-"cern, *neither* in human affairs, *nor* in the "courſe of the operations of nature." This may be called philoſophy, but ſurely this article in the creed of Goutam is incompatible with the idea of religion, the philoſophical definition of which is certainly thus, *A filial dependence on the Creator, ſimilar to that of a Child who ſincerely wiſhes to render himſelf acceptable to his Father.*

"The learned Brahmins, ſays Dow, "with one voice, deny the exiſtence of in-"ferior divinities. Their polytheiſm is "only a ſymbolical worſhip of the divine "attributes, and it is much to be doubted, "whether the want of revelation and phi-"loſophy,

" lo.ophy, thoſe neceſſary purifiers of re-
" ligion, ever involved any nation in groſs
" idolatry, as many *ignorant zealots* have
" pretended.". . . . . " Under the name of
" Brimha, they worſhip the wiſdom and
" creative power of God; under the ap-
" pellation of Biſhen, his providential and
" preſerving quality; and under that of
" Shibah, that attribute which tends to
" deſtroy."

" Shibah, ſays the ſame author, among
" many others, is known by the names of
" Mahoiſſur, the Great Demon; Bamde-
" bo, the Frightful Spirit; and Mohilla,
" the Deſtroyer."

The ſame authority alſo informs us, that they erect temples to Graneſh, or Policy, whom they worſhip at the commencement of any deſign, repreſented with the head of an elephant with only one tooth: That they have many figurative images of Brahma, one of which repreſents him riding on a gooſe, the emblem of ſimplicity among the Hindoos: That they worſhip Kartic, or Fame; Cobere, or Wealth; Soorage, or the ſun; Chunder, or the moon; the deities of water, fire, &c. beſides an innumerable herd of local divinities. In another place, our author confeſſes that there are two religious ſects in India: " The one,
" ſays he, look up to the divinity through
" the medium of reaſon and philoſophy;
" while the others receive as an article of
" their belief, every holy legend and alle-
" gory which have been tranſmitted down
" from antiquity." He confeſſes, alſo, the groſſneſs of the vulgar of all countries, who cannot comprehend abſtract ſubjects. Nay, he ſays, it cannot be denied, p. xlix. but that the more ignorant Hindoos do believe in the exiſtence of their inferior divinities, " in the ſame manner that Chriſtians do in " angels." Yet, along with all this, Mr. D. is ſeveral times offended with the charge of idolatry brought againſt the Brahmins. Fearleſs, however, of the name of *ignorant zealot*, we will not ſcruple to aſſert, that the refined opinions of a very few, ought by no means to fix the characteriſtic of the religion of any country. To call the obvious idolatry of India only a ſymbolical worſhip of the Divine Attributes, is only to preſent to us a ſpecious ſhadow which will diſperſe and evaniſh, as ſoon as the light of juſt examination ſhines upon it.

That the polytheiſm of Egypt, the worſhip of dogs, crocodiles, and onions, was only a ſymbolical worſhip of the divine attributes, has been often ſaid, and with equal juſtice. For our part we can diſtinguiſh no difference between the worſhip of Janus with two faces, or of Brahma with four. The philoſophers of Rome were as able to allegoriſe as thoſe of India. The apology for the idolatry of the Brahmins is applicable to that of every nation, and, as an argument, falls nothing ſhort of that of a learned Arab, who about the eleventh century wrote a treatiſe to prove that there never was ſuch a thing as idolatry in the world; for, every man, he ſaid, intended to worſhip ſome attribute of the divinity, which he believed to reſide in his idol.

Nor is a ſentiment of Mr. Dow inapplicable to this: " Let us reſt aſſured, ſays he,
" that whatever the *external ceremonies* of
" religion may be, the ſelf ſame infinite
" Being is the object of univerſal adora-
" tion." Yet whatever the metaphyſician may think of this ingenious refinement, the moral philoſopher will be little pleaſed with it, when he conſiders that the vulgar, that is ninety-nine of every hundred, are utterly incapable of practiſing their idolatry, according to this philoſophical definition. That the *learned* Brahmins with one voice aſſert there is but one Supreme God, has been acknowledged by almoſt all modern travellers. Xavier himſelf confeſſes this. But be their hidden religion what it will, the Brahmins, in public, worſhip and teach the worſhip of idols. To give an account both of the popular and what is called the philoſophical religion of India, is the purpoſe of this eſſay. To abſtract our view therefore from the popular practice of the country, and to indulge the ſpirit of encomium on the enlarged tenets of the learned few, is juſt the ſame as if a traveller ſhould tell us there is no propery at Rome, or that the divine miſſion of Mohammed is denied at Conſtantinople; becauſe at the one place he converſed with a deiſtical Biſhop, or at the other with a philoſophical Mufti. However pleaſed therefore the metaphyſician may be with ingenious refinement, the moraliſt will conſider, that the queſtion is not, how the philoſopher may refine upon any ſyſtem, but how the people will, of conſequence, practiſe under its influence. And on this view alone,

he will pronounce it reprehenſible or commendable. That the religion of the Brahmins is highly reprehenſible every moraliſt muſt allow, when he conſiders, that the moſt unworthy ideas of the Divinity, ideas deſtructive of morality, naturally ariſe from idol worſhip; and the vulgar, it is every where confeſſed, cannot avoid the abuſe. What can he think of the piety of a poor ſuperſtitious Indian, when he worſhips the Great Dæmon, the Deſtroyer, and Frightful Spirit? Does he love what he worſhips? And can piety exiſt where the object of adoration is hated? Nor can we ſtop here: The futility of our refined apology for idolatry will ſtill appear in a ſtronger light. What will the definition avail in the ballance of morality, when all the inhuman, impure, and immoral rites of idolatry are laid in the other ſcale? Paleſtine, Tyre, and Carthage made their children "paſs through "the fire unto Moloch;" and human ſacrifices have prevailed at one time or other in every land. The human ſacrifices of Mexico, (of which, ſee the Introduction) afford the moſt dreadful example of human depravity. Yet the Mexicans in this moſt deteſtable, moſt criminal ſuperſtition, in *their own way* worſhipped God. No philoſophers ever entertained ſublimer ideas of the Divinity, and of the human ſoul, than the antient Druids. Yet what ſhall we think of the *Wicker Man!* A gigantic figure; the body, each leg and arm was a maſt, to which an hundred or more human victims were bound with wicker. When there was a deficiency of malefactors, or priſoners of war, the innocent helpleſs were ſeized, that the horrid ſacrifice might be complete. When all the rites were performed, the ſublime Druids gave the hecatomb to the flames, as an offering grateful to their gods, as the moſt acceptable inſurance of the divine protection *. In the moſt poliſhed ages of antient Greece and Rome, the rites of religion were often highly immoral, baſely impure. To mention any particular would be an inſult to the ſcholar. Impurities which make the blood recoil, which, like Swift, make one deteſt the *Yahoo* ſpecies, are a part of the religious *externals* of many barbarous tribes. A citation from Baumgarten's travels, as quoted by Mr. Locke, here offers itſelf. "Inſuper ſanctum illum, "quem eo loco [*in Egypt*] vidimus, pub-"licitus apprimè commendari, eum eſſe "hominem ſanctum, divinum à integritate "præcipuum; eo quod, nec fœminarum "unquam eſſet, nec puerorum, ſed tan-"tummodo aſellarum cuncubitor atque mu-"larum." Decency will allow no tranſlation of this. In a word, where idolatry is practiſed, whether in the churches of Rome, or in the temples of Brahma, the *Conſequences* are felt, and a *Remedy* is wanted: the vulgar are groſs idolaters; the wiſer part ſee the cheat, and, as the human mind has a woeful propenſity to overſtep the *golden mean*, they become almoſt indifferent to every tie of religion.

Though Mr. Holwell and Mr. Dow moſt eſſentially diſagree in their ſyſtems of Indian philoſophy, yet they moſt cordially coincide in their opinion of the high antiquity and unadulterated fameneſs of the Gentoo philoſophy and religion, an antiquity and fameneſs to which they aſcribe about 4000 years. Conſcious that the accounts which the Greek and Roman writers have given of the *Brachmanes*, moſt effectually refute this *fameneſs*, Mr. H. denies the authority of theſe authors, though he acknowledges the invaſion of *Alexander*. His reaſons are theſe:

"The *Greek* and *Latin* conſtruction and "termination of the names, and places, of "the princes and kingdoms of *Indoſtan*, "ſaid by *Alexander's* hiſtorians to be con-"quered by him, bear not the leaſt ana-"logy or idiom of the Gentoo language, "either ancient or modern." Vid. c. iv. p. 3.

But if this will prove what Mr. H. intends, the Greeks and Romans were unacquainted with the opinions of every nation they viſited, for they always gave their own idiomatic conſtruction and termination to the proper names of every place where they came.

* Had the great author of the Paradiſe Loſt continued the viſions of the eleventh, in place of the far inferior narrative of the twelfth book, what a dreadful diſplay of the conſequences of his diſobedience might the Angel have given to Adam, had he preſented him with a view of the horrid ſacrifices of Mexico, or the Wicker Man? What horror muſt the parent of mankind have felt, had Michael ſhewed him his adverſary, *Satan*, ſeated on a neighbouring mountain delighted with the yells and the ſteam of theſe terrible hecatombs. But what even deeper horror muſt Adam have felt, had the devil conjured up a philoſopher to deſire him to "*reſt aſſured that whatever the* external ceremonies *of religion may be, the ſelf-ſame infinite Being is the object of univerſal adoration.*"

Mr.

Mr. H. denies that *Porus* ever exiſted. The Gentoo annals, he ſays, make not the leaſt mention of him. Camoens, however, who lived many years in the Eaſt, and was *no duped enquirer*, aſſures us (Luſ. VII.) that the warlike kingdom of Cambaya claimed *Porus*. And Feriſhta's hiſtory of Hindoſtan, as tranſlated by Mr. Dow, tells us that *Foor*, the father of *Porus*, was overthrown, and killed in battle, by Alexander.

Mr. H's third and laſt argument is the ſhortneſs of time employed in *Alexander's* expedition, and the vaſt difficulty of acquiring the Gentoo tongue. "Can it be poſſibly "believed, ſays he, that any of *Alexander's* "followers could in this ſhort ſpace ac- "quire ſuch perfection in the Gentoo lan- "guage as could enable them juſtly to "tranſmit down the religious ſyſtem of a "nation with whom they can ſcarcely be "ſaid to have had any communication."

But Mr. H. ought to have known, that the Greeks were well acquainted with the Perſic, and the Perſians with the Indian language; and that Alexander found many thouſands in the Eaſt who talked Greek, who were the deſcendants of thoſe bands of invalids who had been left by Xenophon. And that, thus, Alexander's followers had, from theſe various and numerous interpreters, the beſt opportunity, perhaps, which ever exiſted, of acquainting themſelves with the Indian philoſophy.

Having thus proved that ſome credit is due to the ancients, we proceed to the various accounts they have given, in which we hope the credible will eaſily be diſtinguiſhed from the miſapprehended and fabulous. Pliny talks of men in India with dogs' heads; others with only one leg, yet *Achilleſes* for ſwiftneſs of foot; of a nation of pigmies; of ſome, who lived by the ſmell; of tribes who had only one eye in their forehead; and of ſome whoſe ears hung down to the ground.

Cteſias, as cited by *Photius*, talks in the ſame ſtile, of fountains of liquid gold, and of men with tails in India. Even in Horace's time it appears that the *faith* of Indian travellers was proverbial:

—Quæ loca fabuloſus
Lambit Hydaſpes.

Yet we ought to remember that *Fernando Alarchon*, a Spaniſh voyager of undoubted credit, ſaw men with tails on the coaſt of *California*; and that ſeveral others have ſeen men with dogs-heads. But let not a certain living author rejoice in *Alarchon*'s authority as a proof of the truth of his opinion that the human form had originally the appendix of a poſterior tail; for *Alarchon* tells us that the tails which he ſaw were diſcovered to be fictitious. And we are alſo aſſured that the dog-headed men were found to wear vizards. The Indian fountains of Gold will alſo be found a very eaſy, though ignorant error. We need only to ſuppoſe that the Indian legends of worlds made of ſilver and gold with fountains of milk and oil, were miſtaken for the natural hiſtory of India.

If theſe wild tales of Pliny and others, the miſapprehenſions of weak and ignorant travellers, have diſcredited the authority of the ancients; other circumſtances will prove their better intimacy with the Indian opinions and manners.

All the ancients * concur in their accounts of the dreadful penances of the Brachmanes; theſe they ſay conſiſt of ſitting naked in all changes of weather, of moſt painful poſtures, of fixing the eye all day unalterably on the ſun or ſome other object; with ſeveral other circumſtances, which are all moſt literally confirmed by *every* modern Traveller who has written of theſe philoſophers.

The metempſychoſis of the Indians was alſo well known to the Ancients. All the Gentoo legends mentioned by the ancients are in the ſame wild ſpirit, and ſome even the ſame in circumſtances, with thoſe acknowledged by Holwell and Dow. Calanus, celebrated by the hiſtorians of Alexander, told Oneſicritus the philoſopher, ſays Strabo, that there had been a world of gold, where the fountains ſtreamed with milk, honey, wine and oil; and where the wheat was as plentiful as duſt. But that God, in puniſhment of human wickedneſs had altered it, and had impoſed a life of labour and miſery on men. Oneſicritus was deſirous to hear more; but a Brahmin penance was impoſed by Calanus as the condition, and the Greek philoſopher was contented with what he had heard.

Here we have indubitable proof that the

* See Cic. Tuſc. Queſt. l. 5. and all Alexander's hiſtorians. Plin. l. vii. c. 2. Alſo Clemens Alexandrinus, Strom. l. 3. Jerome, and other fathers alſo, often mention theſe penances.

ancients were well acquainted with the Indian Philoſophers. Jerome, (Adv. Jovian. l. I.) mentions not only the burning of widows, but their ardent deſire of giving this teſtimony of affection. This cuſtom ſtill continues as a rite performed *upon principle*, but the ſelf-murder of the Brahmin philoſophers is not now, as formerly, by fire; or at all common: yet we have the concurrent teſtimony of the ancients that on the approach of diſeaſe, the infirmities of age, and even in the mere dread of calamity, the Indian upon principle made his exit in the flames. Cicero, Tuſc. queſt. l. 5. And Lucan, l. 3. mention this cuſtom as univerſally known.

Several ambaſſadors were ſent by a king of India, a king of ſix hundred kings, to Auguſtus Cæſar. (Sueton. c. 21.) One of theſe, a Brahmin philoſopher, burned himſelf at Athens. His life had been extremely proſperous, and he took this method, he ſaid, to prevent a reverſe of fortune. Amid a great concourſe of people he entered the fire naked, anointed, and laughing. The epitaph which he deſired might be inſcribed on his tomb, was, "Here reſts *Zarmanochagas*, the Indian of Bargoſa, who, according to the *cuſtom* of his country, made himſelf immortal." And it was on the advances of a diſtemper that Calanus amuſed Alexander with this exhibition of Indian Philoſophy. And from hence we have certain proof that the cuſtoms of the Brahmins have underwent moſt conſiderable alterations. This will farther appear by the teſtimony which antiquity gives of the ſimplicity of their worſhip. The Indians who had any idols are mentioned by the ancients as few in number and groſs barbarians. The Brachmanes on the contrary are commended for the ſimplicity of their worſhip. The laborious philoſopher Porphyry, though poſſeſſed of all the knowledge of his age, though he mentions their metempſychoſis and penances, has not a word of any of their idols, or the legends of Brahma or his brothers. On the contrary he repreſents their worſhip as extremely pure and ſimple. Strabo's account of them is ſimilar. And Euſebius has aſſured us they worſhipped no images *.

With theſe weighty evidences of the *principled* ſelf-murder, and ſimplicity of the worſhip of the *Brachmanes*, antiquity cloſes her account of theſe philoſophers. Euſebius lived in the fourth century; Gama at the end of the fifteenth, and thoſe who followed him in the beginning of the ſixteenth, found their innumerable temples filled with innumerable idols of the moſt horrid figures. The adoration of theſe was ſo complex and various, and their religious rites ſo multiplied, that, as Mr. Holwell confeſſes, a prieſt became neceſſary in every family. The wild abſurditities of the Arabian nights Entertainment fall infinitely ſhort of thoſe of the innumerable mythological legends of India; and human depravity, in no quarter of the globe, ever produced ſuch deteſtable fictions of impurity, as are contained in the Legendary hiſtories of the Deities of the Brahmins.

Camoens, whoſe depth of obſervation rendered him greatly ſuperior to the impoſition of the moſt ſpecious Brahmin, and who was long in the Eaſt, gives us in the preceding book, a very unfavourable idea of the religious worſhip and manners of India. The ſtate in which the firſt diſcoverers of the Eaſt found the religion and philoſophy of the Brahmins deſerves very particular attention: and *Faria y Souza* has been careful to give us a full and comprehenſive view of the opinions which prevailed when his countrymen landed in India.

According to Faria their ſyſtem of the univerſe is thus: The heaven reſts on the earth: the ſun and moon move like fiſhes in the water, from eaſt to weſt by day, and by night run northward along the edge of the horizon, to the place of their riſing. And the earth is ſupported by the ſnake *Ananta*. They hold an eternal ſucceſſion of worlds. Every thing at the end of theſe periods is deſtroyed, except *Ixoreta* or the Deity, which is then reduced to the ſize of a dew drop; when, having chirped like a cricket, the divine ſubſtance in itſelf produces the five elements, (for what they call the heavenly matter they eſteem the fifth) and then dividing itſelf, the heavens and the earth are formed. In terra, ſimulac formata eſt, apparet mons argenteus, cujus in vertice conſpiciuntur τὰ ἀιδῖα, quæ verum *Ixoreta* ſive Numen appellant, et cauſam cauſarum. Theſe, which are worſhipped in their temples,

† —— χιλιάδες πολλαὶ τῶν λεγομένων Βραχμάνων, ὅιτινες κατὰ παραδοσόν τῶν προγόνων καὶ νόμων ὅτε φονεύουσιν, ΟΥΤΕ ΞΟΑΝΑ ΣΕΒΟΝΤΑΙ ——

Euſeb. Prep. Evan. Lib. 6. c. 10. p. 275. Ed. Pariſ. 1628.

firſt

firſt produce *Ixora*, *Bramah*, and *Viſtnu* the three primary deities. Some moſt ludicrous impurities follow in Faria. A female named *Chati* is produced by magical words from *Ixora*'s back, and theſe two turning themſelves into different animals beget the different kinds of all living creatures, men, beaſts, devils, and the heavenly ſpirits. The amours of *Brahma*, *Viſtnu*, and *Ixora* are innumerable. Their offspring have the heads of elephants, goats, monkeys, &c. and they are always killing each other and ſpringing up in ſome new *chimera*-form, but the greater deity is always outwitted *. *Brahma*, *Viſtnu* and *Ixora* paſs through many tranſmigrations, and are born as the filthieſt of animals, monkeys, hogs, ſnakes, &c. *Viſtnu* being ſpawned a fiſh, recovers the law or *Shaſtah* from the bottom of the ſea, whither it had been carried by *Breniacxem*, who ſtole it from the heavenly † ſpirits. While *Viſtnu*'s mother *Axoda* was big with him, the Diviners told his father that the child would kill him. Hence his youth reſembles the labours of Hercules. At ſeven years of age he deflowers all his mother's maids, is whipped for it, and is revenged by a repetition of his offence. *Viſtnu*'s exploits are innumerable. But what is eſteemed his greateſt action in all his tranſmigrations, is one day's labour of the ſame kind of that for which he was whipped; but which extended to ſixteen thouſand one hundred and eight. *Viſtnu* is ſometimes repreſented as the greateſt God. In this character he lies ſleeping on his back in a ſea of milk; yet in this condition he governs the whole world. He lies on the ſnake *Ananta*. At other times *Ixora* is the greateſt God.

If ſome of theſe legends outrage the bounds of allegory, part of the following is obvious. *Brahma* and *Viſtnu* envying *Ixora*'s greatneſs, he promiſed, that if they could find his beginning or end, they ſhould become his ſuperiors. *Viſtnu* turned himſelf into a hog, and with his ſnout dug up the earth in ſearch of *Ixora*'s feet, till he was deterred by a ſnake. *Brahma* went in ſearch of his head, but at laſt was diſſuaded to deſiſt by roſes. Theſe, however, he bribed to teſtify that he had ſeen *Ixora*'s head. *Ixora* conſcious of the fraud, ſtrikes off one of *Brahma*'s five heads; and in penance for this crime, *Ixora* travels as a pilgrim. He meets with men who throw wild beaſts at him; ſome he fleas, and cloaths himſelf with their ſkins; he is at laſt overcome. *Viſtnu* in the ſhape of a beautiful virgin relieves him. *Ixora* gets her with child, and *Viſtnu* bears a ſon. They quarrel who ſhall have the infant, but are reconciled by a heavenly Spirit who takes it to himſelf and breeds it an expert archer, on purpoſe to guard him againſt the giant with 500 heads, and 1000 hands who ſprung from the head of *Brahma* when cut off by *Ixora*.

In *Faria* we find the ſevere penances, the ſeas of milk and oil, and the fanciful legends mentioned by the ancients. Theſe, and what mythological reveries he gives us, are in part the ſame, and all in the true ſpirit of what is told us by our two late writers. As *Viſtnu* lies in the ſea of milk, a roſe ſprings from his navel. Through the hollow ſtalk of this roſe *Bramah* deſcends into *Viſtnu*'s belly. Here he ſees the ideas of all things, and from looking on theſe, he creates the world.

In Faria we find *Brahma* the creator of the world; *Ixora* the prefecter, and *Viſtnu* the governor of all things. We find theſe deities alſo, with different numbers of heads and hands ‡. *Ixora* holds in his ſixteen

* This is exactly in the ſpirit of the Talmudical legends. In theſe the Prophet or Rabbi invariably outwits his God, and the devil the prophet. E. g. David having performed an action agreeable to heaven, Nathan is ſent to order him to make what requeſt he pleaſed. He deſires to die on a Sabbath evening at ſun ſet. Again Nathan comes on a like occaſion, and he deſires he may never die while he is reading the law From this time David was always ſure to be reading the law on the Sabbath evening. By his life thus prolonged, religion flouriſhed, and the Devil was piqued. The love of ſome pears that grew under his window was now David's ruling paſſion. Juſt at ſun-ſet, one Sabbath eve, the devil ſhakes the pear-tree and cries thieves, thieves. David ſtarts up from the book of the law, ſees the thieves running away, and a rope-ladder at the window. David with the ſword of Goliah thinks to purſue them from the window, but the ladder was an illuſion, and David fell down and broke his neck. One would think a Brahmin had been the inventor of this legend.

† For this ſame legend ſee Dow.

‡ *Patracali*, Ixora's daughter, has eight faces and ſixteen arms, has bears teeth, her hair of peacocks tails, is cloathed with ſnakes and carries two elephants in her ears for pendents. *Ixora* has a ſon with an elephant's head, has four arms, is of enormous bulk, and rides upon a mouſe. We are told, however, that

hands, a deer, a chair, a fiddle, a bell, a baſon, a trident, a rope, a hook, an ax, fire, a drum, beads, a ſtaff, a wheel, a ſnake, and a horned moon towards his forehead. All this is exactly ſimilar to the accounts of Holwell and Dow.

By the concurrent teſtimony of all the travellers of the 16th and 17th centuries, that vileſt of beaſts, the monkey, is held in high veneration. Various are the legends which relate the reaſon of this. Faria ſays that *Ixora* and *Chati*, having turned themſelves into apes produced one named *Anuman* on whom they beſtowed great power. Near the city of Preſeti was a wood full of apes, eſteemed of a divine race, and of the houſhold of Perimal, in whom ſome thouſands of the gods had taken refuge. In the city of Cidambaram, ſays Linſchoten, was a ſtately temple erected to one of theſe apes, named HANIMANT: *(probably Anuman. Such variations are common in Indian mythology.)* Being threatened with ſome danger, Hanimant put himſelf at the head of many thouſand of his brother gods, and led them to the ſea ſide; where finding no ſhip, he took a leap into the ocean, and an iſland immediately roſe under his feet. At every leap the miracle was repeated, and in this manner he brought his divine brotherhood all ſafe to the iſland of Ceylon. A tooth of Hanimant was kept there as a ſacred relick, and many pilgrimages were made to viſit it. In 1554, the Portugueſe made a deſcent on that iſland, and among other things ſeized the holy tooth. The Indian princes offered 700,000 ducats in ranſom, but by the perſuaſion of the archbiſhop, Don Conſtantine de Braganza, the Portugueſe viceroy, burned it in the preſence of the Indian ambaſſadors. A BANIAN, however, had the art to perſuade his countrymen that he was inviſibly preſent when the Portugueſe burnt the tooth, that he had ſecreted the holy one, and put another in its place, which was the one committed to the flames. His ſtory was believed, ſays our author, and the king of Biſnagar gave him a great ſum for a tooth which he produced as the ſacred relick. The ſtriking reſemblance which this fable of the apes bears to the Egyptian mythology, which tells us that their gods had taken refuge in dogs, crocodiles, onions, frogs, and even *in cibaris*, is worthy of obſervation *.

According to Joannes Oranus, the Brahmins of Agra ſay, that the world ſhall laſt four ages or worlds, three whereof are paſt.

that theſe fictions do not eſcape ridicule even in India. The writers who have treated of the miſſion of Xavier, relate, that there are extant in India the writings of a Malabar poet, who wrote nine hundred epigrams, each conſiſting of eight verſes, in ridicule of the worſhip of the Brahmins, whom he treats with great aſperity and contempt. This poet is named *Paicanar* by *Faria*. Would any of our diligent enquirers after oriental learning favour the Public with an authentic account of the works of this poet of Malabar, he would undoubtedly confer a ſingular favour on the republic of letters.

* Both Camoens and Faria aſſert that ſeveral of the Indian idols reſemble thoſe of the Grecian fable:

Here ſpreading horns an human viſage bore;
So frown'd ſtern Jove in Lybia's ſtate of yore.
One body here two various faces rear'd;
So ancient Janus o'er his ſhrine appear'd.
An hundred arms another brandiſh'd wide;
So Titan's ſon the race of heaven defy'd.
And here a dog his ſnarling tuſks diſplay'd;
Anubis thus in Memphis hallowed ſhade
Grinn'd horrible——

In the temple of the Flephant, ſays Faria, is the Giant Briareus with his hundred hands; Paſiphae and the Bull, and an angel turning a male and a female out of a delicious grove. This he eſteems the expulſion of Adam and Eve from Paradiſe. In the ſame temple, ſays he, is an idol called *Makamarte*; with one body and three faces; on his head a triple marble crown of admirable workmanſhip, exactly reſembling the papal mitre. According to the ſame authority Viſtnu having metamorphoſed himſelf into his younger brother Siri Chriſtna, overcame the ſerpent Caliga, of nine leagues in length, which lived in a lake made by its own venom. This, and the origin of Chati, afford ſome obvious hints to the inveſtigators of mythology. Tavernier's Travels into India ought alſo here to be cited: Biſtnoo, he was told, had been nine times incarnate; had been a lion, a ſwine, a tortoiſe, &c. In the eighth time he was a man, born of a virgin at midnight. At his birth the angels ſung, and the ſky ſhowered flowers. In his manhood he fought and killed a great giant who flew in the air, and darkened the ſun. In this conflict he was wounded in the ſide, and fell; but by his fall overcame, and aſcended into heaven.

The

The firſt continued one million ſeven hundred and twenty-eight thouſand years. Men in that world lived ten thouſand years, were of enormous ſtature, and of great integrity. Thrice in that period did God viſibly appear upon the earth. Firſt in the form of a fiſh, that he might recover the book of Brahma, which one *Cauſacar* had thrown into the ſea. The ſecond time in the form of a ſnail, *(See Dow's account of the ſymbolical repreſentations of Brahma)* that he might make the earth dry and ſolid. The other time like a hog, to deſtroy one who called himſelf God, or as others ſay, to recover the earth from the ſea, which had ſwallowed it. The ſecond world laſted one million ninety-two thouſand and ſix years, in which period men were as tall as before, but only lived a thouſand years. In this, God appeared four times, once as a monſtrous lion, with the lower parts of a woman, to repreſs the wickedneſs of a pretender to deity. Secondly, like a poor Brahmin, to puniſh the impiety of a king who had invented a method to fly to heaven. Thirdly, he came in the likeneſs of a man called *Parcaram*, to revenge the death of a poor religious man. And laſtly in the likeneſs of one *Ram*, who ſlew *Parcaram*. The third world continued eight hundred and four thouſand years, in which time God appeared twice. The fourth world ſhall endure four hundred thouſand years, whereof only four thouſand ſix hundred and ninety-two are elapſed. In this period God is to appear once, and ſome hold that he has already appeared in the perſon of the emperor *Echebar*.

The accounts of the god Brahma, or Brimha, and their whole mythology, are inconceivably various. According to Father *Bohours*, in his life of *Xavier*, the Brahmins hold, that the Great God having a deſire to become viſible, became man. In this ſtate he produced three ſons, Mayſo, Viſtnu, and Brahma; the firſt, born of his mouth, the ſecond of his breaſt, the third, of his belly. Being about to return to his inviſibility, he aſſigned various departments to his three ſons. To Brahma he gave the third heaven, with the ſuperintendence of the rites of religion. Brahma having a deſire for children, begot the Brahmins, who are the prieſts of India, and who are believed by the other tribes to be a race of demi-gods, who have the blood of heaven running in their veins. Other accounts ſay, that Brahma produced the prieſts from his head, the more ignorant tribes from his breaſt, thighs, and feet.

According to the learned Kircher's account of the theology of the Brahmins, the ſole and ſupreme god Viſtnou, formed the ſecondary god Brahma, out of a flower that floated on the ſurface of the great deep before the creation. And afterwards, in reward of the virtue, fidelity, and gratitude of Brahma, gave him power to create the univerſe.

According to the Daniſh miſſionaries *, the Firſt Being, ſay the Brahmins, begat Eternity, Eternity begat *Tſchinen*, *Tſchinen* begat *Tſchadi*, *Tſchaddy* begat *Putady*, or the elementary world, *Putady* begat Sound, Sound begat Nature, Nature begat the great god *Tſchatatſchinen*, from whom Brahma was the fourth in a like deſcent. Brahma produced the ſoul, the ſoul produced the viſible heaven, the heaven produced the air, the air the fire, the fire the water, and the water the earth. What Mr. Dow calls the *philoſophical catechiſm* ſeems only a refinement of this legend.

This genealogical nonſenſe, however, is not confined to India. Heſiod's genealogy of the gods, though refined upon by the ſchools of Plato, is of the ſame claſs. The Jewiſh fables, fooliſh queſtions and genealogies, reproved by Saint Paul, (epiſt. Tit.) were probably of this kind, for the Talmudical legends were not then ſprung up. *Binah*, or Underſtanding, ſaid the cabaliſts, begat *Cochmah*, or Wiſdom, &c. till at laſt comes *Milcah*, the Kingdom, who begat *Shekinah*, the Divine Preſence. In the ſame manner the Chriſtian Gnoſtics, of the ſect of Valentinus, held their Πλήρωμα, and their thirty ages. *Ampſiu* and *Auraan*, they tell us, i. e. Profundity and Silence, begat *Baeua* and *Tharthuu*, Mind and Truth; theſe begat *Ubucua* and *Thardeadie*, Word and Life, and theſe *Merexa* and *Atarbarba*, Man and Church. The other conjuctions of their thirty *Æones* are of ſimilar ingenuity. The prevalence of the ſame ſpirit of mythological allegory in ſuch different nations, affords the philoſopher a worthy field of ſpeculation.

Faria y Souſa, as if conſcious that he had tired his reader with Indian legends, adds that, a conciſe view of this monſtrous

* See Phillips's Collection of their Letters publiſhed at London in 1717.

medley

medley ought to be given by a writer who treats of Indian manners.

The Gentoo religion has a principle peculir to itſelf; it admits of no proſelytes.

God, they ſay, has appointed different religions for different tribes and countries, is with the Brahmin in the temple, with the Mohammedan in the moſque, with the Chriſtian in the church, and with the Jew in the Synagogue.

They have many feaſts and faſts which they celebrate with many extravagant rites. In commemoration of the death of a martyr, ſays Mr. Dow, "Some of the *vulgar* "on the faſt of Oppoſs, ſuſpend themſelves on iron hooks, by the fleſh of the "ſhoulder blade, to the end of a beam. "This beam runs round with great velo"city, upon a pivot, on the head of a "high pole. The enthuſiaſt not only ſeems "inſenſible of pain, but very often blows "a trumpet as he is whirled round above, "and at certain intervals ſings a ſong to the "gaping multitude below, who very much "admire his fortitude and devotion."

The Gentoos have a particular veneration, ſays Mr. Holwell, for the numbers *One* and *Three*. But of this ſee a note in Luſiad X.

The *Brahmin* idea of a future ſtate of retribution is ſtrangely ambiguous. Of the the human ſoul they ſay, that after various tranſmigrations and purifications, it ſhall be abſorbed in the Deity and conſciouſneſs loſt in bliſs. By this unintelligible ſublimity, we are put in mind of ſome of the reveries of a Shafteſbury or a Malebranche; but wild imaginations are the growth of every country.

The dreadful penances of the Brahmins ſtill continue. Theſe they eſteem as the certain means of purification from ſin. Many rituals are alſo believed to confer holineſs. Of theſe, immerſion in the river Ganges, and ſprinklings of cow dung, are venerated as peculiarly efficacious. Yet alteration of heart, repentance, or abhorrence of moral turpitude, appear to be no conditions of this purification However a few individuals, whoſe ideas have been improved by converſation with Europeans, may gloſs and refine; that groſs ignorance of moral philoſophy, which has no idea of moral turpitude, is the juſt character of Brahmin piety. Nor has their boaſted philoſophy been able to perceive the immorality of their penances, and of committing ſelf murder as the certain paſſport to heaven. What can the true moraliſt think of the Indian, who, upon religious principles, drowns himſelf in the Ganges, or throws himſelf under the wheels of his pagod's chariot, to be cruſhed to death by the holy load? The duties we owe to our relatives in particular, and to ſociety in general, the Author of Nature has impoſed upon us by an indiſpenſible canon. Yet theſe duties by the pious ſuicide are refuſed on the principles of the weakeſt ſuperſtition. Nor can the moraliſt view the dreadful auſterities to which the Brahmin philoſophers ſubmit themſelves in any other light. He who fixes his eyes on his noſe till he can ſee in no other direction; he who clenches his fiſt till the nails grow out at the back of his hand; and he who twiſts his neck about, till his face is fixed unalterably backward; (three modes of penance mentioned by Mr. Dow) and he who drowns himſelf at once, equally incapacitate themſelves for the duties of ſociety.

And not only the millions who thus do idle penance, but numerous ſects of pilgrims alſo, are mere burdens upon the induſtrious. The Fakiers are very numerous. Theſe, according to Mr. Dow, are a ſet of ſturdy beggars, who admit any ruffian of good parts, to join them; and, under pretence of religious pilgrimages, ramble about in armies of ten or twelve thouſand men. The country people fly before them, leaving their goods and their wives, (who eſteem it a holineſs to be embraced by a Fakier) to the mercy and luſt of theſe villains. The prayers of a Fakier are highly eſteemed, and often implored, in caſes of ſterility. The wife and the Fakier retire together to prayer, a ſignal is left that the Fakier is with the lady, and a ſound drubbing is the reward ſhould the huſband dare to interrupt their devotions *.

* When the Portugueſe admiral, Pedro de Cabral, diſcovered the Brazils, he found a ſect of religioniſts called *Pages*, who were venerated in the ſame manner as the Fakiers of India. "*Hi quocunque veniunt*, ſays "Oſorius, *ſumo omnium plauſu recipiuntur*, &c." Wherever theſe come, they are received with the loudeſt acclamations, the ways are crowded, verſes ſung to the muſic of the country, and dances are performed before them. The moſt beautiful women, whether virgins or wives, are ſubmitted to their embraces. *Opinantur enim miſeri, ſi illos placatos habuerint, omnia ſibi feliciter eventura*; for theſe wretched ignorants believe, that if they can pleaſe theſe men, every thing will happen well to them." Such is the vaſt ſimilarity which obtains among all barbarous nations.

Every

The city of Benaris is the great ſeminary of the Brahmin learning. Modern travellers have called it an Univerſity. Here the Gentoos ſtudy *divination*, and *ſuch kind of philoſophy*, as Meſſrs. H. and D. have laid before us.

Poſtellus (de Orig. c. 13. et 15.) fancies that the Brahmins are deſcended of Abraham by Keturah, and named Brachmanes, *quaſi Abrahmanes*.

Every traveller who has viſited the Eaſt, Meſſrs. Holwell and Dow not excepted, repreſent the great multitude of the Indians as the moſt ſuperſtitious, and moſt abandoned of people. The moſt ſtriking particulars may be thus ſummed up: The innumerable ſuperſtitions performed on the Banks of the Ganges, afford a pitiable picture of the weakneſs of humanity. As mentioned by Camoens, (Luſiad VII. and X.) not only dead corpſes are conveyed from diſtant regions to be thrown into the ſacred water, but the ſick are brought to the river ſide, where

Or beds and litters o'er the margin laid,
The dying lift their hollow eyes, and crave
Some pitying hand to hurl them in the wave:
Thus heaven, they deem, tho' vileſt guilt they bore
Unwept, uncharged, will view that guilt no more.

And hence it is no uncommon ſcene for the Engliſh ſhips to be ſurrounded with the corpſes which come floating down this hallowed ſtream.

In conſequence of their belief in the tranſmigration of ſouls, many of the Brahmins abſtain from all animal food. Yet however auſtere in other reſpects, they freely abandon themſelves to every ſpecies of letchery, ſome of them eſteeming the moſt unnatural abominations as the privilege of their ſanctity.

The Gentoo mythology provides every deity with a ſpouſe. A God without a wife, being, according to them, as prepoſterous and unaccompliſhed as a fire without heat, or a bird without wings.

Every devil or infernal ſpirit has alſo his wife. Like the ancient Jews, the Brahmins aſcribe every diſeaſe to a devil. The gout, ſays Faria, they attribute to ſhe-devils in the ſhape of ſwine.

A ſpecies of the antient manicheiſm of Perſia is mixed with their religion, and the Deſtroyer, or the Frightful Demon, as already obſerved, is worſhipped by the authority of their ſacred books. The firſt thing they meet in the morning, be it aſs, hog, or dog, they worſhip during the courſe of the day. Scarcely more ſtupid were the Peluſians: *Crepitus ventris inflati*, ſays Hierome, *Peluſiaca religio eſt*.

The horrid ſacrifice of the widows burnt along with the corpſe of the deceaſed huſband, is peculiar to India. The opinion that it was inſtituted to prevent them from poiſoning their huſbands, muſt be falſe, for the ſacrifice muſt be voluntary. "The Brahmins, ſays Mr. H. take unwearied pains "to encourage, promote, and confirm in "the minds of the *Gentoo* Wives, this "ſpirit of burning." And the origin of it, according to our Author is thus. At the demiſe of *Bramah's* mortal part, his wives *(ſo it ſeems our angel kept a ſeraglio)* inconſolable for his loſs offered themſelves voluntary victims on his funeral pile. All the good wives of the *Rajahs* and the *Gentoos*, unwilling to be thought deficient in affection, followed the heroic example, and the Brahmins gave it the ſtamp of religion, and pronounced "*that the delinquent ſpirits of theſe* "*heroines, immediately ceaſed from their* "*tranſmigrations, and entered the firſt* "*Boboon of purification.*" The Brahmins, ſays our Author, ſtrained ſome obſcure paſſages of *Bramah's Shaſtah*, to countenance this their *declared ſenſe*; inſtituted the ceremonials that were to accompany the ſacrifice, and foiſted it into the *Chatah* and *Aughtorrah Bhades*.

Mr. Dow gives a very different account of this ſacrifice. His words are theſe, "The "extraordinary cuſtom of the women burning themſelves with their deceaſed huſbands, has, for the moſt part, fallen into "*diſuetude* in India; nor was it ever reckoned a religious duty, as has been very "erroneouſly ſuppoſed in the Weſt." Whence then this *late* alteration? The beginning of an aſſimilation to European ideas can only account for it. For ſurely it did not proceed from any text of their *ſacred* ſcriptures. Nay, a text of the ſacred Shaſter, as cited by Mr. D. plainly encourages the horrid practice. "The woman who dies "with her huſband, ſhall enjoy life eternal with him in heaven." Feeble minds, ſays he, miſinterpreted this into a precept. To thoſe however who are unſkilled in gloſſing caſuiſtry, no admonition can be more obvious.

And nothing can be more evident than that this ſacrifice is a prieſtly inſtitution; the prieſts and their ſcriptures encourage, direct and attend it: it is therefore a religious ceremony.

Yet amid all this groſs ſuperſtition it cannot be ſuppoſed but that ſome virtues, however * obliquely, are occaſionally taught. They particularly inculcate the comprehenſive virtue of humanity, which is enforced by the opinion, that Divine Beings often aſſume the habit of mendicants, in order to diſtinguiſh the charitable from the inhuman. The Malabrians have ſeveral traditions of the virtuous on theſe happy trials being tranſlated into heaven; the beſt deſigned incitement to virtue, perhaps, which their religion contains. Beſides the Brahmins, the principal ſect of that vaſt region called India, there are ſeveral others, who are divided and ſubdivided, according to innumerable variations, in every province. In Cambaya, the Banians, a ſect who ſtrictly abſtain from all animal food, are numerous.

From their religion and philoſophy, theſe pilots of human manners, we now proceed to the peculiar characteriſtics of the Gentoos.

As the Gentoo tribes never intermarry, India may properly be ſaid to contain four different nations. They will neither eat together, nor drink out of the ſame veſſel. The Brahmins are allowed to eat nothing but what is cooked by themſelves: If they treſpaſs in theſe or in many other ſimilar points, they are held as polluted, rejected from their tribe, and are obliged to herd with a deſpiſed crew, called the Hallachores, who are the loweſt of the community, the rabble of India.

This prohibition of intermarriage gives us a very mean idea of Indian policy. The bent of genius and affection, as Camoens obſerves, are thus barbarouſly ſacrificed. If a nobleman, ſays our Poet, ſhould touch or be touched by one of another tribe,

A thouſand rites, and waſhings o'er and o'er
Can ſcarce his tainted purity reſtore.

Nothing, ſays Oſorius, but the death of the unhappy commoner can wipe off the pollution. Yet we are told by the ſame author, that Indian nobility (and in Europe it is too much the ſame) cannot be forfeited, or even tarniſhed, by the baſeſt and greateſt of crimes; nor can one of mean birth become great or noble by the moſt illuctrious actions. But what above all may be called the characteriſtic of the Indian, is his total inſenſibility to the paſſion of Love;

Loſt to the heart-ties, to his neighbour's arms
The willing huſband yields his ſpouſe's charms.
In unendear'd embraces free they blend;
Yet but the huſband's kindred may aſcend
The nuptial couch—

Sentiment, or the leaſt delicacy of affection, have no ſhare in the intercourſe of the ſexes in India. This groſſneſs of their ideas is indiſputably proved by the very ſpirit of their laws, which ſuppoſe that female chaſtity cannot exiſt. Conjugal fidelity is neither enjoined, nor hoped for; and the right of ſucceſſion by law devolves to the ſiſter's children, it being eſteemed impoſſible for any man to know which is his own ſon; whereas the affinity of the female line is by nature certain. To ſome perhaps the feebleneſs of the conſtitutions of the Gentoos may account for this wretched apathy; and to ſeveral circumſtances may their feebleneſs be attributed. The men marry before fourteen and the women at about ten or eleven. Rice, their principal food, affords but little nouriſhment, and they are extremely averſe to any manly exerciſe. It is better to ſit than to walk, they ſay, to lie down than to ſit, to ſleep than to wake, and death is better than all. The unparallelled puſillanimity with which they have long ſubmitted to the oppreſſions of a few Arabs, their Mohammedan maſters, likewiſe ſhews their deadneſs to every manly reſentment: 100 millions enſlaved by 10 millions, (the number according to Mr. Orme of the Gentoos and their Mohammedan maſters) is a deep diſgrace to human nature. Yet notwithſtanding all this dormancy of the nobler paſſions, though incapable of love, they prove the poſition, (for which phyſicians can eaſily account) that debility and

* A very pretty allegory from *Faria's* account of the Brahmin legends, will be here in place. "*Darmaputrem* being favoured with a view of hell, ſaw a man encompaſſed with immenſe treaſure, yet miſerably periſhing with hunger. He enquired the reaſon, and was anſwered, That upon earth the ſufferer had enjoyed theſe treaſures, but had never given any alms; only that one time by pointing with his finger, he had directed a poor man to the houſe where the rice given away in charity was kept. *Darmaputrem* bade him put the finger with which he pointed into his mouth. The ſufferer did ſo, and immediately was refreſhed by the taſte of the moſt excellent viands. *Darmaputrem* on his return to the earth gave great alms, and afterward for his charity was received into Paradiſe."

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the very fever of the vileſt letchery go hand in hand *. Many of the Brahmins are merchants; and by every authority they are deſcribed as the moſt artful, moſt hypocritical, and moſt fraudulent of traders. To ſum up their character let it be added, that the freedom with which their friends aſcend the nuptial bed, is, in matters of love, perhaps, the leaſt of their unſentimental indelicacy. The beſt Portugueſe Authors aſſure us, that the women of every tribe, the wives of princes not excepted, were free to the embraces of the ſanctified Brahmins; and the Fakiers at this day, under the ſanction of privilege, ſpread pollution, when they pleaſe, over every virgin or marriage bed among the Gentoos.

And ſurely the warmeſt admirer of Indian philoſophy and manners, cannot diſpute the picture we have drawn, when he is referred to Meſſrs. Holwell and Dow for the fulleſt virtual confirmation of the truth of every feature. At the entrance upon his work, Mr. H. calls the Brahmins, "a people who from the "earlieſt times have been an ornament to "the creation, if ſo much can with pro-"priety be ſaid of any known people upon "earth." But at the end of his VIIth Chapter, after having neceſſarily confeſſed many circumſtances which ſpeak loudly againſt them, he thus characteriſes the *Gentoos:* "In general, ſays he, they are "as degenerate, crafty, ſuperſtitious, li-"tigious and wicked a people, as any race "of beings in the known world, if not "*eminently more ſo*, eſpecially the common "run of the *Brahmins*; and we can truly "aver, that during almoſt five years that "we preſided in the judicial Cutcherry "Court of Calcutta, never any murder, or "atrocious crime, came before us, but it "was proved in the end, a *Brahmin* was "at the bottom of it:" But then, adds our Author, "the *remnant* of *Brahmins* (whom "we have before excepted) who ſeclude "themſelves from the communications of "the buſy world, in a philoſophic and "religious retirement, and ſtrictly purſue "the tenets and true ſpirit of the *Chartah* "*Bhade* of *Brahmah*, we may with equal "truth and juſtice pronounce, *are the pureſt* "*models of genuine piety that now exiſt, or* "*can be found on the face of the earth.*"

This latter ſentence ſounds very high; but every liberal mind, who has converſed with the world, is convinced that worthy men are to be found in every ſect, that of the Indian Fakier perhaps alone excepted; men whoſe natural ſagacity and ſtrong native goodneſs of heart, are preſervatives againſt the *full influence* of the moſt pernicious tenets. And thus Mr. Holwell, if we make a little allowance for his moſt evident partiality, ends his ſuperlative encomiums on the *Brahmins* in a compliment by no means peculiar, in a meer nothing.

The moſt important queſtion relative to the Gentoos, the very diſtant and ſuperior antiquity of their ſcriptures, remains yet unconſidered. Meſſrs. Holwell and Dow, however oppoſite in their accounts of the Shaſtah and its doctrines, moſt perfectly agree in aſcribing to that work an antiquity more remote than that of any known writings. But the teſtimony of other travellers, ere we proceed farther, requires an impartial examination. "The Bedang or Shaſter, "the ſacred book of the Brahmins, ſays "Dow, contains various accounts of the "creation, one philoſophical, the others "allegorical. Theſe latter, ſays he, have "afforded ample field for the invention of "the Brahmins. From the many allego-"rical ſyſtems of creation contained in the

* Monteſquieu, in enumerating his reaſons why Chriſtianity will never prevail in the Eaſt, advances, as one, the prohibition of polygamy, which he mentions as the appointment of nature, and neceſſary in theſe climates. Triſtram Shandy tells us, that his father was a moſt excellent ſyſtem-builder, was ſure to make his Theory look well, though no man ever crucified the truth at ſuch an unmerciful rate. With all due deference to the great genius of Monteſquieu, his philoſophy here is exactly contrary to experience. In every country the births of males and females are nearly proportionated to each other. If in any country polygamy is the appointment of nature, the more athletic nations of Europe have the beſt claim. But the warlike independent ſpirit of the northern tribes, who viewed their princes as their companions in war, would never allow their leaders to appropriate eight hundred or a thouſand of the fineſt women, each for his own particular luxury. Their natural ideas of liberty forbade it; while on the other hand the ſlaviſh Aſiatics, who viewed their *Rajahs* as beings of a ſuperior rank, ſubmitted to the luſt of theſe maſters, whoſe *debility* prompted the deſire of unbounded variety. This hiſtory of polygamy will be found to be juſt. Polygamy is not the child of nature, it is the offſpring of tyranny, and is only to be found where the moſt abſolute tyranny ſubſiſts. Neither to the genial vigour of paſſion, but to raging, irritated debility, both the philoſopher and phyſician will attribute the unbluſhing prevalence of ſome crimes, crimes which diſgrace human nature, and which particularly characteriſe the depraved manners of the enfeebled Eaſt.

" Shaſters, many different accounts of the " coſmogony of the Hindoos have been " promulgated in Europe, ſome travellers " adopting one ſyſtem, ſome another." By this confeſſion the jarring accounts of other travellers are accounted for, and we have already ſeen that every ſtriking feature of the pictures they have given, is moſt effectually confirmed by Meſſrs. H. and D. And thus, the accounts of the ſuperſtition and idolatry of the Brahmins, which, till lately were unqueſtioned, were by no means without foundation. And indeed it were an unparallelled circumſtance, were the concurrent teſtimony of the moſt authentic writers and intelligent travellers of the 16th and 17th centuries, to deſerve no credit. Many of theſe were men of profound, of *ſuperior* learning, and of unblemiſhed candour; and for a ſuperior number of years than either Mr. H. or D. converſed with the moſt learned, and we have no reaſon to doubt, with the moſt honeſt of the Brahmins.

One of theſe, Abraham Roger, lived fifteen years among the Brahmins, and was in intimate friendſhip with one of them, named *Padmanaba*. He returned to Holland in 1647, where he publiſhed his writings, which prove him to have been a learned man, and a diligent enquirer. Of his good ſenſe let one paſſage bear teſtimony. " Can we believe, ſays he, that " there is a generous ſpirit reſiding in a " people who for two or three thouſand " years have placed the greateſt degree of " ſanctity and prudence in half ſtarving " themſelves, and in depriving themſelves " of the lawful conveniencies of life? Yet " ſuch auſterities were the chief employ- " ments of the ancient *Brachmanæ*, and " are now of the modern *Brahmins*." The ſentiment here contained, in value of juſt obſervation, true philoſophy, true piety, and good common ſenſe, is worth all that our late travellers, for theſe thirty years paſt, have written on the philoſophy and religion of India.

Mr. Holwell candidly owns that *Baldeus* reſided thirty years among the Brahmins; that his tranſlation of the *Viedam (the Malabar word for Shaſtah)* is literal, and that it is a monſter, (ch. iv. p. 33.) that ſhocks reaſon and probability; and this happened, he ſays, by his not attending to the allegory. The errors of other travellers, he owns, did not proceed from miſinformation, but from not drawing the veil, from not penetrating by the help of allegory, into the true doctrines of India. But this we preſume in plain Engliſh will run thus, Former travellers gave us a true picture of the popular religion of India, but they did not attend to the *gloſs* and *refinement* of the *recluſe remnant* of the *Brahmins*.

And for this very reaſon, we judge them juſt ſo much the more worthy of credit. No man needs to take a voyage to India, or to ſtudy the ſacred Shanſcrita, on purpoſe to diſcover how the *few* either gloſs or philoſophize. He is an idle traveller who gives us the refinements of a learned Jeſuit as the religion of Rome. He who diſplays the true character of it, will tell us what ſuperſtition poſſeſſes the general mind; will tell us, that ſupreme veneration for the authority of the Pope and Holy Church, is the only religious principle which has any fixed hold on the belief or practice of the multitude.

And according to the concurrent teſtimony of all former travellers, *who did not allegoriſe*, the date of the firſt appearance of the Brahmin Shaſters is involved in the utmoſt uncertainty. Mr. Holwell and Mr. Dow are the two great champions of the opinion, that the ſacred books of India, are of higher antiquity than the writings of any other nation, and that the Jewiſh Scriptures are founded upon, and borrowed from them. As each of theſe writers decries, with no ſmall contempt, the teſtimony of every traveller except himſelf, the accounts which theſe Gentlemen have given of the Origin of the Shaſters requires our attention.

Mr. Holwell well knew that the books held ſacred in India contain many of the groſſeſt impieties. He therefore owns that the *Shaſtah* had underwent two remarkable innovations; and that the Brahmins " in " proceſs of time loſt ſight of their *divine* " *original*, and in its place ſubſtituted new " and ſtrange doctrines."—" The ſtedfaſt " faith of the Gentoos touching the anti- " quity of their ſcriptures," he tells us (ch. iv. p. 22.) is thus,—" they date the " birth of the tenets and doctrines of the " Shaſtah from the expulſion of the angelic " beings from the heavenly regions." That 4877 years ago theſe tenets were reduced into a written body of laws by *Bramah*, and publiſhed to the people of Indoſtan. That one thouſand years after, they underwent a remarkable

remarkable innovation in the publication of the *Chatah Bhade Shaſtah*; and that 3377 years ago (computing from the preſent year 1777) theſe original ſcriptures again ſuffered "a ſecond and laſt change or innovation in the publication of the *Aughtorrah Bhade Shaſtah*; which occaſioned the firſt and only ſchiſm amongſt the *Gentoos*, that ſubſiſts to this day, namely between the followers of the *Aughtorrah Bhade Shaſtah* and the followers of the *Viedam*."

Theſe changes of their Scriptures our author aſcribes to the craft of the prieſts, who by theſe means enſlaved the people to their own authority. The firſt innovation was a paraphraſe on the Shaſtah, in which the original was retained. At this time the Brahmins appropriated the *Sanſcrit* character to themſelves, and introduced that which is now the common one of Hindoſtan. In the ſecond innovation, ſays our Author, "*the original text was in a manner ſunk or alluded to only.* In theſe commentaries mythology was firſt introduced; the hiſtory of their princes, numberleſs ceremonies, and new divinities were added, and "*the whole enveloped in impenetrable obſcurity by fable and allegory, beyond the comprehenſion even of the common tribe of Bramins themſelves.*" Again, ſays our Author, "the Bramins "having taſted the ſweets of prieſtly power "by the *firſt* of their innovations, determined to enlarge and eſtabliſh it by the "promulgation of the *laſt*.—In this the exterior modes of worſhip were ſo multiplied, and ſuch a numerous train of new "divinities created—the daily obligations "of religious duties, which were by theſe "new inſtitutes impoſed on every *Gentoo*, "from the higheſt to the loweſt rank of the "people, were of ſo intricate and alarming a nature, as to require a *Bramin* to "be at hand, to explain and officiate in "the performance of them.—From this period ſuperſtition, the ſure ſupport of "prieſtcraft, took faſt poſſeſſion of the "people—every head of a family was "obliged to have a houſhold Bramin,—"and in fact they became mere machines, "actuated and moved, as either the good "or evil intentions of their houſhold tyrant "dictated."

The ſchiſm produced by the laſt innovation of the *Shaſtah* is thus mentioned by our author. "The *Bramins* of *Cormandell* and "*Mallabar* finding their brethren upon the "courſe of the *Ganges* had taken this bold "ſtep to inſlave the laity, ſet up for "themſelves, and formed a ſcripture of "their own, founded, as they ſaid, upon "the Chatah Bhade of Bramah; this they "called the *Viedam*"—*or the divine words of the mighty ſpirit.*

Thus, the Gentoo Scriptures were tranſlated from the language of angels and firſt reduced to writing by *Brahma* 4877 years ago; that is, when Methuſelah was a boy. They underwent a great change 1000 years after, which was near 200 years before Abraham was born; and a ſtill greater change 500 years after, which was before Jacob went into Egypt. Since which time they have continued unchanged, and eſteemed by their different ſects as ſacred.

Mr. Dow on the other hand aſſures us, (Diſſert. p. XXVII.) "The Brahmins "*maintain* that the Bedas (Mr. H's *Bhades*) "are the divine laws, which *Brimha*, at "the creation of the world, delivered for "the inſtruction of mankind. But they "affirm that their meaning was perverted in "the firſt age, by the ignorance and wickedneſs of ſome princes, whom they repreſent as evil ſpirits who then haunted "the earth. They call thoſe evil Genii "*Dewtas*, and tell many ſtrange allegorical legends concerning them; ſuch as, "that the Bedas being loſt, were afterwards "recovered by *Biſhen*, in the form of a "fiſh, who brought them up from the bottom of the ocean, into which they were "thrown by a Deo or Dæmon". Here we are told that the Brahmins *maintain* that *Brimha* was the author of their Scriptures. Yet in the next page Mr. D. tells us the Brahmins deny that any ſuch perſon as *Brimha* ever exiſted."

"The firſt credible account we have of "the Bedas (ſays Mr. D.) is, that about "the commencement of the *Cal Jug*, of "which æra the preſent year (1768) is the "4886th year, they were written, or rather collected by a great philoſopher and "reputed prophet called Beäſs Muni, or "Beäſs the inſpired. The Brahmins do not "give to Beäſs Muni the merit of being "the Author of the Bedas. They however acknowledge that he reduced them "into the preſent form, dividing them into "four diſtinct books, after having collected "the detached pieces of which they are "compoſed from every part of India. It "is, upon the whole, probable, that they "are not the work of one man, on account of

" of their immenſe bulk." And for the ſame reaſon it is alſo probable that all the Britiſh acts of Parliament are not the work of one man.

Theſe four Bedas Mr. D. diſtinguiſhes by the name of the *Bedang Shaſter*. Of Goutam the Author of the Neadirſen Shaſter we have already given a ſufficient account. By what we have already cited Mr. Dow's moſt cordial acquieſcence in the high antiquity of the Shaſters is evident. In the following it is brought to a point, " Whether " the Hindoos, (ſays he, Pref. p. vii.) " poſſeſs any true hiſtory of greater anti- " quity than other nations, *muſt altogether* " *reſt upon the authority of the Brahmins*, " till we ſhall become better acquainted with " their records. They give a very parti- " cular account of the origin of the Jewiſh " religion in records of *undoubted* antiquity. " Raja Tura, ſay they, who is placed in " the firſt ages of the *Cal Jug*, had a ſon " who apoſtatized from the Hindoo faith, " for which he was baniſhed by his father " to the Weſt. The apoſtate fixed his re- " ſidence in a country called Mohgod, and " propagated the Jewiſh religion, which " the impoſtor Mahommed further cor- " rupted. The *Cal Jug* commenced about " 4885 years ago, and whether the whole " ſtory may not relate to Terah and his " ſon Abraham, is a point, which *(after our undoubted hints have decided, Mr. D. might have ſaid,)* we leave others to de- " termine.

" There is one circumſtance, he conti- " nues, which *goes far to prove* that there " is ſome connection between the Brahmin " Bedas and the doctrines contained in the " Old Teſtament. Ever ſince the promul- " gation of the religion of Mahommed, " which is *founded* upon Moſes and the " *prophets*, the Brahmins have totally re- " jected their fourth Beda, called the *Oba-* " *tar Bah*, as the ſchiſm of Mahommed, " according to them, has been founded " upon that book. However extraordi- " nary this reaſon is for rejecting the fourth " part of their religious records, it can " ſcarcely be doubted, as it is in the mouth " of every Brahmin."

Having now aſcertained Mr. Holwell's and Mr. Dow's opinion of the ſuperior antiquity of the Brahmin records, we ſhall proceed to examine the merits of this claim. But we ſhall by no means, *altogether reſt upon the authority of the Brahmins*. This, we preſume, would be as unworthy of a man of common ſenſe, as it would be weak in an hiſtorian to reſt altogether with implicit belief on the characters of men and events, which an exiled tyrant may have been pleaſed to give, when for his own conſolation he wrote the memoirs of his own merited fall. Nor will we ſuſpend our opinion of the Brahmin records, *till we ſhall become better acquainted with them*. For we have already moſt ample matter even from Meſſ. Holwell and Dow themſelves, from which, by every criterion of analogy and of collateral and internal evidence, we may be fully enabled to form our judgement.

We ſhall begin with the two laſt ſentences from Mr. Dow. And ſurely it cannot eſcape the ſlighteſt attention, that he ſets out with begging a point, (a point never to be granted) and that immediately upon ſuch begged authority, he ſlips upon us, what he calls an *undoubted* authority. Mr. Dow ſtrenuouſly inſiſts that *all* the *learned* Brahmins aſſert the unity of the Deity. And nothing is more certain than that this, and not the great body of the rituals of the Jewiſh religion, was the principal doctrine which the Jews received from Abraham. And ſurely the following reaſoning will never bear the touch. The impoſture of Mohammed is founded upon Moſes and the *prophets*; that impoſture is alſo ſo certainly founded upon the fourth Beda, that the Gentoos for that reaſon have rejected that part of their ſcripture: Therefore this *goes far to prove* that Moſes and the prophets are connected with, or (as the hint implies) derived from the Bedas. This is the fair analyſis of our author's reaſoning: but unhappily for his whole argument, Mahommediſm is not *founded* on Moſes and the *prophets*. Let him again peruſe *his Koran*, and he will find that it indeed contains a ſtrange *perverſion* of Moſes and the New Teſtament. But ſurely Mr. D. will not pretend that the hiſtorical paſſages of the O. and N. T. which thus fill the *Koran*, are founded upon the *Obatar Bah*. The duty of prayer, and the worſhip of One God were borrowed by Mahommed, who was bred a Pagan, from Moſes and the Prophets. But ſurely Mr. Dow will not perſiſt to inſinuate, that theſe, the doctrines of the *Apoſtate* Abraham, were borrowed from thoſe who baniſhed him for *Apoſtacy*; or that a *ſameneſs* in theſe doctrines will prove the ſuperior antiquity of the *Obatar Bah*. Yet to theſe circumſtances, for

for no other can be ſuppoſed, muſt his obſervations be reduced. But who has ever read this * *Obatar Bah?* Why truly Mr. D. tells us, p. xxix. that "the language of "the *Obatar Bah* is *now become obſolete*, "ſo that very few Brahmins pretend to read "it with propriety." And this in our opinion *goes far to prove* that the Brahmins know little or nothing about the contents of it. In diſcuſſing an argument repetition is often neceſſary: Both Mr. Holwell and Mr. Dow aſſure us that they received their information from ſome of the moſt learned of the Brahmins. And an equal credit is certainly due to each of theſe Gentlemen. But this affords us a clear demonſtration that the Brahmins contradict each other in the moſt eſſential circumſtances, in matters of no leſs importance, than in the queſtion, who were the authors, and what are the contents of their ſacred Scriptures.

Nothing can be more evident than that both Meſſ. Holwell and Dow have endeavoured to give ſanction to their favourite ſyſtems, by the authority of their admired Gentoos. Mr. Holwell's ſyſtem is a *ſpecies* of Chriſtianity. And Mr. Dow ſurely cannot be offended, if we call his, radically the reverſe of every ſuch ſpecies. And whatever deference we willingly pay to the veracity of both theſe gentlemen, yet we muſt obſerve that, *one* of their learned Brahmins muſt have been amazingly erroneous. And one of theſe gentlemen has perhaps given a deeper attention to his ſubject than the other. If we can determine whether Mr. Holwell or Mr. Dow are moſt authentic, ſome light will from thence be thrown on the fabrication of the Gentoo Scriptures. Nor will we heſitate one moment to pronounce, that, in our opinion, Mr. Holwell's account, upon the whole, is the moſt authentic. Our reaſons are theſe: Mr. Dow confeſſes that he had neither time nor leiſure to acquire the Shanſcrita language, the tongue in which the ſacred books of India are written, but that he truſted entirely to his *Pundit* or interpreter. Mr. Holwell tells us that he read and underſtood the Sanſcrit. Mr. Dow tells us, "the Ma-"hommedans know nothing of the Hin-"doo learning," and that it is utterly inacceſſible to any but thoſe of their own *Caſt*. His words are theſe, "The Bedas "are, by the Brahmins, held ſo ſacred "that they permit no other ſect to read "them . . . . . they would deem it an "unpardonable ſin to ſatisfy their curio-"ſity in that reſpect, were it even within "the compaſs of their power. The Brah-"mins themſelves are bound by ſuch ſtrong "ties of religion, to confine thoſe writings "to their own tribe, that were any of "them known to read them to others, he "would be immediately excommunicated. "This puniſhment is worſe than even "death itſelf among the Hindoos. The "offender is not only thrown down from "the nobleſt order to the moſt polluted "Caſt, but his poſterity are rendered for "ever incapable of being received into "his former dignity." (See Diſſert. p. xxiv.) And Mr. D. adds, "Not all the authority "of Akbar could prevail with the Brah-"mins to reveal the principles of their "faith †." p. xxv. And all this does very well when brought as an argument againſt the accounts which every other writer has given of the Brahmins. But ſurely Mr. Dow ought to have paid ſome reſpect to his reader's power of memory, ought to have told him by what means it happened that he was the only man who ever overleapt the dreadful fences which guard the Gentoo faith in impenetrable darkneſs. Excommunication, that puniſhment worſe than death itſelf, was, it ſeems, diſregarded on his account; and what the great emperor Akbar could never obtain, the principles of the Brahmin faith were laid open to him. In the very page preceding the above quotation of the impoſſibility of getting a Brahmin to read his ſcriptures to one of another Caſt, Mr. Dow, without the leaſt

* It is curious to obſerve that the *Obatar Bah*, ſo ancient according to Mr. D. that hardly any body can read it, is nevertheleſs execrated by Mr. H. as the moſt modern, and moſt corrupted of all the Gentoo Scriptures. Mr. D. himſelf mentions this diſagreement.

† So ſtrict in this are they, ſays Mr. Dow, that only one Muſſelman was ever inſtructed in it, and his knowledge was obtained by fraud. Mahummud Akbar, emperor of India, though bred a Mohammedan, ſtudied ſeveral religions. In the chriſtian he was inſtructed by a Portugueſe. But finding that of the Hindoos inacceſſible, he had recourſe to art. A boy of parts, named Feizi, was, as the orphan of a Brahmin, put under the care of one of the moſt eminent of theſe philoſophers, and obtained full knowledge of their hidden religion. But the fraud being diſcovered, he was laid under the reſtraint of an oath, and it does not appear that he ever communicated the knowledge thus acquired.

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hint how the dread difficulty was overcome, ſimply tells us that he "prevailed upon his "noble friend the Brahmin, to procure for "him a Pundit from the Univerſity of Be-"naris, well verſed in the Shanſcrita, and "maſter of all the knowledge of that "learned body." And this Pundit or interpreter, thus openly procured from an univerſity, read to Mr. Dow, as he aſſures us, the ſacred books of the Brahmins, and explained to him the principles of their faith.

On this we ſhall make no farther remark; but proceed to ſome other reaſons why we prefer the authority of Mr. Holwell. Mr. D. has in ſome inſtances diſcovered rather a partial acquaintance with his ſubject; and even a deſire to ſuppreſs what he did not like. He undertakes to give us an account of the religious rites and principles of the Brahmins: he laments that the claſſics have given us ſuch imperfect accounts of the Druids; and hints that his account of the Brahmins will leave poſterity no room to complain of a like defect. Yet how unkind to future ages has he been! He ſays not one word of the holineſs of the Gentoo cows. He ſays not one word of the remiſſion of ſin, and ſubſequent holineſs which they aſcribe to the ſprinkling of cow-piſs and cow dung; though no fact can be better aſcertained than the ſupreme veneration which the Brahmins pay to the cow and to her ſacred excrements; for no doctrine was ever more generally received in any country than this in India. His total omiſſion therefore of the moſt popular religious ceremony of the Gentoos is quite unpardonable.

"It is an allowed truth, ſays Mr. Hol-"well, that there never was yet any ſyſtem "of theology broached to mankind, whoſe "firſt profeſſors and propogators, did not "announce *its deſcent from God.*" Yet though this obſervation be univerſally and inconteſtibly juſt, and though no people lay bolder claims to various revelations than the Gentoos, though ſuch is the very ſpirit of every legend, yet all this will be quite unknown to future ages; for Mr. Dow paſſes over all theſe pretenſions in the ſlighteſt manner. The exiſtence of *Brimha*, he ſays, is not believed. *Beäſs Muni*, the author of the *Bedang*, was a reputed prophet; and Goutam the founder of the other ſect was only a philoſopher. And thus the Gentoo pretenſion to divine revelations, a fact as notorious as the Gentoo veneration of cow dung, is alſo, very handſomely ſuppreſſed.

Mr. Holwell, on the other hand, has alſo his foibles. His ſyſtem, and all the arguments he has brought in ſupport of it, are *pretty well ſpiced with inſanity*. Yet whenever he was ſo happy as to loſe ſight of his favourite ſyſtem, Mr. Holwell's accounts of Gentoo opinions and manners bear every mark of authenticity, and are fully confirmed by the moſt intelligent of former travellers. Mr. Holwell's account therefore of the origin of the Gentoo ſcriptures deſerves ſome regard.

According to Mr. Dow, Beäſs Muni, or the inſpired, the collector of the *Bedang* lived about 4000 years ago, and ſome ages after him his *Bedang* was reviſed by one *Sirider Swami*. "Since which," he ſays, "it has been reckoned ſacred, and not ſub-"ject to any further alterations." And Goutam, the author of the other ſect, lived near 4000 years ago. Mr. Holwell on the other hand affirms that there were two great corruptions of the Brahmin doctrine. And his manner of accounting for it, That the prieſts of one half of India and thoſe of the other half, vied with each other in inventing wild and monſtrous legends, on purpoſe to raiſe their power by means of the deepeſt ſuperſtition, is infinitely more credible, than that theſe huge volumes of abſurd metaphyſics, and numberleſs contradictory fables, the *Bedang* and Neadirſin Shaſters, were collected and compiled by two or three profound philoſophers.

Both Mr. H. and Mr. D. agree that ſince the innovations and compilings which they mention, the Shaſters have remained unaltered, and have been held by their followers as ſacred. That there ſhould be ſuch a number of Commentators upon the ſcriptures of Brahmah, about 4000 years ago, and none ſince that time, appears to us highly incredible: that the prieſts of that period found it their intereſt to invent new legends, but that the prieſts of ſucceeding ages added nothing, appears to us as the weakeſt of ſuppoſitions. By a ſucceſſion of commentators other countries trace the antiquity of their books of religion and philoſophy to certain periods. Nothing is more natural than that this kind of proof ſhould ariſe. Yet nothing of this kind is offered

to

to aſcertain the high antiquity of the books of Hindoſtan.

The conſequence therefore is, that like the legends of the Romiſh Saints, theſe Shaſters are the accumulated ſuperſtition of many ages, ſome of which were very diſtant from each other, and ſome of them not very diſtant from our own times. Not to mention the authority * of Feriſhta, the Perſian hiſtorian of Hindoſtan, who denies the high antiquity of the Gentoo writings; certain it is, from internal evidence, that the doctrines of the pure Shaſtah of Mr. Holwell, were unknown or unregarded by the Brahmins who lived about 2000 years ago. When a religious rite is in direct oppoſition to a cardinal injunction, we muſt give up the antiquity of the one or the other. Mr. Holwell tells us that the pure *Shaſtah* of Brahmah prohibits ſelf-murder under the dreadful penalty of eternal damnation; that the ſoul which commits it ſhall never have another ſtate of probation in a mortal body. Yet no fact in ancient hiſtory is more certain than that the Indian philoſophers about 2000, and 1500 years ago, uſually and oſtentatiouſly in public, committed ſelf-murder, in the belief that it would convey them immediately to heaven. Did theſe philoſophers know or believe what the *pure* Shaſtah of Brahma ſays of Suicide? Or did Brahma's wives, and the prieſts who inſtituted the rites of the horrid ſelf-murder of widows, did they know of this dreadful prohibition?

Mr. Holwell aſſures us (ch. viii. p. 15.) that the angelic fall, and its conſequent metempſychoſis, the one the crime, the other the puniſhment of theſe unhappy free agents, form the *ſine † qua non* of the Gentoos. But Mr. Dow ſays not one word of the angelic fall; ſo far from it, his Brahmin ſyſtem excludes ſuch ſuppoſition. From hence, and from numberleſs other irrefragable proofs, certain it is that the Brahmins are irreconcileably divided among themſelves upon what are the doctrines of the Shaſtah. Different ſects of all religions give different interpretations to their records held ſacred. But it is peculiar to the religious of India to contradict each other in the moſt eſſential hiſtorical circumſtances.

This diſagreement, peculiar to the *learned* Brahmins, is eaſily accounted for. They have a great multiplicity of Shaſters ‡; as many perhaps as there were fanatic ſermons in the days of Cromwell. And to this let it be added, they are written in a dead language, in a tongue and character different from thoſe of common uſe in India; and their contents are concealed with the moſt jealous care. The Brahmins are the ſole maſters of them; and to read and explain them to the man of another caſt incurs the moſt dreadful of all the Gentoo puniſhments. On account of this ſecrecy ſome may venerate the

* Feriſhta aſſerts that the Hindoos have no hiſtory of better authority than the Mahaberit, which is a legendary poem, eſteemed by the *preſent* Brahmins, of a much later date than the Shaſters. Mr. Dow, however, ſets this authority aſide. "The Mohammedans, he ſays, know nothing of the Hindoo learning," "And Feriſhta collected his accounts from Perſian authors, being altogether unacquainted with the "Shanſcrita, or learned language of the Brahmins, in which the internal hiſtory of India is compre-"hended." In invalidating the authority of the Hiſtory which he gave to the public, Mr. Dow might have added one circumſtance which moſt effectually would have ſerved his purpoſe; a circumſtance which makes the whole of Feriſhta's hiſtory appear as a meer fabrication. This Hiſtorian, though he treats of that particular period, has not one word of the arrival, or of the wars of the Portugueſe in India. Though they reigned Lords of all the Aſiatic ſeas; though his native country Perſia, and every Prince of India, were, at different times, for almoſt a whole century, harraſſed by their wars; though the politics of every court of Hindoſtan were influenced by the conqueſts and neighbourhood of theſe warlike and powerful ſtrangers, honeſt Feriſhta in his hiſtory of that very period as tranſlated by Mr. Dow, appears never to have heard one word about the matter. What pity is it that Mr. Dow, who ſhews ſuch good will to condemn his author's authority, ſhould have omitted this concluſive and moſt extraordinary circumſtance.

† Yet in ch. vii. p. 151. he tells us that the Gentoos have loſt ſight of their *original ſin*, or defection, "(i. e. the angelic fall) and that the whole conduct of the drama of the *Chatah* and *Aughtorrah Bhades*— "has not the ſmalleſt retroſpect to their firſt tranſgreſſion, or the means of atoning for it.—This, adds he, "is the ſituation of the bulk of the people of *Indoſtan*, as well as of the modern *Brahmins*; amongſt the "latter, if we except one in a thouſand, (i. e. *who can allegoriſe*) we give them over meaſure."

‡ Mr. Dow ſays, (p. xxxviii. in a note) "There are many Shaſters among the Hindoos, ſo that thoſe "writers who affirmed, that there was but one Shaſter in India, which, like the Bible of the Chriſtians, or "Koran of the followers of Mahommed, contained the firſt principles of the Brahmin faith, have deceived "themſelves and the public."

wiſdom and ſacredneſs of their doctrines. For our part we cannot help being led, by this very cue, to ſuſpect that there is ſomething extremely abſurd, frivolous, and childiſh, in what is thus religiouſly enveloped in the veil of darkneſs.

In the courſe of this enquiry we have ſeen ſome moſt ſtriking alterations in the Brahmin tenets and character. Theſe philoſophers do not now upon principle die by fire. Sixteen hundred years ago they had no idols. Yet on the arrival of the modern Europeans in India, all the ſuperſtition of ancient Egypt in the adoration of animals and vegetables, ſeemed more than revived by the Brahmins. Two hundred years ago the Gentoo princes offered immenſe ſums for the ſacred tooth of the Monkey *Hanimant*. We are aſſured by gentlemen of obſervation who have been long in India, that there is not now a Gentoo of fortune who would give a farthing for it. And both Mr. H. and D. found ſuch able philoſophers and allegoriſers among the Brahmins, as never any former traveller converſed with in India.

"*Sieb*, ſays Mr. H. literally ſignifies a *deſtroyer*, an *avenger*, a *puniſher*, and is "the object of great diſmay and terror to "the *Gentoos*, but *modern* expounders of "*Brahma's Shaſtah*, have ſoftened the ri"gour of his character by giving him "names and attributes of a very different "nature from that of *Sieb*. They call him "*Moiſoor*, (a contraction of *Mahahſoor, the* "*moſt mighty deſtroyer of evil)* and under "this ſoothing title he is worſhipped, not "as *Sieb* the deſtroyer, but as *the deſtroyer* "*of evil*. The other epithet they have "given to him is *Moidéb*, (a contraction "of *Mahahdebtah*, the moſt mighty angel) "in this ſenſe he is worſhipped as the aver"ter of evil, and under this character he "has the moſt altars erected to him."

After this moſt egregious inſtance of *moderniſing*, nothing need be added in proof that the preſent are very different from the ancient doctrines of India. In a word, the Rabbinical pretenſions that Adam, Seth, and Enoch wrote great part of the Talmud, and that Abraham taught aſtronomy and mathematics in the plains of Mamre, are not more abſurdly ridiculous than the Gentoo pretenſions to a ſimilar antiquity of their ſacred books. Every one, who is acquainted with the hiſtory of the human mind, knows what an alteration in the manners of that moſt bigotted people the Jews, was introduced by the Babylonian captivity. Before that period amazingly dull and ſtupid, after their return from Aſſyria they began to philoſophize. The ſuperſtition and idolatry of the modern Brahmins have certainly, in the ſame manner, received great improvement of features from the converſation of Europeans, whoſe example, however otherwiſe vicious, could not fail to convince them of the abſurdity of ſuch mental weakneſs. Nor can we paſs unobſerved the rejection of the fourth Beda. By its ſubject, the knowledge of the Good Being, it ſeems to be the moſt valuable of the whole, except the ſecond, which treats of the religious and moral duties. Yet the Brahmins, ſays Mr. Dow, have long rejected it, becauſe the Mohammedan religion, they ſay, is borrowed from it. On the ſuppoſition, which they pretend, that their ſacred books were dictated by divine authority, the rejection of any part is as unwarrantable as the reaſon for rejecting the fourth Beda is ſubmiſſive and ridiculous. The rejection of a part of their ſacred ſcriptures thus openly confeſſed, and yet the whole moſt carefully concealed from the eyes of every enquirer; the alterations of their tenets and character; the propenſity the human mind has to improve when under long and favourable opportunities, all concur in demonſtrating that not only the ſyſtems of Meſſ. H. and D. are widely different from thoſe of the ancient Gentoos; but that whatever in future may be given by the moſt learned Brahmins, as their genuine ancient tenets, OUGHT by no means to be DEPENDED UPON AS SUCH. While the Brahmins continue a ſect, thoſe leading principles of human nature, zeal for what is eſteemed ſacred, and partiality to national honour, will ever influence them, when they lay their philoſophy before the eyes of ſtrangers, particularly where the boaſted ſecrecy of near 4000 years promiſes the impoſſibility of detection. Shall we believe that the gloſſes and refinements of the modern learned Brahmins contain the genuine ideas and principles of the ancient Hindoos? We may as well believe that the Popiſh prieſts on the Indian miſſion will give the Brahmins a faithful hiſtory of the deteſtable tyranny and abominable wickedneſs of the Popes

Popes and their Holy Church during the monkiſh ages. Who that conſiders theſe ſtriking facts, and their certain conſequences, can withhold his contempt when he is told of the religious care with which the Brahmins have theſe four thouſand years preſerved their ſacred rites: An abſurdity only equal to that of thoſe who tell us, that God inſtructed Adam in the myſteries of free maſonry, and that Noah every new moon held a maſon's lodge in the ark.

And yet all this is nothing to the ridicule of what follows; Where does the pure Shaſtah of Brahma exiſt? Mr. D.'s *learned pundit* ſeems never to have heard a word about it. Why truly, the original text of Brahma is preſerved, ſays Mr. H. ch. iv. p. 13. in the *Chatah Bhade*, or *ſix ſcriptures of the mighty ſpirit*. This work, he ſays, is a paraphraſe on the pure Shaſtah, which conſiſted only of four ſcriptures; therefore the original text muſt be only interſperſed. And this paraphraſe Mr. H. reprobates as the infernal work of prieſtcraft, and the original cauſe of the polytheiſm of the Gentoos. And this pure text is not only to be picked *, at diſcretion and pleaſure, out of this mother of idolatry, but the ability ſo to do is confined to a very few families. "The original, plain, pure, and ſimple "tenets, (ſays Mr. H. p. 15.) of the *Cha*-"*tah Bhade* of *Brahma* (1500 years after "its firſt promulgation) became by degrees "utterly loſt; except to *three* or *four* Goſeyn "families, who at this day are *only capable* "of reading and expounding it, from the "*Sanſcrit* character; to theſe may be added "a few others of the tribe of *Batteezaaz* "*Brahmins*, who can read, and expound "from the *Chatah Bhade* which *ſtill pre*-"*ſerved* the text of the original, as before "remarked."

Can pretenſions to the moſt remote antiquity be more completely ridiculous! By theſe three or four families who only can diſcover, read and expound the pure *Shaſtah* of *Brahma*, we muſt underſtand thoſe Brahmins with whom Mr. H. converſed, and whom, in the utmoſt probability he taught to ſay as he ſaid; and then (like thoſe who have been to the *Cunning Man* on enquiry after *ſtolen goods* or a *ſweetheart*,) came home highly ſatisfied with having his own hints repeated to him in other words.

And thus, from the concurrent teſtimony of all former travellers, moſt virtually confirmed by Meſſrs. H. and D. we have diſplayed the wild, capricious, and groſs ſpirit of the Gentoo theology; the endleſs confuſion of their legends; the impiety and puerility of their metaphyſics; their ignorance of natural philoſophy; the immorality of their penances and idolatry; the general turpitude and baſeneſs of the Hindoo character; the alteration of their principles and manners in various ages; the utter uncertainty of the various dates of their writings held ſacred; and, above all, the abſurdity of thoſe who have maintained that theſe writings have remained unaltered almoſt theſe 4000 years, and are of ſuperior antiquity to the records of any other nation.

It is an obſervation founded on experience, that the zealot of any ſect, in giving an account of his religion to one who knows nothing about it, will give every circumſtance the beſt gloſs, and ſtrain every feature, as much as poſſible, to a conformity to the ideas of his intelligent friend †. And from the contradictory accounts of Mr. H. and Mr. D. let future travellers beware how they obtrude upon Europe the opinions of two or three Brahmins, as the only genuine doctrines of the Gentoos. The irreconcileable contradictions of theſe philoſophers have been demonſtrated. And theſe

* The abſurdity of this arbitrary ſelection of the pure Shaſtah, is demonſtrated, undeſignedly, by Mr. H. himſelf. He ſays the pure Shaſtah of Brahma contained no mythology; and yet what he has ſelected as the pure Shaſtah, as the quotations already given evince, is mythological.

† In this manner Joſephus, a man of great abilities, wrote his hiſtory of the Jews. He has altered, ſuppreſſed, gloſſed, and falſified, on purpoſe to adopt the manners and opinions of his countrymen, as much as poſſible, to the taſte of the Greek and Roman Philoſophers. In the ſame manner, we believe, it may be aſſerted, that every jeſuit behaves, when he defends popery in converſation with an intelligent diſſenter from the church of Rome, who has the art to appear ignorant of the doctrines of the papacy, and of the writers of that communion. One may often meet with a ſenſible papiſt, who either from ignorance of the hiſtory of his own religion, or from prejudice in its favour, will very confidently deny the horrid cruelties, ſuperſtitions, and villainous arts of Holy Church; thoſe intrigues and tranſactions which form the principal part of the hiſtory of Europe during ſix or ſeven monkiſh centuries. Yet what wiſe man will upon ſuch evidence reject the teſtimony of ages? The alluſion is apt, and the inference is the ſame.

contradictions evidently appear to have thus ariſen: The philoſophy and mythology of the Gentoos form ſuch a boundleſs chaos of confuſion and contradictions, that no two of theſe philoſophers, unacquainted with each other, can poſſibly give the ſame or a conſiſtent account of their tenets: And whenever one of ſuperior ingenuity vamps up a fine philoſophical theory out of the original maſs, another, perhaps equally ingenious, comes and puts one in mind of the fable of the bee and the ſpider in Swift's battle of the books. The ſpider had, with great pains juſt finiſhed his web to catch flies, when the bee blundered that way, and demoliſhed it. "A plague ſplit you, (quoth the ſpider) for a giddy whoreſon, is it you, with a vengeance, have made all this litter . . . . . and do you think I have nothing elſe to do, in the devil's name, but to mend and repair after your a——?"

And verily, verily, in this ſtrain may the moſt learned of the modern Brahmins exclaim to each other.

THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK VIII.

WITH eye unmoved the ſilent CATUAL view'd
The pictured Sire with ſeeming life endued;
A verdant vine-bough waving in his right,
Smooth flowed his ſweepy beard of gloſſy white;
When thus, as ſwift the Moor unfolds the word,
The valiant Paulus to the Indian Lord;

Bold though theſe figures frown, yet bolder far
Theſe godlike heroes ſhined in ancient war.
In that hoar ſire, of mien ſerene, auguſt,
Luſus behold, no robber-chief unjuſt;

His

His cluſter'd bough, the ſame which Bacchus [a] bore,
He waves, the emblem of his care of yore;
The friend of ſavage man, to Bacchus dear,
The ſon of Bacchus, or the bold compeer,
What time his yellow locks with vine-leaves curl'd,
The youthful god ſubdued the ſavage world,
Bade vineyards gliſten o'er the dreary waſte,
And humanized the nations as he paſt.
Luſus, the loved companion of the god,
In Spain's fair boſom fixt his laſt abode,
Our kingdom founded, and illuſtrious reign'd.
In thoſe fair lawns, the bleſt Elyſium [b] feign'd.

[a] *His cluſter'd bough, the ſame which Bacchus bore.*——Camoens immediately before, and in the former book, calls the enſign of Luſus a bough; here he calls it the green thyrſus of Bacchus,

O verde Tyrſo foi de Bacco uſado.

The thyrſus however was a javelin twiſted with ivy-leaves, uſed in the ſacrifices of Bacchus.

[b] *In thoſe fair lawns the bleſt Elyſium feign'd*—In this aſſertion our author has the authority of Strabo, a foundation ſufficient for a poet. Nor are there wanting ſeveral Spaniſh writers, particularly *Barboſa*, who ſeriouſly affirm that Homer drew the fine deſcription of Elyſium, in his fourth Odyſſey, from the beautiful valleys of Spain, where in one of his voyages, it is ſaid, he arrived. Egypt, however, ſeems to have a better title to this honour. The fable of Charon, and the judges of the poetical hell, are evidently borrowed from the Egyptian rites of burial, and are older than Homer. After a ferryman had conveyed the corpſe over a lake, certain judges examined the life of the deceaſed, particularly his claim to the virtue of loyalty, and, according to the report, decreed or refuſed the honours of ſepulture. The place of the Catacombs, according to Diodorous Siculus, was ſurrounded with deep canals, beautiful meadows, and a wilderneſs of groves. And it is univerſally known that the greateſt part of the Grecian fables were fabricated from the cuſtoms and opinions of Egypt. Several other nations have alſo claimed the honour of affording the idea of the fields of the Bleſſed. Even the Scotch challenge it. Many Grecian fables, ſays an author of that country, are evidently founded on the reports of the Phœnician ſailors. That theſe navigators traded to the coaſts of Britain is certain. In the middle of ſummer, the ſeaſon when the ancients performed their voyages, for about ſix weeks there is no night over the Orkney iſlands; the diſk of the ſun during that time ſcarcely ſinking below the horizon. This appearance, together with the calm which uſually prevails at that ſeaſon, and the beautiful verdure of the iſlands, could not fail to excite the admiration of the Tyrians; and their accounts of the place naturally afforded the idea that theſe iſlands were inhabited by the ſpirits of the Juſt. This, ſays our author, is countenanced by Homer, who places his iſlands of the Happy at the extremity of the ocean. That the fables of Scylla, the Gorgades, and ſeveral others, were founded on the accounts of navigators, ſeems probable; and on this ſuppoſition the Inſulæ Fortunatæ, and Purpura-

rize

Where winding oft the Guadiana roves,
And Douro murmurs through the flowery groves.
Here with his bones he left his deathleſs fame,
And Luſitania's clime ſhall ever bear his name.
That other chief th'embroider'd ſilk diſplays,
Toſt o'er the deep whole years of weary days,
On Tago's banks at laſt his vows he paid:
To Wiſdom's godlike power, the Jove-born Maid,
Who fired his lips with eloquence divine,
On Tago's banks he reared the hallowed ſhrine:
Ulyſſes he, though fated to deſtroy
On Afian ground the heaven-built towers of [c] Troy,
On Europe's ſtrand, more grateful to the ſkies,
He bade th' eternal walls of Liſboa [d] riſe.

But who that godlike terror of the plain,
Who ſtrews the ſmoaking field with heaps of ſlain?

riæ, now the Canary and Madeira iſlands, alſo claim the honour of giving colours to the deſcription of Elyſium. The truth however appears to be this; That a place of happineſs is reſerved for the ſpirits of the Good is the natural ſuggeſtion of that anxiety and hope concerning the future, which animates the human breaſt. All the barbarous nations of Africa and America agree in placing their heaven in beautiful iſlands at an immenſe diſtance over the ocean. The idea is univerſal, and is natural to every nation in the ſtate of barbarous ſimplicity.

[c] —*The heaven built towers of Troy*—— Alluding to the fable of Neptune, Apollo, and Laomedon.

[d] *On Europe's ſtrand, more grateful to the ſkies,*
He bade th' eternal walls of Liſboa riſe.—
For ſome account of this tradition ſee the note p. 104. Ancient traditions, however fabulous, have a good effect in poetry. Virgil has not ſcrupled to inſert one, which required an apology.
——*Priſca fides facto, ſed fama perennis.*
Spenſer has given us the hiſtory of Brute and his deſcendants at full length in the *Faerie Queen*; and Milton, it is known, was ſo fond of that abſurd legend, that he intended to write a poem on the ſubject; and by this fondneſs was induced to mention it as a truth in his introduction to the hiſtory of England.

What

What numerous legions fly in dire diſmay,
Whoſe ſtandards wide the eagle's wings diſplay?
The Pagan aſks; the brother [e] Chief replies,
Unconquer'd deem'd proud Rome's dread ſtandard flies.
His crook thrown by, fired by his nation's woes,
The hero ſhepherd Viriatus róſe;
His country ſaved proclaim'd his warlike fame,
And Rome's wide empire trembled at his name.
That generous pride which Rome to Pyrrhus [f] bore,
To him they ſhew'd not; for they fear'd him more.
Not on the field o'ercome by manly force;
Peaceful he ſlept, and now a murdered corſe
By treaſon ſlain he lay. How ſtern, behold,
That other hero, firm, erect, and bold:
The power by which he boaſted he divined,
Beſide him pictur'd ſtands, the milk-white hind:
Injured by Rome, the ſtern Sertorius fled
To Tago's ſhore, and Luſus' offſpring led;
Their worth he knew; in ſcatter'd flight he drove
The ſtandards painted with the birds of Jove.
And lo, the flag whoſe ſhining colours own
The glorious Founder of the Luſian throne!

[e] —*the brother Chief*—Paulus de Gama.

[f] *That generous pride which Rome to Pyrrhus bore.*—When Pyrrhus king of Epirus was at war with the Romans, his phyſician offered to poiſon him. The ſenate rejected the propoſal, and acquainted Pyrrhus of the deſigned treaſon. Florus remarks on the infamous aſſaſſination of Viriatus, that the Roman ſenate did him great honour; *ut videretur aliter vinci non potuiſſe*; it was a confeſſion that they could not otherwiſe conquer him. Vid. Flor. l. 17. For a fuller account of this great man, ſee the note on p. 12.

Some

Some deem the warrior of Hungarian [g] race,
Some from Loraine the godlike hero trace.
From Tagus' banks the haughty Moor expell'd,
Galicia's ſons, and Leon's warriors quell'd,
To weeping Salem's ever-hallowed meads,
His warlike bands the holy Henry leads,
By holy war to ſanctify his crown,
And to his lateſt race auſpicious waft it down.

And who this awful Chief? aloud exclaims
The wondering Regent, o'er the field he flames
In dazzling ſteel, wheree'er he bends his courſe
The battle ſinks beneath his headlong force;
Againſt his troops, though few, the numerous foes
In vain their ſpears and towery walls oppoſe.
With ſmoaking blood his armour ſprinkled o'er,
High to the knees his courſer paws in gore;
O'er crowns and blood-ſtain'd enſigns ſcatter'd round
He rides; his courſer's brazen hoofs reſound.
In that great chief, the ſecond GAMA cries,
The firſt [h] Alonzo ſtrikes thy wondering eyes.
From Luſus' realm the Pagan Moors he drove;
Heaven, whom he loved beſtow'd on him ſuch love,

[g] *Some deem the warrior of Hungarian race*——See the note on p. 91.

[h] *The firſt Alonzo*——King of Portugal. See p. 102, &c.

Beneath him, bleeding of its mortal wound,
The Mooriſh ſtrength lay proſtrate on the ground.
Nor Ammon's ſon, nor greater Julius dared
With troops ſo few, with hoſts ſo numerous warr'd:
Nor leſs ſhall Fame the ſubject heroes own:
Behold that hoary warrior's rageful frown!
On his young pupil's flight his burning [i] eyes
He darts, and, Turn thy flying hoſt, he cries,
Back to the field—The Veteran and the Boy
Back to the field exult with furious joy:
Their ranks mow'd down, the boaſtful foe recedes,
The vanquiſh'd triumph, and the victor bleeds.
Again that mirror of unſhaken faith,
Egaz behold, a chief ſelf-doom'd to [k] death.
Beneath Caſtilia's ſword his monarch lay;
Homage he vow'd his helpleſs king ſhould pay;
His haughty king relieved, the treaty ſpurns,
With conſcious pride the noble Egaz burns;
His comely ſpouſe and infant race he leads,
Himſelf the ſame, in ſentenced felon's weeds;
Around their necks the knotted halters bound,
With naked feet they tread the flinty ground;

[i] *On his young pupil's flight.*——"Some, indeed, moſt writers ſay, that the queen (*of whom ſee* p. 96.) advancing with her army towards Guimaraez, the king, without waiting till his governor joined him, engaged them and was routed: but that afterwards the remains of his army being joined by the troops under the command of Egaz Munitz, engaged the army of the queen a ſecond time, and gained a complete victory." Univ. Hiſt.

[k] *Egaz behold, a chief ſelf-doom'd to death.*—See the ſame ſtory, p. 99.

And

And proſtrate now before Caſtilia's throne
Their offer'd lives their monarch's pride atone.
Ah! Rome no more thy generous conſul [l] boaſt,
Whoſe lorn ſubmiſſion ſaved his ruin'd hoſt:
No father's woes aſſail'd his ſtedfaſt mind;
The deareſt ties the Luſian chief reſign'd.

There, by the ſtream, a Town beſieged behold,
The Mooriſh tents the ſhatter'd walls infold.
Fierce as the lion from the covert ſprings,
When hunger gives his rage the whirlwind's wings;
From ambush, lo, the valiant Fuaz pours,
And whelms in ſudden rout th' aſtoniſh'd Moors.
The Mooriſh king in captive chains he [m] ſends;
And low at Liſboa's throne the royal captive bends.
Fuaz again the artiſt's ſkill diſplays;
Far o'er the ocean ſhine his enſign's rays:
In crackling flames the Mooriſh galleys fly,
And the red blaze aſcends the bluſhing ſky:
O'er Avila's high ſteep the flames aſpire,
And wrap the foreſts in a ſheet of fire:

[l] *Ah Rome! no more thy generous conſul boaſt*——Sc. Poſthumus, who, overpowered by the Samnites, ſubmitted to the indignity of paſſing under the yoke or gallows.

[m] *The Mooriſh king*——The Alcaydes, or tributary Governors under the Miramolin or Emperor of Morocco, are often by the Spaniſh and Portugueſe writers ſtiled kings. He who was ſurprized and taken priſoner by Don Fuaz Roupinho was named *Gama*. Fuaz, after having gained the firſt naval victory of the Portugueſe, alſo experienced their firſt defeat. With one and twenty ſail he attacked fifty-four large gallies of the Moors. The ſea, ſays Brandan, which had lately furniſhed him with trophies, now ſupplied him with a tomb.

There ſeem the waves beneath the prows to boil;
And diſtant far around for many a mile
The glaſſy deep reflects the ruddy blaze;
Far on the edge the yellow light decays,
And blends with hovering blackneſs. Great and dread
Thus ſhone the day when firſt the combat bled,
The firſt our heroes battled on the main,
The glorious prelude of our naval reign,
Which now the waves beyond the burning zone,
And northern Greenland's froſt-bound billows own.
Again behold brave Fuaz dares the fight!
O'erpower'd he ſinks beneath the Mooriſh might;
Smiling in death the martyr-hero lies,
And lo, his ſoul triumphant mounts the ſkies.
Here now behold, in warlike pomp pourtray'd,
A foreign navy brings the pious [a] aid.
Lo, marching from the decks the ſquadrons ſpread,
Strange their attire, their aſpect firm and dread.
The holy Croſs their enſigns bold diſplay,
To Salem's aid they plough'd the watery way;
Yet firſt, the cauſe the ſame, on Tago's ſhore
They dye their maiden ſwords in Pagan gore.
Proud ſtood the Moor on Liſboa's warlike towers;
From Liſboa's walls they drive the Mooriſh powers:

[a] *A foreign navy brings the pious aid*—A navy of cruſaders, moſtly Engliſh. See p. 104.

Amid

Amid the thickeſt of the glorious fight,
Lo, Henry falls, a gallant German knight,
A martyr falls: That holy tomb behold,
There waves the bloſſom'd palm the boughs of gold:
O'er Henry's grave the ſacred plant aroſe,
And from the leaves, heaven's gift, gay health redundant [o] flows.

Aloft, unfurl; the valiant Paulus cries;
Inſtant new wars on new-ſpread enſigns riſe.
In robes of white behold a prieſt [p] advance!
His ſword in ſplinters ſmites the Mooriſh lance:
Arronchez won revenges Lira's fall:
And lo, on fair Savilia's batter'd wall,
How boldly calm amid the craſhing ſpears,
That hero-form the Luſian ſtandard rears.
There bleeds the war on fair Vandalia's plain:
Lo, ruſhing through the Moors o'er hills of ſlain
The hero rides, and proves by genuine claim
The ſon of Egas [q], and his worth the ſame.

[o] *And from the leaves*——This Legend is mentioned by ſome ancient Portugueſe chronicles. Homer would have availed himſelf, as Camoens has done, of a tradition ſo enthuſiaſtical, and characteriſtic of the age. Henry was a native of Bonneville near Cologn. His tomb, ſays Caſtera, is ſtill to be ſeen in the Monaſtery of St. Vincent, but without the palm.

[p] *In robes of white behold a prieſt advance.*—"Theotonius, prior of the Regulars of St. "Auguſtine of Conymbra. Some ancient "Chronicles relate this circumſtance as "mentioned by Camoens. Modern wri-"ters aſſert, that he never quitted his bre-"viary." *Caſtera.*

[q] *The ſon of Egas*—He was named Mem Moniz, and was ſon of Egas Moniz, celebrated for the ſurrender of himſelf and family to the king of Caſtile, as already mentioned.

Pierced

Pierced by his dart the ſtandard-bearer dies;
Beneath his feet the Mooriſh ſtandard lies:
High o'er the field, behold the glorious blaze!
The victor-youth the Luſian flag diſplays.
Lo, while the moon through midnight azure rides,
From the high wall adown his ſpear-ſtaff glides
The dauntleſs Gerrald: in his left he [r] bears
Two watchmen's heads, his right the faulchion rears:
The gate he opens; ſwift from ambuſh riſe
His ready bands, the city falls his prize:
Evora ſtill the grateful honour pays,
Her banner'd flag the mighty deed diſplays:
There frowns the hero; in his left he bears
The two cold heads, his right the faulchion rears.
Wrong'd by his king, and burning for [s] revenge,
Behold his arms that proud Caſtilian change;
The Mooriſh buckler on his breaſt he bears,
And leads the fierceſt of the Pagan ſpears.

[r] *The dauntleſs Gerrald*—"He was a man of rank, who, in order to avoid the legal puniſhment to which ſeveral crimes rendered him obnoxious, put himſelf at the head of a party of Freebooters. Tiring however, of that life, he reſolved to reconcile himſelf to his ſovereign by ſome noble action. Full of this idea, one evening he entered Evora, which then belonged to the Moors. In the night he killed the centinels of one of the gates, which he opened to his companions, who ſoon became maſters of the place. This exploit had its deſired effect. The king pardoned Gerrald, and made him governor of Evora. A knight with a ſword in one hand, and two heads in the other, from that time became the armorial bearing of the city." *Caſtera.*

[s] *Wrong'd by his king*—Don Pedro Fernando de Caſtro, injured by the family of *Lara*, and denied redreſs by the king of Caſtile, took the infamous revenge of bearing arms againſt his native country. At the head of a Mooriſh army he committed ſeveral outrages in Spain; but was totally defeated in Portugal.

Abrantes

Abrantes falls beneath his raging force,
And now to Tago bends his furious courſe.
Another fate he met on Tago's ſhore,
Brave Lopez from his brows the laurels tore;
His bleeding army ſtrew'd the thirſty ground,
And captive chains the rageful Leader bound.
Reſplendant far that holy chief behold!
Aſide he throws the ſacred ſtaff of gold,
And wields the ſpear of ſteel. How bold advance
The numerous Moors, and with the reſted lance
Hem round the trembling Luſians! Calm and bold
Still towers the prieſt, and lo, the ſkies [t] unfold:
Cheer'd by the viſion brighter than the day
The Luſians trample down the dread array
Of Hagar's legions: on the reeking plain
Low with their ſlaves four haughty kings lie ſlain.
In vain Alcazar rears her brazen walls,
Before his ruſhing hoſt Alcazar falls.
There, by his altar, now the hero ſhines,
And with the warrior's palm his mitre twines.
That chief behold: though proud Caſtilia's hoſt
He leads, his birth ſhall Tagus ever boaſt.

[t] ——*and lo, the ſkies unfold*—"According to ſome ancient Portugueſe hiſtories, Don Matthew, Biſhop of Liſbon, in the reign of Alonzo I. attempted to reduce Alcazar, then in poſſeſſion of the Moors. His troops being ſuddenly ſurrounded by a numerous party of the enemy, were ready to fly, when, at the prayers of the Biſhop, a venerable old man, cloathed in white, with a red croſs on his breaſt, appeared in the air. The miracle diſpelled the fears of the Portugueſe; the Moors were defeated, and the conqueſt of Alcazar crowned the victory." *Caſtera.*

As

As a pent flood burſts headlong o'er the ſtrand
So pours his fury o'er Algarbia's land:
Nor rampired town, nor caſtled rock afford
The refuge of defence from Payo's ſword.
By night-veil'd art proud Sylves falls his prey,
And Tavila's high walls at middle day
Fearleſs he ſcales: her ſtreets in blood deplore
The ſeven brave hunters murdered by the [u] Moor.
Theſe three bold knights how dread! Thro' Spain and [w] France
At juſt and tournay with the tilted lance
Victors they rode: Caſtilia's court beheld
Her peers o'erthrown; the peers with rancour ſwell'd:
The braveſt of the Three their ſwords ſurround;
Brave Ribeir ſtrews them vanquiſh'd o'er the ground.
Now let thy thoughts, all wonder and on fire,
That darling ſon of warlike Fame admire!
Proſtrate at proud Caſtilia's monarch's feet
His land lies trembling: lo, the nobles meet:

[u] ——— *her ſtreets in blood deplore*
The ſeven brave hunters murder'd by the Moor
——— "During a truce with the Moors, "ſix cavaliers of the order of St. James "were, while on a hunting party, ſur- "rounded and killed by a numerous body "of the Moors. During the fight, in "which the gentlemen ſold their lives "dear, a common carter, named Garcias "Rodrigo, who chanced to paſs that way, "came generouſly to their aſſiſtance, and "loſt his life along with them. The Poet, "in giving all ſeven the ſame title, ſhews "us that virtue conſtitutes true nobility. "Don Payo de Correa, grand maſter of "the order of St. James, revenged the death "of theſe brave unfortunates, by the ſack "of Tavila, where his juſt rage put the "garriſon to the ſword." *Caſtera.*

[w] *Theſe Three bold knights how dread!*— Nothing can give us a ſtronger picture of the romantic character of their age, than the manners of theſe champions, who were gentlemen of birth; and who, in the true ſpirit of knight-errantry, went about from court to court in queſt of adventures. Their names were, Gonçalo Ribeiro; Fernando Martinez de Santarene; and Vaſco Anez, foſter-brother to Mary, queen of Caſtile, daughter of Alonzo IV. of Portugal.

Softly

Softly they ſeem to breathe, and forward bend
The ſervile neck; each eye diſtruſts his friend;
Fearful each tongue to ſpeak; each boſom cold:
When colour'd with ſtern rage, erect and bold
The hero riſes; Here no foreign throne
Shall fix its baſe; my native king alone
Shall reign—Then ruſhing to the fight he leads;
Low vanquiſh'd in the duſt Caſtilia bleeds.
Where proudeſt hope might deem it vain to dare,
God led him on, and crown'd the glorious war.
Though fierce as numerous are the hoſts that dwell
By Betis' ſtream, theſe hoſts before him fell.
The fight behold: while abſent from his bands,
Preſt on the ſtep of flight his army ſtands,
To call the chief an herald ſpeeds away:
Low on his knees the gallant chief ſurvey!
He pours his ſoul, with lifted hands implores,
And heaven's aſſiſting arm, inſpired, adores.
Panting and pale the herald urges ſpeed:
With holy truſt of victory decreed,
Careleſs he anſwers, Nothing urgent calls:
And ſoon the bleeding foe before him falls.
To Numa thus the pale Patricians fled;
The hoſtile ſquadron's o'er the kingdom ſpread,

They cry; unmoved the holy king replies,
And I, behold, am offering [x] ſacrifice!
Earneſt I ſee thy wondering eyes enquire
Who this illuſtrious chief, his country's ſire?
The Luſian Scipio well might ſpeak his [y] fame,
But nobler Nunio ſhines a greater name:
On earth's green boſom, or on ocean grey,
A greater never ſhall the Sun ſurvey.

Known by the ſilver croſs and ſable [z] ſhield,
Two knights of Malta there command the field;
From Tago's banks they drive the fleecy prey,
And the tired ox lows on his weary way:
When, as the falcon through the foreſt glade
Darts on the leveret, from the brown-wood ſhade
Darts Roderic on their rear; in ſcatter'd flight
They leave the goodly herds the victor's right.

[x] *And I, behold, am offering ſacrifice*—This line, the ſimplicity of which, I think, coutains great dignity, is adopted from Fanſhaw,

And I, ye ſee, am offering ſacrifice.—

who has here catched the ſpirit of the original:

A quem lhe a dura nova eſtava dando,
Pois eu, reſponde, eſtou ſacrificando.

i. e. To whom when they told the dreadful tidings. "And I, he replies, am ſacrificing." The piety of Numa was crowned with victory. Vid. Plut. in vit. Num.

[y] *The Luſian* Scipio *well might ſpeak his fame,*
But nobler Nunio *ſhines a greater name*—Caſtera juſtly obſerves the happineſs with which Camoens introduces the name of this truly great man. *Il va*, ſays he, *le nommer tout à l'heure avec une addreſſe et une magnificence digne d'un ſi beau ſujet.*

[z] *Two knights of Malta*—Theſe knights where firſt named knights Hoſpitallars of St. John of Jeruſalem, afterwards knights of Rhodes, from whence they were driven to Meſſina, ere Malta was aſſigned to them, where they now remain. By their oath of knighthood they are bound to protect the Holy Sepulchre from the profanation of Infidels; and immediately on taking this oath, they retire to their colleges, where they live on their revenues in all the idleneſs of monkiſh luxury. Their original habit was black with a white croſs; their arms Gules, a Croſs, Argent.

Again

Again, behold, in gore he bathes his ſword;
His captive friend, to liberty [a] reſtored,
Glows to review the cauſe that wrought his woe,
The cauſe, his loyalty as taintleſs ſnow.
Here Treaſon's well-earn'd meed allures thine eyes,
Low groveling in the duſt the Traytor dies;
Great Elvas gave the blow: Again, [b] behold,
Chariot and ſteed in purple ſlaughter roll'd:
Great Elvas triumphs; wide o'er Xeres' plain
Around him reeks the nobleſt blood of Spain.

Here Liſboa's ſpacious harbour meets the view;
How vaſt the foe's, the Luſian fleet how few!
Caſteel's proud war-ſhips, circling round, encloſe
The Luſian galleys; through their thundering rows,
Fierce preſſing on, Pereira fearleſs rides,
His hooked irons graſp the Ammiral's ſides:
Confuſion maddens; on the dreadleſs knight
Caſtilia's navy pours its gather'd might:

[a] *His captive friend*——Before John I. mounted the throne of Portugal, one Vaſco Porcallo was governor of Villaviciosa. Roderic de Landroal and his friend Alvarez Cuytado, having diſcovered that he was in the intereſt of the king of Caſtile, drove him from his town and fortreſs. On the eſtabliſhment of king John, Porcallo had the art to obtain the favour of that prince, but no ſooner was he re-inſtated in the garriſon, than he delivered it up to the Caſtilians; and plundered the houſe of Cuytado, whom, with his wife, he made priſoner; and under a numerous party, ordered to be ſent to Olivença. Roderic de Landroal hearing of this, attacked and defeated the eſcort, and ſet his friend at liberty. *Caſtera.*

[b] *Here treaſon's well-earn'd meed allures thine eyes*—While the kingdom of Portugal was divided, ſome holding with John the newly elected king, and others with the king of Caſtile, Roderic Marin, governor of Campo-Major, declared for the latter. Fernando d'Elvas endeavoured to gain him to the intereſt of his native prince, and a conference, with the uſual aſſurances of ſafety, was agreed to. Marin, at this meeting, ſeized upon Elvas, and ſent him priſoner to his caſtle. Elvas having recovered his liberty, a few days after met his enemy in the field, whom in his turn he made captive; and the traiterous Marin, notwithſtanding the endeavours of their captain to ſave his life, met the reward of his treaſon from the ſoldiers of Elvas. *Partly from Caſtera.*

Pereira dies, their ſelf-devoted prey,
And ſafe the Luſian galleys ſpeed [c] away.

Lo, where the lemon-trees from yon green hill
Throw their cool ſhadows o'er the cryſtal rill;
There twice two hundred fierce Caſtilian foes
Twice eight, forlorn, of Luſian race encloſe:
Forlorn they ſeem; but taintleſs flow'd their blood
From thoſe three hundred who of old withſtood,
Withſtood, and from a thouſand Romans tore
The victor-wreath, what time the [d] ſhepherd bore
The leader's ſtaff of Luſus: equal [e] flame
Inſpired theſe few, their victory the ſame.
Though twenty lances brave each ſingle ſpear,
Never the foes ſuperior might to fear
Is our inheritance, our native right,
Well tried, well proved in many a dreadful fight.

That dauntleſs earl behold; on Libya's coaſt,
Far from the ſuccour of the Luſian [f] hoſt,

[c] *And ſafe the Luſian galleys ſpeed away.* —A numerous fleet of the Caſtilians being on their way to lay ſiege to Liſbon, Ruy Pereyra, the Portugueſe commander, ſeeing no poſſibility of victory, boldly attacked the Spaniſh admiral. The fury of his onſet put the Caſtilians in diſorder, and allowed the Portugueſe galleys a ſafe eſcape. In this brave piece of ſervice the gallant Pereyra loſt his life. *Caſtera.*

[d] ——*the ſhepherd*—Viriatus.

[e] ——*equal flame inſpired theſe few*—— The Caſtilians having laid ſiege to Almada, a fortreſs on a mountain near Liſbon, the garriſon, in the utmoſt diſtreſs for water, were obliged at times to make ſallies to the bottom of the hill in queſt of it. Seventeen Portugueſe thus employed, were one day attacked by four hundred of the enemy. They made a brave defence and happy retreat into their fortreſs. *Caſtera.*

[f] *Far from the ſuccour of the Luſian hoſt*— When Alonzo V. took Ceuta, Don Pedro de Menezes, was the only officer in the army who was willing to become governor of that fortreſs; which, on account of the uncertainty of ſuccour from Portugal, and the earneſt deſire of the Moors to regain it, was deemed untenable. He gallantly defended his poſt in two ſevere ſieges.

Twice

Twice hard beſieged he holds the Ceutan towers
Againſt the banded might of Afric's powers.
That [c] other earl;—behold the port he bore;
So trod ſtern Mars on Thracia's hills of yore.
What groves of ſpears Alcazar's gates ſurround!
There Afric's nations blacken o'er the ground.
A thouſand enſigns glittering to the day
The waining moon's ſlant ſilver horns diſplay.
In vain their rage; no gate, no turret falls,
The brave De Vian guards Alcazar's walls.
In hopeleſs conflict loſt his king appears;
Amid the thickeſt of the Mooriſh ſpears
Plunges bold Vian: in the glorious ſtrife
He dies, and dying ſaves his ſovereign's life.

Illuſtrious, lo, two brother-heroes ſhine,
Their birth, their deeds, adorn the royal line;
To every king of princely Europe [f] known,
In every court the gallant Pedro ſhone.
The glorious [g] Henry—kindling at his name
Behold my ſailors' eyes all ſparkle flame!

[c] *That other Earl*——He was the natural ſon of Don Pedro de Menezes. Alonzo V. one day having rode out from Ceuta with a few attendants, was attacked by a numerous party of the Moors, when De Vian, and ſome others under him, at the expence of their own lives, purchaſed the ſafe retreat of their ſovereign.

[f] —— *two brother-heroes ſhine* —— The ſons of John I. Don Pedro was called the Ulyſſes of his age, on account b ſth of his eloquence and his voyages. He viſited almoſt every court of Europe, but he principally diſtinguiſhed himſelf in Germany, where, under the ſtandards of the emperor Sigiſmond, he ſignaliſed his valour in the war againſt the Turks. *Caſtera.*

[g] *The glorious Henry* —— In purſuance of the reaſon aſſigned in the preface, the tranſlator has here taken the liberty to make a tranſpoſition in the order of his author. In Camoens, Don Pedro de Menezes, and his ſon De Vian, conclude the deſcription of the pictured enſigns. Don Henry, the greateſt man

Henry the chief, who firſt, by heaven inſpired,
To deeds unknown before, the ſailor fired;
The conſcious ſailor left the ſight of ſhore,
And dared new oceans, never ploughed before.

man perhaps that ever Portugal produced, has certainly the beſt title to cloſe this proceſſion of the Luſian heroes. And as he was the father of navigation, particularly of the voyage of Gama, to ſum up the narrative with his encomium, it may be hoped has even ſome critical propriety. It remains now to make a few obſervations on this ſeeming epiſode of Camoens. The ſhield of Achilles has had many imitators, ſome in one degree, others in another. The imitation of Arioſto, in the XXXIII canto of his Orlando Furioſo, is moſt fancifully ingenious; and on this undoubtedly the Portugueſe poet had his eye. Pharamond, king of France, having reſolved to conquer Italy, deſires the friendſhip of Arthur, king of Britain. Arthur ſends Merlin the magician to aſſiſt him with advice. Merlin, by his ſupernatural art, raiſes a ſumptuous hall, on the ſides of which all the future wars, unfortunate to the French in their invaſions of Italy, are painted in colours exceeding the pencils of the greateſt maſters. A deſcription of theſe pictures, an epiſode much longer than this of Camoens, is given to the heroine Bradamant, by the knight who kept the caſtle of Sir Triſtram, where the inchanted hall was placed. But though the poetry be pleaſing, the whole fiction, unleſs to amuſe the warlike lady, has nothing to do with the action of the poem. Unity of deſign, however, is neither claimed by Arioſto in the exordium of his work, nor attempted in the execution. An examination therefore of the conduct of Homer and Virgil will be more applicable to Camoens. To give a landſcape of the face of the country which is the ſcene of action, or to deſcribe the heroes and their armour, are the becoming ornaments of an epic poem. Milton's beautiful deſcription of Eden, and the admirable painting of the ſhield of Achilles, are like the embroidery of a ſuit of cloaths, a part of the ſubject, and injure not the gracefulneſs of the make; or in other words, deſtroy not the unity of the action. Yet let it be obſerved, that admirable as they are, the pictures on the ſhield of Achilles, conſidered by themſelves, have no relation to the action of the Iliad. If ſix of the apartments may be ſaid to rouſe the hero to war, the other ſix may with equal juſtice be called an obvious admonition or a charge to turn huſbandman. In that part of the Æneid where Virgil greatly improves upon his maſter, in the viſions of his future race which Anchiſes gives to Æneas in Elyſium, the buſineſs of the poem is admirably ſuſtained, and the hero is inſpired to encounter every danger on the view of ſo great a reward. The deſcription of the ſhield of Æneas however is leſs connected with the *conduct* of the fable. Virgil, indeed, intended that his poem ſhould contain all the honours of his country, and has therefore charged the ſhield of his hero with what parts of the Roman hiſtory were omitted in the viſion of Elyſium. But ſo foreign are theſe pictures to the war with Turnus, that the poet himſelf tells us Æneas was ignorant of the hiſtory which they contained.

Talia, per clypeum Vulcani, dona parentis
Miratur: rerumque ignarus imagine gaudet.

Theſe obſervations, which the tranſlator believes have eſcaped the critics, were ſuggeſted to him by the conduct of Camoens, whoſe deſign, like that of Virgil, was to write a poem which might contain all the triumphs of his country. As the ſhield of Æneas ſupplies what could not be introduced in the viſion of Elyſium, ſo the enſigns of Gama complete the purpoſe of the third and fourth Luſiads. The uſe of that long epiſode, the converſation with the king of Melinda, and its connection with the ſubject, have been already obſerved. The ſeeming epiſode of the pictures, while it fulfils the promiſe,

And all my country's wars the ſong adorn—

is alſo admirably connected with the conduct of the poem. The Indians naturally deſire to be informed of the country, the hiſtory, and

The various wealth of every diſtant land
He bade his fleets explore, his fleets command.
The ocean's great Diſcoverer he ſhines;
Nor leſs his honours in the martial lines:
The painted flag the cloud-wrapt ſiege diſplays;
There Ceuta's rocking wall its truſt betrays.
Black yawns the breach; the point of many a ſpear
Gleams through the ſmoke; loud ſhouts aſtound the ear.
Whoſe ſtep firſt trod the dreadful paſs? whoſe ſword
Hew'd its dark way, firſt with the foe begored?
'Twas thine, O glorious Henry, firſt to dare
The dreadful paſs, and thine to cloſe the war.

and power of their foreign viſitors, and Paulus ſets it before their eyes. In every progreſſion of the ſcenery the buſineſs of the poem advances. The regent and his attendants are ſtruck with the warlike grandeur and power of the ſtrangers, and to accept of their friendſhip, or to prevent the forerunners of ſo martial a nation from carrying home the tidings of the Diſcovery of India, becomes the great object of their conſideration. And from the paſſions of the Indians and Moors, thus agitated, the great cataſtrophe of the Luſiad is both naturally and artfully produced.

As every reader is not a critic in poetry, to ſome perhaps the expreſſions

And the tired ox lows on his weary way——
——loud ſhouts aſtound the ear——

And the abrupt ſpeech of an enraged warrior, aſcribed to a picture;

——Here no foreign throne
Shall fix its baſe, my native king alone
Shall reign——

may appear as unwarrantable. This however, let them be aſſured, is the language of the genuine ſpirit of poetry, when the productions of the ſiſter muſe are the object of deſcription. Let one very bold inſtance of this appear in the picture of the dance of the youths and maidens on the ſhield of Achilles, thus faithfully rendered by Mr. Pope;

Now all at once they riſe, at once deſcend,
With well-taught feet: now ſhape, in oblique ways,
Confus'dly regular, the moving maze:
Now forth at once, too ſwift for ſight they ſpring,
And undiſtinguiſh'd blend the flying ring:
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circles toſt,
And rapid as it runs, the ſingle ſpokes are loſt.
The gazing multitudes admire around:
Two active tumblers in the center bound;
Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend:
And gen'ral ſongs the ſprightly revel end.
IL. XVIII.

Sometimes when deſcribing a picture, poetry will ſay, the figures *ſeem* to move, to tremble, or to ſing. Homer has once or twice, on the ſhield of his hero, given this hint how to underſtand him. But often to repeat the qualification were quite oppoſite to the bold and free ſpirit of poeſy, which delights in perſonification, and in giving life and paſſion to every thing it deſcribes. It is owing to the ſuperior force of this ſpirit, together with the more beautiful colouring of its landſcape-views, that the ſhield of Achilles, in poetical merit, ſo greatly excels the buckler of Æneas, though the divine workman of the latter, had the former as a pattern before him.

Taught

Taught by his might, and humbled in her gore
The boaſtful pride of Afric tower'd no more.

Numerous though theſe, more numerous warriors ſhine
Th' illuſtrious glory of the Luſian line.
But ah, forlorn, what ſhame to barbarous [h] pride!
Friendleſs the maſter of the pencil died;
Immortal fame his deathleſs labours gave;
Poor man, He ſunk neglected to the grave!

The gallant Paulus faithful thus explain'd
The various deeds the pictured flags retain'd.
Still o'er and o'er, and ſtill again untired,
The wondering Regent of the wars enquired;
Still wondering heard the various pleaſing tale,
Till o'er the decks cold ſighed the evening gale:
The falling darkneſs dimm'd the eaſtern ſhore,
And twilight hover'd o'er the billows hoar
Far to the weſt, when with his noble band
The thoughtful Regent ſought his native ſtrand.

[h] *But ah, forlorn, what ſhame to barbarous pride*—In the original,

Mas faltamlhes pincel, faltamlhes cores,
Honra, premio, favor, que as artes crião.

"But the pencil was wanting, colours were "wanting, honour, reward, favour, the "nouriſhers of the arts." This ſeemed to the tranſlator as an impropriety, and contrary to the purpoſe of the whole ſpeech of Paulus, which was to give the Catual a high idea of Portugal. In the fate of the imaginary painter, the Luſian poet gives us the picture of his own, and reſentment wrung this impropriety from him. The ſpirit of the complaint however is preſerved in the tranſlation. The couplet,

Immortal fame his deathleſs labours gave;
Poor man, He ſunk neglected to the grave!

is not in the original. It is the ſigh of indignation over the unworthy fate of the unhappy Camoens.

O'er

O'er the tall mountain-foreſt's waving boughs
Aſlant the new moon's ſlender horns aroſe;
Near her pale chariot ſhone a twinkling ſtar,
And, ſave the murmuring of the wave afar,
Deep-brooding ſilence reign'd; each labour cloſed,
In ſleep's ſoft arms the ſons of toil repoſed.
And now no more the moon her glimpſes ſhed,
A ſudden black-wing'd cloud the ſky o'erſpread,
A ſullen murmur through the woodland groan'd,
In woe-ſwoln ſighs the hollow winds bemoan'd;
Borne on the plaintive gale a pattering ſhower,
Increaſed the horrors of the evil hour.
Thus when the God of Earthquakes rocks the ground,
He gives the prelude in a dreary ſound;
O'er Nature's face a horrid gloom he throws,
With diſmal note the cock unuſual crows,
A ſhrill-voiced howling trembles thro' the air
As paſſing ghoſts were weeping in deſpair;
In diſmal yells the dogs confeſs their fear,
And ſhivering own ſome dreadful preſence near.
So lower'd the night, the ſullen howl the ſame,
And mid the black-wing'd gloom ſtern Bacchus came;
The form and garb of Hagar's ſon he took,
The ghoſt-like aſpect, and the threatening [1] look,

[1] *The ghoſt-like aſpect and the threatening look.*—Mohammed, by all hiſtorians, is deſcribed as of a pale livid complexion, and *trux aſpectus et vox terribilis*, of a fierce threatening aſpect, voice, and demeanour.

Then o'er the pillow of a furious prieſt,
Whoſe burning zeal the Koran's lore profeſt,
Revealed he ſtood conſpicuous in a dream,
His ſemblance ſhining as the moon's pale gleam:
And guard, he cries, my ſon, O timely guard,
Timely defeat the dreadful ſnare prepared:
And canſt thou careleſs, unaffected ſleep,
While theſe ſtern lawleſs rovers of the deep
Fix on thy native ſhore a foreign throne,
Before whoſe ſteps thy lateſt race ſhall groan!
He ſpoke; cold horror ſhook the Mooriſh prieſt;
He wakes, but ſoon reclines in wonted reſt:
An airy phantom of the ſlumbering brain
He deem'd the viſion; when the Fiend again,
With ſterner mien and fiercer accent ſpoke;
Oh faithleſs! worthy of the foreign yoke!
And knoweſt thou not thy Prophet ſent by heaven,
By whom the Koran's ſacred lore was given,
God's chiefeſt gift to men: And muſt I leave
The bowers of Paradiſe, for you to grieve,
For you to watch, while thoughtleſs of your woe
Ye ſleep, the careleſs victims of the foe;
The foe, whoſe rage will ſoon with cruel joy,
If unoppoſed, my ſacred ſhrines deſtroy.
Then while kind heaven th' auſpicious hour beſtows,
Let every nerve their infant ſtrength oppoſe.

When

When ſoftly uſhered by the milky [k] dawn
The ſun firſt riſes o'er the daiſied lawn,
His ſilver luſtre, as the ſhining dew
Of radiance mild, unhurt the eye may view:
But when on high the noon-tide flaming rays
Give all the force of living fire to blaze,
A giddy darkneſs ſtrikes the conquer'd ſight,
That dares in all his glow the Lord of light.
Such, if on India's ſoil the tender ſhoot
Of theſe proud cedars fix the ſtubborn root,
Such ſhall your power before them ſink decay'd,
And India's ſtrength ſhall wither in their ſhade.

He ſpoke; and inſtant from his vot'ry's bed
Together with repoſe, the Dæmon fled;

[k] *When ſoftly uſher'd by the milky dawn The ſun firſt riſes.*——"I deceive myſelf "greatly, (ſays Caſtera,) if this ſimile is not "the moſt noble and the moſt natural that "can be found in any poem. It has been "imitated by the Spaniſh comedian, the "illuſtrious Lopez de Vega, in his comedy "of Orpheus and Eurydice, Act I. Scene I.

Como mirar puede ſer
El ſol al amanecer,
I quando ſe enciende, no."

Caſtera adds a very looſe tranſlation of theſe Spaniſh lines in French verſe. The literal Engliſh is, *As the ſun may be beheld at his riſing, but when illuſtrioufly kindled, cannot.* Naked however as this is, the imitation of Camoens is evident. As Caſtera is ſo very bold in his encomium of this fine ſimile of the ſun, it is but juſtice to add his tranſlation of it, together with the original Portugueſe, and the tranſlation of Fanſhaw. Thus the French tranſlator.

Les yeux peuvent ſoûtenir la clarté du ſoleil naiſſant, mais lorſqu'il s'eſt avancé dans ſa carriere lumineuſe, & que ſes rayons répandent les ardeurs du midi, on tacheroit en vain de l'enviſager; un prompt aveuglement ſeroit le prix de cette audace.

Thus elegantly in the original;

Em quanto he fraca a força deſta gente,
Ordena como em tudo ſe reſiſta,
Porque quando o Sol ſae, facilmente
Se póde nelle por a aguda viſta:
Porem depois que ſobe claro, & ardente,
Se a agudeza dos olhos o conquiſta
Tao cega fica, quondo ficareis,
Se raizes criar lhe nao tolheis.

And thus humbled by Fanſhaw;

Now whilſt this people's ſtrength is not yet knit,
Think how ye may reſiſt them by all ways.
For when the *Sun* is in his *nonage* yit,
Upon his *morning beauty* Men may gaze;
But let him once up to his *zenith* git,
He ſtrikes them *blind* with his *meridian rays*;
So *blind* will ye be, if ye look not too't,
If ye permit theſe *cedars* to take root.

Again cold horror ſhook the zealot's frame,
And all his hatred of Meſſiah's name
Burn'd in his venom'd heart, while veil'd in night
Right to the palace ſped the Dæmon's flight.
Sleepleſs the king he found in dubious thought;
His conſcious fraud a thouſand terrors brought:
All gloomy as the hour, around him ſtand
With haggard looks the hoary magi [1] band;

[1] ——— *Around him ſtand*
With haggard looks the hoary magi band—Or the Brahmins, the diviners of India. Ammianus Marcellinus, l. 23, ſays, that the Perſian Magi derived their knowledge from the Brachmanes of India. And Arianus, l. 7. expreſly gives the Brahmins the name of Magi. The Magi of India, ſays he, told Alexander on his pretenſions to divinity, that in every thing he was like other men, except that he took leſs reſt, and did more miſchief. The Brahmins are never among modern writers called Magi.

We have already obſerved that the wonderful virtues peculiar to ſome plants very naturally contributed to eſtabliſh the belief in magic. And certain it is that many of the unlettered natives of Aſia and South-America have a knowledge of ſeveral drugs moſt powerful in their effects, either as poiſon, antidotes of poiſon, or as diſturbers of the imagination. Their ignorance makes them eſteem theſe virtues as *magical*, and their revenge againſt all Europeans prompts them to the moſt religious concealment. In the voyage of James Neccius, a Dutchman, in 1602, we have the account of a ſtrange delirium which ſeized all thoſe of his crew, who, near the kingdom of Siam, had eaten of a certain fruit like a plumb. Some imagined the ſhip was overpowered by enemies, and boldly defended their cabins; others danced and ſung and thought themſelves on ſhore at a drunken banquet with their friends. And while ſome chanted *hallelujahs*, and believed they ſaw God and his angels, others lay howling on the decks, and imagined themſelves among the damned in hell. (*Vide Navig. Jacobi Neccii.*) This delirium appears to take poſſeſſion of whatever temperament of mind happens at the time to be predominant; but happily it is cured by a ſound ſleep. It is a fact well atteſted that the *Brahmin* pretenders to magic have a method of affecting the phantaſies of thoſe who apply to them. This is done by ſome intoxicating potion, adminiſtered with the ſolemnities of witchcraft: While it begins to operate the magician's converſation fixes the imagination on the objects he wiſhes to raiſe; and after a recovering ſleep theſe objects are remembered as the cleareſt viſions. In the approaches of natural madneſs the imagination is intenſely fixed upon ſome particular object or affection. This indicates a particular alliance between this ſpecies of intoxication, and that moſt dreadful diſeaſe. The Portugueſe authors mention other kinds of *natural magic*, as known to the Indians. When Albuquerque was on the way to Malacca, he attacked a large ſhip, but juſt as his men were going to board her, ſhe ſuddenly appeared all in flames, which obliged the Portugueſe to bear off. Three days afterward the ſame veſſel ſent a boat to Albuquerque, offering an alliance, which was accepted. The flames, ſays Oſorius, were only artificial, and did not the leaſt damage. Another wonderful adventure immediately happened. The admiral ſoon after ſent his long boats to attack a ſhip commanded by one Nehoada Beeguea. The enemy made an obſtinate reſiſtance. Nehoada himſelf was pierced with ſeveral mortal wounds, but loſt not one drop of blood, till a bracelet was taken off his arm, when immediately the blood guſhed out, and he expired. According to Oſorius, this

To trace what fates on India's wide domain
Attend the rovers from unheard of Spain,
Prepared in dark futurity to prove
The hell-taught rituals of infernal Jove:
Muttering their charms and ſpells of dreary ſound,
With naked feet they beat the hollow ground;
Blue gleams the altar's flame along the walls,
With diſmal hollow groans the victim falls;
With earneſt eyes the prieſtly band explore
The entrails throbbing in the living gore.
And lo, permitted by the Power Divine,
The hovering Dæmon gives the dreadful [m] ſign.
Here furious War her gleamy faulchion draws;
Here lean-ribb'd Famine writhes her falling jaws;

this was ſaid to be occaſioned by the virtue of a ſtone in the bracelet taken out of an animal called Cabriſia, which when worn on the body could prevent the effuſion of blood from the moſt grievous wounds. It was natural for the Portugueſe ſoldiers to magnify any appearance of a ſtyptic, which they did not underſtand. And certain it is that many barbarous tribes are poſſeſſed of ſome natural ſecrets which the learned of Europe do not yet know. It is not long ſince an eminent diſciple of Newton eſteemed the diſcovery of Electricity as the dream of a diſtempered brain. *Barboſa* relates that one *Machamut*, who expelled the king of Guzarat and ſeized the throne, had ſo accuſtomed himſelf to poiſons, that he could kill whoever offended him by ſpitting at them. His concubines never ſurvived a ſecond evening. This perhaps may be thought to confirm what is ſaid of *Mithridates*, but both ſtories are undoubtedly ſomewhat exaggerated.

[m] *The hovering dæmon gives the dreadful ſign.*—This has an alluſion to the truth of hiſtory. Barros relates, that an Augur being brought before the Zamorim, "*Em hum vaſo de agua l'he moſtrara hunas naos, que vin ham de muy longe para a India, e que a gente d'ellas ſeria total deſtruiçam dos Mouros de aquellas partes.* In a veſſel of water he ſhewed him ſome ſhips which from a great diſtance came to India, the people of which would effect the utter ſubverſion of the Moors." Camoens has certainly choſen a more poetical method of deſcribing this divination, a method in the ſpirit of Virgil; nor in this is he inferior to his great maſter. The ſupernatural flame which ſeizes on Lavinia, while aſſiſting at the ſacrifice, alone excepted, every other part of the augury of Latinus, and his dream in the Albunean foreſt, whither he went to conſult his anceſtor the god *Faunus*, in dignity and poetical colouring cannot come in compariſon with the divination of the Magi, and the appearance of the Dæmon in the dream of the Mooriſh prieſt.

Dire

Dire as the fiery peſtilential ſtar
Darting his eyes, high on his trophied car
Stern Tyranny ſweeps wide o'er India's ground,
On vulture wings fierce Rapine hovers round;
Ills after ills, and India's fetter'd might,
Th' eternal yoke — loud ſhrieking at the [n] ſight
The ſtarting wizards from the altar fly,
And ſilent horror glares in every eye:
Pale ſtands the Monarch, loſt in cold diſmay,
And now impatient waits the lingering day.

With gloomy aſpect roſe the lingering dawn,
And dropping tears flow'd ſlowly o'er the lawn;
The Mooriſh Prieſt with fear and vengeance fraught,
Soon as the light appear'd his kindred ſought;
Appall'd and trembling with ungenerous fear,
In ſecret council met, his tale they hear;
As check'd by terror or impell'd by hate
Of various means they ponder and debate,
Againſt the Luſian train what arts employ,
By force to ſlaughter, or by fraud deſtroy;

[n] *Th' eternal yoke*—This picture, it may perhaps be ſaid, is but a bad compliment to the heroes of the Luſiad, and the fruits of their diſcovery. A little conſideration however will vindicate Camoens. It is the Dæmon and the enemies of the Portugueſe who procure this divination; every thing in it is dreadful, on purpoſe to determine the Zamorim to deſtroy the fleet of Gama. In a former prophecy of the conqueſt of India, (when the Catual deſcribes the ſculpture of the royal palace) our poet has been careful to aſcribe the happieſt effects to the diſcovery of his heroes:

Beneath their ſway majeſtic, wiſe, and mild,
Proud of her victor's laws thrice happier India ſmiled.

Now

Now black, now pale, their bearded cheeks appear,
As boiling rage prevails or boding fear;
Beneath their ſhady brows their eye-balls roll,
Nor one ſoft gleam beſpeaks the generous ſoul:
Through quivering lips they draw their panting breath,
While their dark fraud decrees the works of death:
Nor unreſolved the power of gold to try
Swift to the lordly CATUAL's gate they hie —
Ah, what the wiſdom, what the ſleepleſs care
Efficient to avoid the traytor's ſnare!
What human power can give a king to know
The ſmiling aſpect of the lurking foe!
So let the tyrant * plead —.the patriot king
Knows men, knows whence the patriot virtues ſpring;
From inward worth, from conſcience firm and bold,
Not from the man whoſe honeſt name is ſold,
He hopes that virtue, whoſe unalter'd weight
Stands fixt, unveering with the ſtorms of ſtate.

Lured was the Regent with the Mooriſh gold,
And now agreed their fraudful courſe to hold,

* *So let the tyrant plead*—In this ſhor declamation, a ſeeming excreſcence, the buſineſs of the poem in reality is carried on. The Zamorim, and his prime miniſter, the Catual, are artfully characteriſed in it; and the aſſertion *Lured was the Regent with the Mooriſh gold,* is happily introduced by the manly declamatory reflections which immediately precede it.

Swift

Swift to the king the Regent's ſteps they tread;
The king they found o'erwhelm'd in ſacred dread.
The word they take, their ancient deeds relate,
Their ever faithful ſervice of the [p] ſtate;
For ages long, from ſhore to diſtant ſhore
For thee our ready keels the traffic bore:
For thee we dared each horror of the wave;
Whate'er thy treaſures boaſt our labours gave.
And wilt thou now confer our long-earn'd due,
Confer thy favour on a lawleſs crew?

[p] *The Moors ——— their ancient deeds relate,*
Their ever faithful ſervice of the ſtate — An explanation of the word *Moor* is here neceſſary. When the Eaſt afforded no more field for the ſword of the conqueror, the Saracens, aſſiſted by the Moors, who had embraced their religion, laid the fineſt countries in Europe in blood and deſolation. As their various embarkations were from the empire of Morocco, the Europeans gave the name of *Moors* to all the profeſſors of the Mohammedan religion. In the ſame manner the eaſtern nations blended all the armies of the Cruſaders under one appellation, and the *Franks*, of whom the army of Godfrey was moſtly compoſed, became their common name for all the inhabitants of the Weſt. The appellation even reached China. When the Portugueſe firſt arrived in that Empire, the Chineſe ſoftening the r into l, called both them and their cannon, by the name of *Falanks*, a name which is ſtill retained at Canton, and other parts of the Chineſe dominions. Before the arrival of Gama, as already obſerved, all the traffic of the Eaſt, from the Ethiopian ſide of Africa to China, was in the hands of Arabian Mohammedans, who, without incorporating with the pagan natives, had their colonies eſtabliſhed in every country commodious for commerce. Theſe the Portugueſe called Moors; and at preſent the Mohammedans of India, are called the Moors of Hindoſtan by the lateſt of our Engliſh writers. The intelligence which theſe Moors gave to one another, relative to the actions of Gama, the general terror with which they beheld the appearance of Europeans, whoſe rivalſhip they dreaded as the deſtruction of their power; the various frauds and arts they employed to prevent the return of one man of Gama's fleet to Europe; and their threat to withdraw from the dominions of the Zamorim; are all according to the truth of hiſtory. The ſpeeches of the Zamorim and of Gama, which follow, are alſo founded in truth. They are only poetical paraphraſes of the ſpeeches aſcribed by Oſorius, to the Indian ſovereign and the Portugueſe admiral. Where the ſubject was ſo happily adapted to the epic Muſe, to neglect it would have been reprehenſible: and Camoens, not unjuſtly, thought, that the reality of his hero's adventures gave a dignity to his poem. When Gama, in his diſcourſe with the king of Melinda, finiſhes the deſcription of his voyage, he makes a ſpirited apoſtrophe to Homer and Virgil; and aſſerts, that the adventures which he had actually experienced, greatly exceeded all the wonders of their fables. Camoens alſo, in other parts of the poem, avails himſelf of the ſame aſſertion.

The

The race they boaſt, as tygers of the wold
Bear their proud ſway by juſtice uncontroul'd.
Yet for their crimes, expell'd that bloody home,
Theſe, o'er the deep, rapacious plunderers roam.
Their deeds we know; round Afric's ſhores they came,
And ſpread, where'er they paſt, devouring flame;
Mozambic's towers, enroll'd in ſheets of fire,
Blazed to the ſky, her own funereal pyre.
Imperial Calicut ſhall feel the ſame,
And theſe proud ſtate-rooms feed the funeral flame;
While many a league far round, their joyful eyes
Shall mark old ocean reddening to the ſkies.
Such dreadful fates, o'er thee, O king, depend,
Yet with thy fall our fate ſhall never blend:
Ere o'er the eaſt ariſe the ſecond dawn
Our fleets, our nation from thy land withdrawn,
In other climes, beneath a kinder reign
Shall fix their port: yet may the threat be vain!
If wiſer thou with us thy powers employ
Soon ſhall our powers the robber-crew deſtroy,
By their own arts and ſecret deeds o'ercome
Here ſhall they meet the fate eſcaped at home.

While thus the Prieſt detain'd the Monarch's ear,
His cheeks confeſt the quivering pulſe of fear.

Unconſcious of the worth that fires the brave,
In ſtate a monarch, but in heart a ſlave,
He view'd brave Vasco and his generous train,
As his own paſſions ſtamp'd the conſcious ſtain:
Nor leſs his rage the fraudful Regent fired;
And valiant Gama's fate was now conſpired.

Ambaſſadors from India Gama ſought,
And oaths of peace, for oaths of friendſhip brought;
The glorious tale, 'twas all he wiſh'd, to tell;
So Ilion's fate was ſeal'd when Hector fell.

Again convoked before the the Indian throne,
The Monarch meets him with a rageful frown;
And own, he cries, the naked truth reveal,
Then ſhall my bounteous grace thy pardon ſeal.
Feign'd is the treaty thou pretend'ſt to bring,
No country owns thee, and thou own'ſt no king.
Thy life, long roving o'er the deep, I know,
A lawleſs robber, every man thy foe.
And think'ſt thou credit to thy tale to gain?
Mad were the ſovereign, and the hope were vain,
Through ways unknown, from utmoſt weſtern ſhore,
To bid his fleets the utmoſt eaſt explore.
Great is thy monarch, ſo thy words declare;
But ſumptuous gifts the proof of greatneſs bear:

King

Kings thus to kings their empire's grandeur ſhew;
Thus prove thy truth, thus We thy truth allow.
If not, what credence will the wiſe afford?
What monarch truſt the wandering ſeaman's word?
No ſumptuous gift Thou [q] bring'ſt—Yet, though ſome crime
Has thrown thee baniſh'd from thy native clime,
(Such oft of old the hero's fate has been)
Here end thy toils, nor tempt new fates unſeen:
Each land the brave man nobly calls his home:
Or if, bold pyrates, o'er the deep you roam,
Skill'd the dread ſtorm to brave, O welcome here!
Fearleſs of death or ſhame confeſs ſincere:
My Name ſhall then thy dread protection be,
My captain Thou, unrivall'd on the ſea.

Oh now, ye Muſes, ſing what goddeſs fired
GAMA's proud boſom, and his lips inſpired.
Fair ACIDALIA, Love's celeſtial [r] queen,
The graceful goddeſs of the fearleſs mien,

[q] *No ſumptuous gift Thou bring'ſt*—"As "the Portugueſe did not expect to find any "people but ſavages beyond the Cape of "Good Hope, they only brought with them "ſome preſerves and confections, with trin-"kets of coral, of glaſs, and other triffles. "This opinion however deceived them. In "Melinda and in Calicut they found civi-"lized nations, where the arts flouriſhed; "who wanted nothing; who were poſſeſſed "of all the refinements and delicacies on "which we value ourſelves. The king of "Melinda had the generoſity to be con-"tented with the preſent which Gama "made; but the Zamorim, with a diſdain-"ful eye, beheld the gifts which were of-"fered to him. The preſent was thus: "Four mantles of ſcarlet, ſix hats adorned "with feathers, four chaplets of coral beads, "twelve Turkey carpets, ſeven drinking "cups of braſs, a cheſt of ſugar, two barrels "of oil, and two of honey." *Caſtera.*

[r] *Fair Acidalia, Love's celeſtial queen*—Caſtera derives Acidalia from ἀκηδὴς, which, he ſays, implies to act without fear or reſtraint. Acidalia, is one of the names of Venus, in Virgil; derived from Acidalus, a fountain ſacred to her in Bœotia.

Her graceful freedom on his look beſtow'd,
And all collected in his boſom glow'd.
Sovereign, he cries, oft witneſs'd, well I know
The rageful falſhood of the Mooriſh foe;
Their fraudful tales, from hatred bred, believed,
Thine ear is poiſon'd, and thine eye deceived.
What light, what ſhade the courtier's mirrour gives,
That light, that ſhade the guarded king receives.
Me haſt thou view'd in colours not mine own,
Yet bold I promiſe ſhall my truth be known.
If o'er the ſeas a lawleſs peſt I roam,
A blood-ſtain'd exile from my native home,
How many a fertile ſhore and beauteous iſle,
Where Nature's gifts unclaim'd, unbounded ſmile,
Mad have I left, to dare the burning zone,
And all the horrors of the gulphs unknown
That roar beneath the axle of the world,
Where ne'er before was daring ſail unfurl'd!
And have I left theſe beauteous ſhores behind,
And have I dared the rage of every wind,
That now breathed fire, and now came wing'd with froſt,
Lured by the plunder of an unknown coaſt?
Not thus the robber leaves his certain prey
For the gay promiſe of a nameleſs day.
Dread and ſtupendous, more than death-doom'd man
Might hope to compaſs, more than wiſdom plan,

To

To thee my toils, to thee my dangers riſe:
Ah! Liſboa's kings behold with other eyes.
Where virtue calls, where glory leads the way
No dangers move them, and no toils diſmay.
Long have the kings of Luſus' daring race
Reſolved the limits of the deep to trace,
Beneath the morn to ride the fartheſt waves,
And pierce the fartheſt ſhore old Ocean laves.
Sprung from the [a] Prince, before whoſe matchleſs power
The ſtrength of Afric wither'd as a flower
Never to bloom again, great Henry ſhone,
Each gift of nature and of art his own;
Bold as his ſire, by toils on toils untired,
To find the Indian ſhore his pride aſpired.
Beneath the ſtars that round the Hydra ſhine,
And where fam'd Argo hangs the heavenly ſign,
Where thirſt and fever burn on every gale
The dauntleſs Henry rear'd the Luſian ſail.
Embolden'd by the meed that crown'd his toils,
Beyond the wide-ſpread ſhores and numerous iſles,
Where both the tropics pour the burning day,
Succeeding heroes forced th' exploring way:
That race which never view'd the Pleiad's car,
That barbarous race beneath the ſouthern ſtar,

[a] *Sprung from the Prince* —— John I.

Their eyes beheld—Dread roar'd the blaſt—the wave
Boils to the ſky, the meeting whirlwinds rave
O'er the torn heavens; loud on their awe-ſtruck ear
Great Nature ſeem'd to call, Approach not here——
At Liſboa's court they told their dread eſcape,
And from her raging tempeſts, named the [t] Cape.
" Thou ſouthmoſt point," the joyful king exclaim'd,
" Cape of Good Hope, be thou for ever named!
" Onward my fleets ſhall dare the dreadful way,
" And find the regions of the infant day."
In vain the dark and ever-howling blaſt
Proclaimed, This ocean never ſhall be paſt——
Through that dread ocean, and the tempeſts' roar,
My king commanded, and my courſe I bore.
The pillar thus of deathleſs [u] fame, begun
By other chiefs, beneath the riſing ſun
In thy great realm now to the ſkies I raiſe,
The deathleſs pillar of my nation's praiſe.
Through theſe wild ſeas no coſtly gift I brought;
Thy ſhore alone and friendly peace I ſought.
And yet to thee the nobleſt gift I bring
The world can boaſt, the friendſhip of my King.
And mark the word, his greatneſs ſhall appear
When next my courſe to India's ſtrand I ſteer,

[t] *And from her raging tempeſts named the Cape*—See the Preface.

[u] *The pillar thus of deathleſs fame, begun By other chiefs*, &c.——

Till I now ending what thoſe did begin,
The furtheſt pillar in thy realm advance;
Breaking the element of molten tin,
Through horrid ſtorms I lead to thee the dance.
Fanshaw.

Such proofs I'll bring as never man before
In deeds of ſtrife or peaceful friendſhip bore.
Weigh now my words, my truth demands the light,
For truth ſhall ever boaſt, at laſt, reſiſtleſs might.

Boldly the Hero ſpake with brow ſevere,
Of fraud alike unconſcious as of fear:
His noble confidence with truth impreſt
Sunk deep, unwelcome, in the Monarch's breaſt;
Nor wanting charms his avarice to gain
Appear'd the commerce of illuſtrious Spain.
Yet as the ſick man loaths the bitter draught,
Though rich with health he knows the cup comes fraught;
His health without it, ſelf-deceiv'd, he weighs,
Now haſtes to quaff the drug, and now delays;
Reluctant thus as wavering paſſion veer'd,
The Indian Lord the dauntleſs GAMA heard:
The Mooriſh threats yet ſounding in his ear,
He acts with caution, and is led by fear.
With ſolemn pomp he bids his lords prepare
The friendly banquet, to the Regent's care
Commends brave GAMA, and with pomp retires:
The Regent's hearths awake the ſocial fires;
Wide o'er the board the royal feaſt is ſpread,
And fair embroidered ſhines DE GAMA's bed.

The

The Regent's palace high o'erlook'd the bay
Where Gama's black-ribb'd fleet at anchor lay.

Ah, why the voice of ire and bitter woe
O'er Tago's banks, ye nymphs of Tagus, ſhew;
The flowery garlands from your ringlets torn,
Why wandering wild with trembling ſteps forlorn!
The Dæmon's rage you ſaw, and markt his flight
To the dark manſions of eternal night:
You ſaw how howling through the ſhades beneath
He waked new horrors in the realms of death.
What trembling tempeſts ſhook the thrones of hell,
And groan'd along her caves, ye Muſes, tell.
The rage of baffled fraud, and all the fire
Of powerleſs hate, with tenfold flames conſpire;
From every eye the tawney lightnings glare,
And hell, illumined by the ghaſtly flare,
(A drear blue gleam) in tenfold horror ſhews
Her darkling caverns; from his dungeon roſe
Hagar's ſtern ſon, pale was his earthy hue,
And from his eye-balls flaſh'd the lightnings blue;
Convulſed with rage the dreadful Shade demands
The laſt aſſiſtance of the infernal bands.
As when the whirlwinds, ſudden burſting, bear
Th' autumnal leaves high floating through the air

So roſe the legions of th' infernal ſtate,
Dark Fraud, baſe Art, fierce Rage, and burning Hate:
Wing'd by the Furies to the Indian ſtrand
They bend; the Dæmon leads the dreadful band,
And in the boſoms of the raging Moors
All their collected living ſtrength he pours.
One breaſt alone againſt his rage was ſteel'd,
Secure in ſpotleſs Truth's celeſtial ſhield.

One evening paſt, another evening cloſed,
The Regent ſtill brave GAMA's ſuit oppoſed;
The Luſian Chief his guarded gueſt detain'd,
With arts on arts, and vows of friendſhip feign'd.
His fraudful art, though veil'd in deep diſguiſe,
Shone bright to GAMA's manner-piercing eyes.
As in the ſun's bright [1] beam the gameſome boy
Plays with the ſhining ſteel or chryſtal toy,

[1] *As in the ſun's bright beam*—Imitated from Virgil, who, by the ſame ſimile, deſcribes the fluctuation of the thoughts of Æneas, on the eve of the Latian war:

——Laomedontius heros
Cuncta videns, magno curarum fluctuat æſtu,
Atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc,
In parteſque rapit varias, perque omnia verſat.
Sicut aquæ tremulum labris ubi lumen ahenis
Sole repercuſſum, aut radiantis imagine Lunæ,
Omnia pervolitat late loca: jamque ſub auras
Erigitur, ſummique ferit laquearia tecti.
This way and that he turns his anxious mind,
Thinks, and rejects the counſels he deſign'd;
Explores himſelf in vain, in every part,
And gives no reſt to his diſtracted heart:
So when the ſun by day or moon by night
Strike on the poliſh'd braſs their trembling light,
The glitt'ring ſpecies here and there divide,
And caſt their dubious beams from ſide to ſide;
Now on the walls, now on the pavement play,
And to the cieling flaſh the glaring day.

Arioſto has alſo adopted this ſimile in the eighth book of his Orlando Furioſo:

Qual d'acqua chiara il tremolante lume
Dal Sol percoſſa, o da' notturni rai,
Per gli ampli tetti và con lungo ſalto
A deſtra, ed a ſiniſtra, e baſſo, ed alto.
So from a water clear, the trembling light
Of Phœbus, or the ſilver ray of night,
Along the ſpacious rooms with ſplendor plays,
Now high, now low, and ſhifts a thouſand ways.
HOOLE.

But the happieſt circumſtance belongs to Camoens. The velocity and various ſhiftings of the ſun-beam, reflected from a piece of chryſtal or poliſhed ſteel in the hand of a boy, give a much ſtronger idea of the violent agitation and ſudden ſhiftings of thought, than the image of the trembling light of the ſun or moon reflected from a veſſel of water. The brazen veſſel however, and not the water, is only mentioned by Dryden. Nor muſt another inaccuracy

Swift and irregular, by ſudden ſtarts,
The living ray with viewleſs motion darts,
Swift o'er the wall, the floor, the roof, by turns
The ſun-beam dances, and the radiance burns.
In quick ſucceſſion thus a thouſand views
The ſapient Luſian's lively thought purſues;
Quick as the lightning every view revolves,
And, weighing all, fixt are his dread reſolves.
O'er India's ſhore the ſable night deſcends,
And GAMA, now, ſecluded from his friends,
Detain'd a captive in the room of ſtate,
Anticipates in thought to-morrow's fate;
For juſt Mozaide no generous care delays,
And VASCO's truſt with friendly toils repays.

paſs unobſerved. That the reflection of the moon *flaſhed the glaring day* is not countenanced by the original. The critic however, who, from the mention of theſe, will infer any diſrepect to the name of Dryden, is, as critics often are, ignorant of the writer's meaning. A very different inference is intended: If ſo great a maſter as Dryden has erred, let the reader remember, that other tranſlators are liable to fail, and that a few inaccuracies ought, by no means, to be produced as the ſpecimens of any compoſition.

We have already ſeen the warm encomium paid by Taſſo to his cotemporary, Camoens. That great poet, the ornament of Italy, has alſo teſtified his approbation by ſeveral imitations of the Luſiad. Virgil, in no inſtance, has more cloſely copied Homer, than Taſſo has imitated the appearance of Bacchus, or the evil Dæmon, in the dream of the Mooriſh prieſt. The enchanter Iſmeno thus appears to the ſleeping Solyman.

Soliman' Salimano, i tuoi ſilenti
Ripoſi à miglior tempo homai riſerva:
Che ſotto il giogo de ſtraniere genti
La patria, ove regnaſti, ancor' e ſerva.
In queſta terra dormi, e non rammenti,
Ch' inſepolte de tuoi l'oſſa conſerva?
Ove ſi gran' veſtigio e del tuo ſcorno,
Tu neghittoſo aſpetti il novo giorno?

Thus elegantly tranſlated by Mr. Hoole.

Oh! Solyman, regardleſs Chief, awake!
In happier hours thy grateful ſlumber take:
Beneath a foreign yoke thy ſubjects bend,
And ſtrangers o'er thy land their rule extend.
Here doſt thou ſleep? here cloſe thy careleſs eyes,
While uninterr'd each lov'd aſſociate lies?
Here where thy fame has felt the hoſtile ſcorn,
Canſt thou, unthinking, wait the riſing morn?

END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK IX.

RED roſe the dawn; roll'd o'er the low'ring ſky,
The ſcattering clouds of tawny purple fly.
While yet the day-ſpring ſtruggled with the gloom,
The Indian Monarch ſought the Regent's dome.
In all the luxury of Aſian ſtate
High on a gem-ſtarr'd couch the Monarch ſate;
Then on th' illuſtrious Captive bending down
His eyes, ſtern darken'd with a threatening frown,
Thy truthleſs tale, he cries, thy art appears,
Confeſt inglorious by thy cautious fears.
Yet ſtill if friendſhip, honeſt, thou implore,
Yet now command thy veſſels to the ſhore:

Generous as to thy friends thy ſails reſign,
My will commands it, and the power is mine:
In vain thy art, in vain thy might withſtands,
Thy ſails, and rudders too, my will [a] demands:
Such be the teſt, thy boaſted truth to try,
Each other teſt depiſed, I fixt deny.
And has my Regent ſued two days in vain!
In vain my mandate, and the captive chain!
Yet not in vain, proud Chief, Ourſelf ſhall ſue
From thee the honour to my friendſhip due:
Ere force compel thee, let the grace be thine,
Our grace permits it, freely to reſign,
Freely to truſt our friendſhip, ere too late
Our injured honour fix thy dreadful fate.

While thus he ſpake his changeful look declared,
In his proud breaſt what ſtarting paſſions warr'd.
No feature mov'd on Gama's face was ſeen,
Stern he replies, with bold yet anxious mien,
In Me my Sovereign repreſented ſee,
His ſtate is wounded, and he ſpeaks in Me;
Unawed by threats, by dangers uncountroul'd,
The laws of nations bid my tongue be bold.
No more thy juſtice holds the righteous ſcale,
The arts of falſhood and the Moors prevail;

[a] *Thy ſails, and rudders too, my will demands*—According to Hiſtory. See the Preface.

I ſee

I ſee the doom my favour'd foes decree,
Yet, though in chains I ſtand, my fleet is free.
The bitter taunts of ſcorn the Brave diſdain;
Few be my words, your arts, your threats are vain.
My Sovereign's fleet I yield not to your [b] ſway;
Safe ſhall my fleet to Liſboa's ſtrand convey
The glorious tale of all the toils I bore,
Afric ſurrounded, and the Indian ſhore
Diſcovered—Theſe I pledged my life to gain;
Theſe to my country ſhall my life maintain.
One wiſh alone my earneſt heart deſires,
The ſole impaſſion'd hope my breaſt reſpires;
My finiſh'd labours may my Sovereign hear!
Beſides that wiſh, nor hope I know, nor fear.
And lo, the victim of your rage I ſtand,
And bare my boſom to the murderer's hand.

With lofty mien he ſpake. In ſtern diſdain,
My threats, the Monarch cries, were never vain:
Swift give the ſign—Swift as he ſpake, appear'd
The dancing ſtreamer o'er the palace rear'd;
Inſtant another enſign diſtant roſe,
Where, jutting through the flood, the mountain throws

[b] *My Sovereign's fleet I yield not to your ſway*——The circumſtance of Gama's refuſing to put his fleet into the power of the Zamorim, is thus rendered by Fanſhaw;

The Malabar proteſts that he ſhall rot
In priſon, if he ſend not for the *ſhips*.
He conſtant, (and with noble *anger* hot)
His haughty *menace* weighs not at *two chips*.

A ridge

A ridge enormous, and on either ſide
Defends the harbours from the furious tide.
Proud on his couch th' indignant Monarch ſate,
And awful ſilence fill'd the room of ſtate.
With ſecret joy the Moors, exulting, glow'd,
And bent their eyes where Gama's navy rode;
Then, proudly heaved with panting hope, explore
The wood-crown'd upland of the bending ſhore.
Soon o'er the palms a maſt's tall pendant flows,
Bright to the ſun the purple radiance glows;
In martial pomp, far ſtreaming to the ſkies,
Vanes after vanes in ſwift ſucceſſion riſe,
And through the opening foreſt-boughs of green
The ſails' white luſtre moving on is ſeen;
When ſudden ruſhing by the point of land
The bowſprits nod, and wide the ſails expand;
Full pouring on the ſight, in warlike pride,
Extending ſtill the riſing ſquadrons ride:
O'er every deck, beneath the morning rays,
Like melted gold the brazen ſpear-points blaze;
Each prore ſurrounded with an hundred oars,
Old Ocean boils around the crowded prores:
And five times now in number Gama's might,
Proudly their boaſtful ſhouts provoke the fight;
Far round the ſhore the ecchoing peal rebounds,
Behind the hill an anſwering ſhout reſounds:

Still

Still by the point new-ſpreading ſails appear,
Till ſeven times GAMA's fleet concludes the rear.
Again the ſhout triumphant ſhakes the bay;
Form'd as a creſcent, wedg'd in firm array,
Their fleet's wide horns the Luſian ſhips inclaſp,
Prepared to cruſh them in their iron graſp.
Shouts eccho ſhouts —— with ſtern diſdainful eyes
The Indian King to manly GAMA cries,
Not one of thine on Liſboa's ſhore ſhall tell
The glorious tale, how bold thy heroes fell.
With alter'd viſage, for his eyes flaſh'd fire,
God ſent me here, and God's avengeful ire
Shall ſmite thy perfidy, great VASCO cried,
And humble in the duſt thy withered pride.
A prophet's glow inſpired his panting breaſt;
Indignant ſmiles the Monarch's ſcorn confeſt.
Again deep ſilence fills the room of ſtate,
And the proud Moors, ſecure, exulting wait:
And now inclaſping GAMA's in a ring,
Their fleet ſweeps on —— loud whizzing from the ſtring
The black-wing'd arrows float along the ſky,
And riſing clouds the falling clouds ſupply.
The lofty crowding ſpears that briſtling ſtood
Wide o'er the galleys as an upright wood,
Bend ſudden, levell'd for the cloſing fight;
The points wide-waving ſhed a gleamy light.

Elate

Elate with joy the king his aſpect rears,
And valiant GAMA, thrill'd with tranſport, hears
His drums' bold rattling raiſe the battle ſound;
Eccho deep-toned hoarſe vibrates far around;
The ſhivering trumpets tear the ſhrill-voiced air,
Quivering the gale, the flaſhing lightnings flare,
The ſmoke rolls wide, and ſudden burſts the roar,
The lifted waves fall trembling, deep the ſhore
Groans; quick and quicker blaze embraces blaze
In flaſhing arms; louder the thunders raiſe
Their roaring, rolling o'er the bended ſkies
The burſt inceſſant; awe-ſtruck Eccho dies
Faultering and deafen'd; from the brazen throats,
Cloud after cloud, inroll'd in darkneſs, floats,
Curling their ſulphrous folds of fiery blue,
Till their huge volumes take the fleecy hue,
And rowl wide o'er the ſky; wide as the ſight
Can meaſure heaven, ſlow rowls the cloudy white
Beneath, the ſmoky blackneſs ſpreads afar
Its hovering wings, and veils the dreadful war
Deep in its horrid breaſt; the fierce red glare
Chequering the rifted darkneſs, fires the air,
Each moment loſt and kindled, while around,
The mingling thunders ſwell the lengthen'd ſound.
When piercing ſudden through the dreadful roar
The yelling ſhrieks of thouſands ſtrike the ſhore:

Preſaging

Preſaging horror through the Monarch's breaſt
Crept cold; and gloomy o'er the diſtant eaſt,
Through Gata's hills the whirling tempeſt [d] ſigh'd,
And weſtward ſweeping to the blacken'd tide,
Howl'd o'er the trembling palace as it paſt,
And o'er the gilded walls a gloomy twilight caſt;
Then, furious ruſhing to the darken'd [e] bay,
Reſiſtleſs ſwept the black-wing'd night away,
With all the clouds that hover'd o'er the fight,
And o'er the weary combat pour'd the light.

As by an Alpine mountain's pathleſs ſide
Some traveller ſtrays, unfriended of a guide;
If o'er the hills the ſable night deſcend,
And gathering tempeſt with the darkneſs blend,
Deep from the cavern'd rocks beneath, aghaſt
He hears the howling of the whirlwind's blaſt;
Above reſounds the craſh, and down the ſteep
Some rolling weight groans on with foundering ſweep;
Aghaſt he ſtands amid the ſhades of night,
And all his ſoul implores the friendly light:

[d] *Through Gata's hills* —— The hills of Gata or Gate, mountains which form a natural barrier on the eaſtern ſide of the kingdom of Malabar.

Nature's rude wall, againſt the fierce Canar
They guard the fertile lawns of Malabar.
Lusiad VII.

[e] *Then furious ruſhing to the darken'd bay* —— For the circumſtances of the battle, and the tempeſt which then happened, ſee the Preface.

It comes; the dreary lightnings quivering blaze,
The yawning depth beneath his lifted ſtep betrays;
Inſtant unmann'd, aghaſt in horrid pain,
His knees no more their ſickly weight ſuſtain;
Powerleſs he ſinks, no more his heart-blood flows;
So ſunk the Monarch, and his heart-blood froze;
So ſunk he down, when o'er the clouded bay
The ruſhing whirlwind pour'd the ſudden day:
Diſaſter's giant arm in one wide ſweep
Appear'd, and ruin blacken'd o'er the deep;
The ſheeted maſts drove floating o'er the tide,
And the torn hulks rowl'd tumbling on the ſide;
Some ſhatter'd plank each heaving billow toſt,
And by the hand of heaven daſh'd on the coaſt
Groan'd prores ingulph'd, the laſhing ſurges rave
O'er the black keels upturn'd, the ſwelling wave
Kiſſes the lofty maſt's reclining head;
And far at ſea ſome few torn galleys fled.
Amid the dreadful ſcene triumphant rode
The Luſian war-ſhips, and their aid beſtow'd:
Their ſpeedy boats far round aſſiſting ply'd,
Where plunging, ſtruggling, in the rolling tide,
Graſping the ſhatter'd wrecks, the vanquiſh'd foes
Rear'd o'er the daſhing waves their haggard brows.
No word of ſcorn the lofty Gama ſpoke,
Nor India's King the dreadful ſilence broke.

Slow

Slow paſt the hour, when to the trembling ſhore
In awful pomp the victor-navy bore:
Terrific, nodding on, the bowſprits bend,
And the red ſtreamers other war portend:
Soon burſts the roar; the bombs tremendous riſe,
And trail their blackening rainbows o'er the ſkies;
O'er Calicut's proud domes their rage they pour,
And wrap her temples in a ſulphrous ſhower.
'Tis o'er——In threatening ſilence rides the fleet:
Wild rage and horror yell in every ſtreet;
Ten thouſands pouring round the palace [f] gate,
In clamorous uproar wail their wretched fate:
While round the dome with lifted hands they kneel'd,
Give juſtice, juſtice to the ſtrangers yield——
Our friends, our huſbands, ſons, and fathers ſlain!
Happier, alas, than theſe that yet remain——
Curſt be the counſels, and the arts unjuſt——
Our friends in chains—— our city in the duſt——
Yet, yet prevent——

—— The ſilent Vasco ſaw
The weight of horror and o'erpowering awe
That ſhook the Moors, that ſhook the Regent's knees,
And ſunk the Monarch down—By ſwift degrees

[f] *Ten thouſands pouring round the palace gate,*
In clamorous uproar——See the hiſtory in the preface.

The popular clamour riſes. Loſt, unmann'd,
Around the King the trembling Council ſtand;
While wildly glaring on each other's eyes
Each lip in vain the trembling accent tries;
With anguiſh ſicken'd, and of ſtrength bereft,
Earneſt each look enquires, What hope is left!
In all the rage of ſhame and grief aghaſt,
The Monarch, faultering, takes the word at laſt:
By whom, great Chief, are theſe proud war-ſhips ſway'd,
Are there thy mandates honour'd and obey'd?
Forgive, great Chief, let gifts of price reſtrain
Thy juſt revenge—Shall India's gifts be vain!——
Oh ſpare my people and their doom'd abodes——
Prayers, vows, and gifts appeaſe the injured gods:
Shall man deny—— Swift are the brave to ſpare:
The weak, the innocent confeſs their care——
Helpleſs as innocent of guile to thee,
Behold theſe thouſands bend the ſuppliant knee——
Thy navy's thundering ſides black to the land
Diſplay their terrors—yet mayſt Thou command——

O'erpower'd he pauſed. Majeſtic and ſerene
Great Vasco roſe, then pointing to the ſcene
Where bled the war, Thy fleet, proud King, behold
O'er ocean and the ſtrand in carnage roll'd!

So

So ſhall this palace ſmoking in the duſt,
And yon proud city weep thy arts unjuſt.
The Moors I knew, and for their fraud prepared,
I left my fixt command my navy's [g] guard:
Whate'er from ſhore my name or ſeal convey'd
Of other weight, that fixt command forbade;
Thus, ere its birth deſtroy'd, prevented fell
What fraud might dictate, or what force compel.
This morn the ſacrifice of Fraud I ſtood,
But hark, there lives the brother of my blood,
And lives the friend, whoſe cares conjoin'd controul
Theſe floating towers, both brothers of my ſoul.
If thrice, I ſaid, ariſe the golden morn,
Ere to my fleet you mark my glad return,
Dark Fraud with all her Mooriſh arts withſtands,
And force or death withholds me from my bands:
Thus judge, and ſwift unfurl the homeward ſail,
Catch the firſt breathing of the eaſtern gale,
Unmindful of my fate on India's ſhore:
Let but my Monarch know, I wiſh no more ——
Each, panting while I ſpoke, impatient cries,
The tear-drop burſting in their manly eyes,
In all but one thy mandates we obey,
In one we yield not to thy generous ſway:

[g] *I left my fixt command my navy's guard— Unmindful of my fate* — This moſt magnanimous reſolution, to ſacrifice his own ſafety or his life for the ſafe return of the fleet, is ſtrictly true. See the Preface.

Without

Without thee never ſhall our ſails return;
India ſhall bleed, and Calicut ſhall burn ——
Thrice ſhall the morn ariſe; a flight of bombs
Shall then ſpeak vengeance to their guilty domes:
Till noon we pauſe; then ſhall our thunders roar,
And deſolation ſweep the treacherous ſhore ——
Behold, proud King, their ſignal in the ſky,
Near his meridian tower the Sun rides high.
O'er Calicut no more the evening ſhade
Shall ſpread her peaceful wings, my wrath unſtaid;
Dire through the night her ſmoking duſt ſhall gleam,
Dire thro' the night ſhall ſhriek the female ſcream.

Thy worth, great Chief, the pale-lipt Regent cries,
Thy worth we own; Oh, may theſe woes ſuffice!
To thee each proof of India's wealth we ſend;
Ambaſſadors, of nobleſt race, attend ——
Slow as he faulter'd, Gama catch'd the word,
On terms I talk not, and no truce afford:
Captives enough ſhall reach the Luſian ſhore:
Once you deceived me, and I treat no more.
Even now my faithful ſailors, pale with rage,
Gnaw their blue lips, impatient to engage;
Ranged by their brazen tubes, the thundering band
Watch the firſt movement of my brother's hand;

E'en

E'en now, impatient, o'er the dreadful tire
They wave their eager canes betipt with fire;
Methinks my brother's anguiſh'd look I ſee,
The panting noſtril and the trembling knee,
While keen he eyes the Sun: On haſty ſtrides,
Hurried along the deck, Coello chides
His cold ſlow lingering, and impatient cries,
Oh, give the ſign, illume the ſacrifice,
A brother's vengeance for a brother's blood——

He ſpake; and ſtern the dreadful warrior ſtood;
So ſeem'd the terrors of his awful nod,
The Monarch trembled as before a God;
The treacherous Moors ſunk down in faint diſmay,
And ſpeechleſs at his feet the Council lay:
Abrupt, with out-ſtretch'd arms, the Monarch [b] cries,
What yet——but dared not meet the Hero's eyes,
What yet may ſave!—Great Vasco ſtern rejoins,
Swift, undiſputing, give th' appointed ſigns:
High o'er thy loftieſt tower my flag diſplay,
Me and my train ſwift to my fleet convey:
Inſtant command—behold the Sun rides high——
He ſpake, and rapture glow'd in every eye;

[b] *Abrupt—the Monarch cries—What yet may ſave*—— Gama's declaration, that no meſſage from him to the fleet could alter the orders he had already left, and his rejection of any farther treaty, have a neceſſary effect in the conduct of the poem. They haſten the cataſtrophe, and give a veriſimilitude to the abrupt and full ſubmiſſion of the Zamorim.

The

The Luſian ſtandard o'er the palace flow'd,
Swift o'er the bay the royal barges row'd.
A dreary gloom a ſudden whirlwind threw,
Amid the howling blaſt, enraged, withdrew
The vanquiſh'd Dæmon—Soon in luſtre mild,
As April ſmiles, the Sun auſpicious ſmiled:
Elate with joy, the ſhouting thouſands trod,
And GAMA to his fleet triumphant rode.

Soft came the eaſtern gale on balmy wings:
Each joyful ſailor to his labour ſprings;
Some o'er the bars their breaſts robuſt recline,
And with firm tugs the [1] rollers from the brine,
Reluctant dragg'd, the ſlime-brown'd anchors raiſe;
Each gliding rope ſome nimble hand obeys;
Some bending o'er the yard-arm's length on high
With nimble hands the canvas wings untye,
The flapping ſails their widening folds diſtend,
And meaſured ecchoing ſhouts their ſweaty toils attend.
Nor had the captives loſt the Leader's care,
Some to the ſhore the Indian barges bear;

[1] ——— *the rollers* ——— The capſtones. —The capſtone is a cylindrical windlaſs, worked with bars, which are moved from hole to hole as it turns round. It is uſed to weigh the anchors, raiſe maſts, &c. The name *roller* deſcribes both the machine and its uſe, and it may be preſumed, is a more poetical word than capſtone. The verſification of this paſſage in the original affords a moſt noble example of imitative harmony:

Mas ja nas nuos os bons trabalhadores
Volvem o cabreſtante, & repartidos
Pello trabalho; huns puxao pella amarra,
Outros que nao ao peito duro a barra.

The

The nobleſt few the Chief detains to own
His glorious deeds before the Luſian throne,
To own the conqueſt of the Indian ſhore;
Nor wanted every proof of India's ſtore:
What fruits in Ceylon's fragrant woods abound,
With woods of cinnamon her hills are crown'd:
Dry'd in its flower the nut of Banda's grove,
The burning pepper and the ſable clove;
The clove, whoſe odour on the breathing gale
Far to the ſea Malucco's plains exhale:
All theſe provided by the faithful Moor,
All theſe, and India's gems, the navy bore:
The Moor attends, Mozaide, whoſe zealous care
To GAMA's eyes unveil'd each treach'rous [i] ſnare:
So burn'd his breaſt with heaven-illumined flame,
And holy reverence of Meſſiah's name.
Oh, favour'd African, by heaven's own light
Call'd from the dreary ſhades of error's night;
What man may dare his ſeeming ills arraign,
Or what the grace of heaven's deſigns explain!
Far didſt thou from thy friends a ſtranger roam,
There waſt thou call'd to thy celeſtial [k] home.

[i] ——— *Mozaide, whoſe zealous care*
To Gama's eyes reveal'd each treach'rous ſnare
—Had this been mentioned ſooner, the intereſt of the cataſtrophe of the poem muſt have languiſhed. Though he is not a warrior, the unexpected friend of Gama bears a much more conſiderable part in the action of the Luſiad, than the faithful Achates, the friend of the hero, bears in the buſineſs of the Æneid.

[k] *There waſt thou call'd to thy celeſtial home* ——This exclamatory addreſs to the Moor Monzaida, however it may appear digreſſive, has a double propriety. The converſion

With ruſtling ſound now ſwell'd the ſteady ſail;
The lofty maſts reclining to the gale
On full ſpread wings the navy ſprings away,
And far behind them foams the Ocean grey:
Afar the leſſening hills of Gata fly,
And mix their dim blue ſummits with the ſky:
Beneath the wave low ſinks the ſpicy ſhore,
And roaring through the tide each nodding prore
Points to the Cape, Great Nature's ſouthmoſt bound,
The Cape of Tempeſts, now of Hope renown'd.
Their glorious tale on Liſboa's ſhore to tell
Inſpires each boſom with a rapt'rous ſwell;
Now through their breaſts the chilly tremors glide,
To dare once more the dangers dearly try'd ——
Soon to the winds are theſe cold fears reſign'd,
And all their country ruſhes on the mind;
How ſweet to view their native land, how ſweet
The father, brother, and the bride to greet!

converſion of the Eaſtern world is the great purpoſe of the expedition of Gama, and Monzaida is the firſt fruits of that converſion. The good characters of the victorious heroes, however neglected by the great genius of Homer, have a fine effect in making an Epic Poem intereſt us and pleaſe. It might have been ſaid, that Monzaida was a traitor to his friends, and who crowned his villainy with apoſtacy. Camoens has therefore wiſely drawn him with other features, worthy of the friendſhip of Gama. Had this been neglected, the hero of the Luſiad might have ſhared the fate of the wiſe Ulyſſes of the Iliad, againſt whom, as Voltaire juſtly obſerves, every reader bears a ſecret ill will. Nor is the poetical character of Monzaida unſupported by hiſtory. He was not an Arab Moor, ſo he did not deſert his countrymen. By force theſe Moors had determined on the deſtruction of Gama: Monzaida admired and eſteemed him, and therefore generouſly revealed to him his danger. By his attachment to Gama he loſt all his effects in India, a circumſtance which his prudence and knowledge of affairs muſt have certainly foreſeen. By the [illegible] dangers he encountered, by the loſs [illegible] voluntarily ſuſtained, and by his [illegible] conſtancy, his ſincerity is undoubtedly proved.

While

While liſtening round the hoary parent's board
The wondering kindred glow at every word;
How ſweet to tell what woes, what toils they bore,
The tribes and wonders of each various ſhore!
Theſe thoughts, the traveller's loved reward, employ,
And ſwell each boſom with unutter'd [l] joy.

The Queen of Love, by Heaven's eternal grace,
The guardian goddeſs of the Luſian race;
The Queen of Love, elate with joy, ſurveys
Her heroes, happy, plow the watery maze:
Their dreary toils revolving in her thought,
And all the woes by vengeful Bacchus wrought;
Theſe toils, theſe woes her yearning cares employ,
To bathe and balſom in the ſtreams of joy.
Amid the boſom of the watery waſte,
Near where the bowers of Paradiſe were [m] placed,

[l] *The joy of the fleet on the homeward departure from India*——We are now come to that part of the Luſiad, which, in the conduct of the poem, is parallel to the great cataſtrophe of the Iliad, when on the death of Hector, Achilles thus addreſſes the Grecian army,

— Ye ſons of Greece, in triumph bring
The corpſe of Hector, and your *Pæans* ſing:
Be this the ſong, ſlow moving tow'rd the ſhore,
"*Hector* is dead, and *Ilion* is no more."

Our Portugueſe Poet, who in his machinery, and many other inſtances, has followed the manner of Virgil, now forſakes him. In a very bold and maſterly ſpirit he now models his poem by the ſteps of Homer. What of the Luſiad yet remains, in poetical conduct, though not in an imitation of circumſtances, exactly reſembles the latter part of the Iliad. The game at the funeral of Patroclus, and the redemption of the body of Hector, are the completion of the rage of Achilles. In the ſame manner, the reward of the heroes, and the conſequences of their expedition, complete the unity of the Luſiad. I cannot ſay it appears that Milton ever read our Poet; (though Fanſhaw's tranſlation was publiſhed in his time) yet no inſtance can be given of a more ſtriking reſemblance of plan and conduct, than may be produced in two principal parts of the poem of Camoens, and of the Paradiſe Loſt. Of this however hereafter in its proper place.

[m] *Near where the bowers of Paradiſe were placed*——According to the opinion of thoſe who place the garden of Eden near the mountains of Imaus, from whence the Ganges and Indus derive their ſource.

An iſle, array'd in all the pride of flowers,
Of fruits, of fountains, and of fragrant bowers,
She means to offer to their homeward prows,
The place of glad repaſt and ſweet repoſe;
And there before their raptured view to raiſe
The heaven-topt column of their deathleſs praiſe.

The Goddeſs now aſcends her ſilver car,
Bright was its hue as Love's tranſlucent ſtar;
Beneath the reins the ſtately birds, that ſing
Their ſweet-toned death-ſong, ſpread the ſnowy wing;
The gentle winds beneath her chariot ſigh,
And virgin bluſhes purple o'er the ſky:
On milk white pinions borne, her cooing doves
Form playful circles round her as ſhe moves;
And now their beaks in fondling kiſſes join,
In amorous nods their fondling necks entwine.
O'er fair Idalia's bowers the goddeſs rode,
And by her altars ſought Idalia's god:
The youthful bowyer of the heart was there;
His falling kingdom claim'd his earneſt [n] care.

[n] *His falling kingdom claim'd his earneſt care*—This fiction, in poetical conduct, bears a ſtriking reſemblance to the digreſſive hiſtories, with which Homer enriches and adorns his poems, particularly to the beautiful deſcription of the feaſt of the Gods with the blameleſs Ethiopians. It alſo contains a maſterly commentary on the machinery of the Luſiad. The Divine Love conducts Gama to India. The ſame Divine Love is repreſented as preparing to reform the corrupted world, when its attention is particularly called to beſtow a foretaſte of immortality on the heroes of the expedition which diſcovered the Eaſtern World. Nor do the wild phantaſtic loves, mentioned in this little epiſode, afford any objection againſt this explanation, an explanation which is expreſsly given in the epiſode itſelf. Theſe wild phantaſtic amours ſignify,

His bands he muſters, through the myrtle groves
On buxom wings he trains the little Loves.
Againſt the world, rebellious and aſtray,
He means to lead them, and reſume his ſway:
For baſe-born paſſions, at his ſhrine 'twas told,
Each nobler tranſport of the breaſt controul'd.
A young Actæon, ſcornful of his ° lore,
Morn after morn purſues the foamy boar,

ſy, in the allegory, the wild ſects of different enthuſiaſts, which ſpring up under the wings of the beſt and moſt rational inſtitutions; and which, however contrary to each other, all agree in deriving their authority from the ſame ſource.

° *A young Actæon*—The French tranſlator has the following characteriſtical note: "This paſſage is an eternal monument of "the freedoms taken by Camoens, and at "the ſame time a proof of the imprudence "of Poets; an authentic proof of that pre-"judice which ſometimes blinds them, not-"withſtanding all the light of their genius. "The modern Actæon, of whom he "ſpeaks, was king Sebaſtian. He loved "the chace; but that pleaſure, which is "one of the moſt innocent, and one of the "moſt noble we can poſſibly taſte, did not "at all interrupt his attention to the affairs "of ſtate, and did not render him ſavage "as our author pretends. On this point "the Hiſtorians are rather to be believed. "And what would the lot of princes be, "were they allowed no relaxation from "their toils, while they allow that privi-"lege to their people? Subjects as we are, "let us venerate the amuſements of our "Sovereigns; let us believe that the auguſt "cares for our good, which employ them, "follow them often even to the very bo-"ſom of their pleaſures."

Many are the ſtrokes in the Luſiad which muſt endear the character of Camoens to every reader of ſenſibility. The noble freedom and manly indignation with which he mentions the foible of his prince, and the flatterers of his court, would do honour to the greateſt names of Greece or Rome. While the ſhadow of freedom remained in Portugal, the greateſt men of that nation, in the days of Luſian heroiſm, thought and conducted themſelves in the ſpirit of Camoens. A noble anecdote of this brave ſpirit offers itſelf. Alonzo IV. ſurnamed *the Brave*, aſcended the throne of Portugal in the vigour of his age. The pleaſures of the chace engroſſed all his attention. His confidents and favourites encouraged, and allured him to it. His time was ſpent in the foreſts of *Cintra*, while the affairs of government were neglected, or executed by thoſe whoſe intereſt it was to keep their ſovereign in ignorance. His preſence, at laſt, being neceſſary at Liſbon, he entered the council with all the briſk impetuoſity of a young ſportſman, and with great familiarity and gaiety entertained his nobles with the hiſtory of a whole month ſpent in hunting, in fiſhing, and ſhooting. When he had finiſhed his narrative, a nobleman of the firſt rank roſe up: Courts and camps, ſaid he, were allotted for kings, not woods and deſerts. Even the affairs of private men ſuffer when recreation is preferred to buſineſs. But when the whims of pleaſure engroſs the thoughts of a king, a whole nation is conſigned to ruin. We came here for other purpoſes than to hear the exploits of the chace, exploits which are only intelligible to grooms and falconers. If your majeſty will attend to the wants, and remove the grievances of your people, you will find them obedient ſubjects; if not ——The king, ſtarting with rage, interrupted him, If not, what——If not, reſumed

In deſart wilds devoted to the chace:
Each dear enchantment of the female face
Spurn'd and neglected: Him enraged he ſees,
And ſweet, and dread his puniſhment decrees.
Before his raviſh'd ſight, in ſweet ſurpriſe,
Naked in all her charms ſhall Dian riſe;
With love's fierce flames his frozen heart ſhall [p] burn,
Coldly his ſuit, the nymph, unmoved, ſhall ſpurn.

ſumed the nobleman, in a firm tone, they will look for another and a better king. Alonzo, in the higheſt tranſport of paſſion, expreſſed his reſentment, and haſted out of the room. In a little while however he returned, calm and reconciled. I perceive, ſaid he, the truth of what you ſay. He who will not execute the duties of a king, cannot long have good ſubjects. Remember, from this day, you have nothing more to do with Alonzo the ſportſman, but with Alonzo the king of Portugal. His majeſty was as good as his promiſe, and became as a warriour and politician, one of the greateſt of the Portugueſe monarchs.

[p] *With love's fierce flames his frozen heart ſhall burn*—"It is ſaid, that upon the faith "of a portrait, Don Sebaſtian fell in love "with Margaret of France, daughter of "Henry II. and demanded her in mar-"riage, but was refuſed. The Spaniards "treated him no leſs unfavourably, for "they alſo rejected his propoſals for one "of the daughters of Philip II. Our au-"thor conſiders theſe refuſals as the pu-"niſhment of Don Sebaſtian's exceſſive at-"tachment to the chace; but this is only "a conſequence of the prejudice with "which he viewed the amuſements of his "ſovereign. The truth is, theſe princeſſes "were refuſed for political reaſons, and not "with any regard to the manner in which "he filled up his moments of leiſure."

Thus Caſtera, who, with the ſame ſpirit of ſagacity, ſtarts and anſwers the following objections: "But here is a difficulty: "Camoens wrote during the life of Don Se-"baſtian, but the circumſtance he relates "*(the return of Gama)* happened ſeveral "years before, under the reign of Em-"manuel. How therefore could he ſay "that Cupid then ſaw Don Sebaſtian at the "chace, when that prince was not then "born? The anſwer is eaſy: Cupid, in "the allegory of this work, repreſents the "love of God, the Holy Spirit, who is "God himſelf. Now the Divinity admits "of no diſtinction of time; one glance "of his eye beholds the paſt, the preſent, "and the future; every thing is preſent "before him."

This defence of the fiction of Actæon, is not more abſurd than uſeleſs. The free and bold ſpirit of poetry, and in particular the nature of allegory, defend it. The poet might eaſily have ſaid, that Cupid *foreſaw*; but had he ſaid ſo his ſatire had been much leſs genteel. As the ſentiments of Caſtera on this paſſage are extremely characteriſtical of the French ideas, another note from him will perhaps be agreeable. "Several "Portugueſe writers have remarked, ſays "he, that the wiſh

Of theſe loved dogs that now his paſſions ſway,
Ah! may he never fall the hapleſs prey!

"Had in it an air of prophecy; and Fate, in "effect, ſeemed careful to accompliſh it, in "making the preſaged woes to fall upon "Don Sebaſtian. If he did not fall a prey "to his pack of hounds, we may however "ſay that he was devoured by his favourites, "who miſled his youth and his great ſoul. "But at any rate our poet has carried his "ſimilitude

Of theſe loved dogs that now his paſſions ſway,
Ah, may he never fall the hapleſs prey!

Enraged he ſees a venal herd, the [q] ſhame
Of human race, aſſume the titled name;
And each, for ſome baſe intereſt of his own,
With Flattery's manna'd lips aſſail the throne.
He ſees the men, whom holieſt ſanctions bind
To poverty, and love of human kind;
While ſoft as drop the dews of balmy May,
Their words preach virtue and her charms diſplay,
He ſees their eyes with luſt of gold on fire,
And every wiſh to lordly ſtate aſpire;

" ſimilitude too far. It was certainly in-
" jurious to Don Sebaſtian, who neverthe-
" leſs had the bounty not only not to puniſh
" this audacity, but to reward the juſt elo-
" gies which the author had beſtowed on
" him in other places. As much as the
" indiſcretion of Camoens ought to ſurpriſe
" us, as much ought we to admire the ge-
" neroſity of his maſter."

This foppery, this ſlavery in thinking, cannot fail to rouſe the indignation of every manly breaſt, when the facts are fairly ſtated. Don Sebaſtian, who aſcended the throne when a child, was a prince of great abilities and great ſpirit, but his youth was poiſoned with the moſt romantic ideas of military glory. The affairs of ſtate were left to his miniſters, *(for whoſe character ſee the next note)* his other ſtudies were neglected, and military exerciſes, of which he not unjuſtly eſteemed the chace a principal, were almoſt his ſole employ. Camoens beheld this romantic turn, and in a genteel allegorical ſatire foreboded its conſequences. The wiſh, that his prince might not fall the prey of his favourite paſſion, was in vain. In a raſh, ill-concerted expedition into Africa, Don Sebaſtian loſt his crown in his twenty-fifth year, an event which ſoon after produced the fall of the Portugueſe empire. Had the nobility poſſeſſed the ſpirit of Camoens, had they, like him, endeavoured to check the Quixotry of a young generous prince, that prince might have reigned long and happy, and Portugal might have eſcaped the Spaniſh yoke, which ſoon followed the defeat at Alcazar; a yoke which ſunk Portugal into an abyſs of miſery, from which, in all probability, ſhe will never emerge in her former ſplendor.

[q] *Enraged he ſees a venal herd, the ſhame*
Of human race, aſſume the titled name.——
" After having ridiculed all the pleaſures
" of Don Sebaſtian, the author now pro-
" ceeds to his courtiers, to whom he has
" done *no injuſtice*. Thoſe who are ac-
" quainted with the Portugueſe hiſtory, will
" readily acknowledge this." *Caſtera.*

He

He ſees them trim the lamp at night's mid hour,
To plan new laws to arm the regal power;
Sleepleſs at night's mid hour to raze the laws,
The ſacred bulwarks of the peoples' cauſe,
Fram'd ere the blood of hard-earn'd victory
On their brave fathers' helm-hackt ſwords was dry.

Nor theſe alone, each rank, debaſed and rude,
Mean objects, worthleſs of their love, purſued:
Their paſſions thus rebellious to his lore,
The God decrees to puniſh and reſtore.
The little loves, light hovering in the air,
Twang their ſilk bow-ſtrings, and their arms prepare:
Some on th' immortal anvils point the dart,
With power reſiſtleſs to inflame the heart;
Their arrow heads they tip with ſoft deſires,
And all the warmth of love's celeſtial fires;
Some ſprinkle o'er the ſhafts the tears of woe,
Some ſtore the quiver, ſome ſteel-ſpring the bow;
Each chanting as he works the tuneful ſtrain
Of love's dear joys, of love's luxurious pain:
Charm'd was the lay to conquer and refine,
Divine the melody, the ſong divine.

Already now began the vengeful war,
The witneſs of the God's benignant care

On

On the hard boſoms of the ſtubborn [r] crowd
An arrowy ſhower the bowyer train beſtow'd;
Pierced by the whizzing ſhafts deep ſighs the air,
And anſwering ſighs the wounds of love declare.
Though various featured and of various hue,
Each nymph ſeems loveliеſt in her lover's view;
Fired by the darts, by novice archers ſped,
Ten thouſand wild fantaſtic loves are bred:
In wildeſt dreams the ruſtic hind aſpires,
And haughtieſt lords confeſs the humbleſt fires.

The ſnowy ſwans of Love's celeſtial Queen
Now land her chariot on the ſhore of green;
One knee diſplay'd ſhe treads the flowery ſtrand,
The gather'd robe falls looſely from her hand;
Half-ſeen her boſom heaves the living ſnow,
And on her ſmiles the living roſes glow.
The bowyer God whoſe ſubtle ſhafts ne'er fly
Miſaim'd, in vain, in vain on earth or ſky,
With roſy ſmiles the Mother Power receives;
Around her climbing, thick as ivy leaves,

[r] *On the hard boſoms of the ſtubborn crowd* —— There is an elegance in the original of this line, which the Engliſh language will not admit;

Nos duros coraçoens de plebe dura.——

In the hard hearts of the hard vulgar.——

The vaſſal Loves in fond contention join
Who firſt and moſt ſhall kiſs her hand divine.
Swift in her arms ſhe caught her wanton Boy,
And, Oh, my ſon, ſhe cries, my pride, my joy,
Againſt thy might the dreadful Typhon fail'd,
Againſt thy ſhaft nor heaven, nor Jove prevail'd;
Unleſs thine arrow wake the young deſires,
My ſtrength, my power, in vain each charm expires:
My ſon, my hope, I claim thy powerful aid,
Nor be the boon, thy mother ſues, delay'd:
Where-e'er, ſo will th' Eternal Fates, where-e'er
The Luſian race the victor ſtandards rear,
There ſhall my hymns reſound, my altars flame,
And heavenly Love her joyful lore proclaim.
My Luſian heroes, as my Romans, brave,
Long toſt, long hopeleſs on the ſtorm-torn wave,
Wearied and weak, at laſt on India's ſhore
Arrived, new toils, repoſe denied, they bore;
For Bacchus there with tenfold rage purſued
My dauntleſs ſons; but now his might ſubdued,
Amid theſe raging ſeas, the ſcene of woes,
Theirs ſhall be now the balm of ſweet repoſe;
Theirs every joy the nobleſt heroes claim,
The raptured foretaſte of immortal fame.
Then bend thy bow and wound the [illegible],
The lovely daughters of the azure main

And

And lead them, while they pant with amorous fire,
Right to the iſle which all my ſmiles inſpire:
Soon ſhall my care that beauteous iſle ſupply,
Where Zephyr breathing love, on Flora's lap ſhall ſigh.
There let the nymphs the gallant heroes meet,
And ſtrew the pink and roſe beneath their feet:
In chryſtal halls the feaſt divine prolong,
With wine nectareous and immortal ſong:
Let every nymph the ſnow-white bed prepare,
And, fairer far, reſign her boſom there;
There to the greedy riotous embrace
Reſign each hidden charm with deareſt grace.
Thus from my native waves a hero line
Shall riſe, and o'er the Eaſt illuſtrious [1] ſhine;
Thus ſhall the rebel world thy proweſs know,
And what the boundleſs joys our friendly powers beſtow.

She ſaid; and ſmiling view'd her mighty Boy;
Swift to the chariot ſprings the god of joy;
His ivory bow, and arrows tipt with gold,
Blaz'd to the ſun-beam as the chariot roll'd:
Their ſilver harneſs ſhining to the day
The ſwans on milk-white pinions ſpring away,

[1] *Thus from my native waves a hero line*
Shall riſe, and o'er the Eaſt illuſtrious ſhine—
"By the line of heroes to be produced by "the union of the Portugueſe with the Ne- "reids, is to be underſtood the other Por- "tugueſe, who, following the ſteps of "Gama, eſtabliſhed illuſtrious colonies in "India."—*Caſtera.*

Smooth gliding o'er the clouds of lovely blue;
And Fame, [t] ſo will'd the God, before them flew:
A giant goddeſs, whoſe ungovern'd tongue
With equal zeal proclaims or right or wrong;
Oft had her lips the god of love blaſphem'd,
And oft with tenfold praiſe his conqueſts nam'd:
An hundred eyes ſhe rolls with ceaſeleſs care,
And thouſand tongues what theſe behold declare:
Fleet is her flight, the lightning's wing ſhe rides,
And though ſhe ſhifts her colours ſwift as glides
The April rainbow, ſtill the croud ſhe guides.
And now aloft her wondering voice ſhe rais'd,
And with a thouſand glowing tongues ſhe prais'd
The bold Diſcoverers of the eaſtern world——
In gentle ſwells the liſtening ſurges curl'd,
And murmur'd to the ſounds of plaintive love
Along the grottoes where the Nereids rove.
The drowſy Power on whoſe ſmooth eaſy mien
The ſmiles of wonder and delight are ſeen,
Whoſe gloſſy ſimpering eye beſpeaks her name,
Credulity attends the goddeſs Fame.
Fired by the heroes' praiſe, the watery [u] gods,
With ardent ſpeed forſake their deep abodes;

[t] *And Fame——a giant goddeſs*——This paſſage affords a ſtriking inſtance of the judgment of Camoens. Virgil's celebrated deſcription of Fame, (ſee p. 200.) is in his eye, but he copies it, as Virgil, in his beſt imitations, copies after Homer. He adopts ſome circumſtances, but by adding others, he makes a new picture, which juſtly may be called his own.

[u] —— *The watery gods*—— To mention the gods in the maſculine gender, and immediately to apply to them,

O peito feminil, que levemente
Muda quayſquer propoſitos tomados.—

The

Their rage by vengeful Bacchus rais'd of late,
Now ſtung remorſe, and love ſucceeds to hate.
Ah, where remorſe in female boſom bleeds,
The tendereſt love in all its glow ſucceeds.
When fancy glows, how ſtrong, O Love, thy power!
Nor ſlipt the eager God the happy hour;
Swift fly his arrows o'er the billowy main,
Wing'd with his fires, nor flies a ſhaft in vain:
Thus, ere the face the lover's breaſt inſpires,
The voice of fame awakes the ſoft deſires.
While from the bow-ſtring ſtart the ſhafts divine,
His ivory moon's wide horns inceſſant join,
Swift twinkling to the view; and wide he pours
Omnipotent in love his arrowy ſhowers.
E'en Thetis' ſelf confeſt the tender ſmart,
And pour'd the murmurs of the wounded heart:
Soft o'er the billows pants the amorous ſigh;
With wiſhful langour melting on each eye
The love-ſick nymphs explore the tardy ſails
That waft the heroes on the lingering gales.

Give way, ye lofty billows, low ſubſide,
Smooth as the level plain, your ſwelling pride,

The eaſe with which the female breaſt changes its reſolutions, may to the hypercritic appear reprehenſible. The expreſſion however is claſſical, and therefore retained. Virgil uſes it, where Æneas is conducted by Venus through the flames of Troy;

Deſcendo, ac ducente *Deâ*, flammam inter et hoſtes
Expedior ———

This is in the manner of the Greek Poets, who uſe the word Θεὸς for God or Goddeſs.

Lo,

Lo, Venus comes! Oh, ſoft, ye ſurges, ſleep,
Smooth be the boſom of the azure deep,
Lo, Venus comes! and in her vigorous train
She brings the healing balm of love-ſick pain.
White as her ſwans [w], and ſtately as they rear
Their ſnowy creſts when o'er the lake they ſteer,
Slow moving on, behold, the fleet appears,
And o'er the diſtant billow onward ſteers.
The beauteous Nereids flufh'd in all their charms
Surround the Goddeſs of the ſoft alarms:
Right to the iſle ſhe leads the ſmiling train,
And all her arts her balmy lips explain;
The fearful langour of the aſking eye,
The lovely bluſh of yielding modeſty,
The grieving look, the ſigh, the favouring ſmile,
And all the endearments of the open wile,
She taught the nymphs —— in willing breaſts that heaved
To hear her lore, her lore the nymphs received.

As now triumphant to their native ſhore
Through the wide deep the joyful navy bore,
Earneſt the pilot's eyes ſought cape or bay,
For long was yet the various watery way;

[w] *White as her ſwans* —— A diſtant fleet compared to ſwans on a lake is certainly an happy thought. The alluſion to the pomp of Venus, whoſe agency is immediately concerned, gives it beſides a peculiar propriety. This ſimile however is not in the original. It is adopted from an uncommon happineſs of Fanſhaw;

The pregnant *ſayles* on Neptune's ſurface creep,
Like her own *Swans*, in *gate*, *out-ſpeed*, and *feather*.

Sought

Sought cape or iſle from whence their boats might bring
The healthful bounty of the chryſtal ſpring:
When ſudden, all in nature's pride array'd,
The Iſle of Love its glowing breaſt diſplay'd.
O'er the green boſom of the dewy lawn
Soft blazing flow'd the ſilver of the dawn,
The gentle waves the glowing luſtre ſhare,
Arabia's balm was ſprinkled o'er the air.
Before the fleet, to catch the heroes' view,
The floating iſle fair Acidalia drew:
Soon as the floating verdure caught their [x] ſight,
She fixt, unmov'd, the iſland of delight.
So when in child-birth of her Jove-ſprung load,
The ſylvan goddeſs and the bowyer god,
In friendly pity of Latona's woes [y],
Amid the waves the Delian iſle aroſe.
And now led ſmoothly o'er the furrow'd tide,
Right to the iſle of joy the veſſels glide:

[x] *Soon as the floating verdure caught their ſight* —— As the departure of Gama from India was abrupt (ſee the preface) he put into one of the beautiful iſlands of Anchediva for freſh water. While he was here careening his ſhips, ſays Faria, a pirate named Timoja, attacked him with eight ſmall veſſels, ſo linked together and covered with boughs, that they formed the appearance of a floating iſland. This, ſays Caſtera, afforded the fiction of the floating iſland of Venus. "The fictions of Camoens, "ſays he, *ſont d'autant plus merveilleuſes, "qu'elles ont toutes leur fondement dans "l'hiſtoire*, are the more marvellous, be- "cauſe they are all founded in hiſtory. It "is not difficult to find why he makes his "iſland of Anchediva to wander on the "waves; it is in alluſion to a ſingular event "related by Barros." He then proceeds to the ſtory of Timoja, as if the genius of Camoens ſtood in need of ſo weak an aſſiſtance.

[y] *In friendly pity of Latona's woes* —— Latona, in pregnancy by Jupiter, was perſecuted by Juno, who ſent the ſerpent Python in purſuit of her. Neptune, in pity of her diſtreſs, raiſed the iſland of Delos for her refuge, where ſhe was delivered of Apollo and Diana.—Ovid. Met.

The

The bay they enter, where on every hand,
Around them claſps the flower-enamell'd land;
A ſafe retreat, where not a blaſt may ſhake
Its fluttering pinions o'er the ſtilly lake.
With purple ſhells, transfus'd as marble veins,
The yellow ſands celeſtial Venus ſtains.
With graceful pride three hills of ſofteſt green
Rear their fair boſoms o'er the ſylvan ſcene;
Their ſides embroider'd boaſt the rich array
Of flowery ſhrubs in all the pride of May;
The purple lotos and the ſnowy thorn,
And yellow pod-flowers every ſlope adorn.
From the green ſummits of the leafy hills
Deſcend with murmuring lapſe three limpid rills;
Beneath the roſe-trees loitering ſlow they glide,
Now tumbles o'er ſome rock their chryſtal pride;
Sonorous now they roll adown the glade,
Now plaintive tinkle in the ſecret ſhade,
Now from the darkling grove, beneath the beam
Of ruddy morn, like melted ſilver ſtream,
Edging the painted margins of the bowers,
And breathing liquid freſhneſs on the flowers.
Here bright reflected in the pool below
The vermil apples tremble on the bough;
Where o'er the yellow ſands the waters ſleep,
The primroſed banks, inverted, dew drops weep;

Where

Where murmuring o'er the pebbles purls the ſtream
The ſilver trouts in playful curvings gleam.
Long thus and various every riv'let ſtrays,
Till cloſing now their long meandring maze,
Where in a ſmiling vale the mountains end,
Form'd in a chryſtal lake the waters [z] blend:
Fring'd was the border with a woodland ſhade,
In every leaf of various green array'd,
Each yellow-ting'd, each mingling tint between
The dark aſh-verdure and the ſilvery green.
The trees now bending forward ſlowly ſhake
Their lofty honours o'er the chryſtal lake;
Now from the flood the graceful boughs retire
With coy reſerve, and now again admire
Their various liveries by the ſummer dreſt,
Smooth-gloſs'd and ſoftened in the mirror's breaſt.
So by her glaſs the wiſhful virgin ſtays,
And oft retiring ſteals the lingering gaze.
A thouſand boughs aloft to heaven diſplay
Their fragrant apples ſhining to the day;

[z] *Form'd in a chryſtal lake the waters* ——Caſtera alſo attributes this to hiſtory, "The Portugueſe actually found in "this iſland, ſays he, a fine piece of water "ornamented with hewn ſtones and magni- "ficent aqueducts; an ancient and ſuperb "work, of which nobody knew the author." In 1505 Don Franciſco Almeyda built a fort in this iſland. In digging among ſome ancient ruins he found many crucifixes of black and red colour, from whence the Portugueſe conjectured, ſays Oſorius, that the Anchedivian iſlands had in former ages been inhabited by Chriſtians. Vid. Oſor. L. iv.

The orange here perfumes the buxom [a] air,
And boaſts the golden hue of Daphne's hair.
Near to the ground each ſpreading bough deſcends,
Beneath her yellow load the citron bends;
The fragrant lemon ſcents the cooly grove;
Fair as when ripening for the days of love
The virgin's breaſts the gentle ſwell avow,
So the twin fruitage ſwell on every bough.
Wild foreſt trees the mountain ſides array'd
With curling foliage and romantic ſhade:
Here ſpreads the poplar, to Alcides dear;
And dear to Phœbus, ever verdant here,
The laurel joins the bowers for ever green,
The myrtle bowers belov'd of beauty's queen.
To Jove the oak his wide ſpread branches rears;
And high to heaven the fragrant cedar bears;

[a] *The orange here perfumes the buxom air, And boaſts the golden hue of Daphne's hair.*— Frequent alluſions to the fables of the ancients form a characteriſtical feature of the poetry of the 16th and 17th centuries. A profuſion of it is pedantry; a moderate uſe of it, however, in a poem of theſe times pleaſes, becauſe it diſcovers the ſtages of compoſition, and has in itſelf a fine effect, as it illuſtrates its ſubject by preſenting the claſſical reader with ſome little landſcapes of that country through which he has travelled. The deſcription of foreſts is a favourite topic in poetry. Chaucer, Taſſo, and Spenſer, have been happy in it, but both have copied an admired paſſage in Statius;

——— Cadit ardua fagus,
Chaoniumque nemus, brumæque illæſa cupreſſus;
Procumbunt piceæ, flammis alimenta ſupremis,
Ornique, ilicæque trabes, metuendaque ſulco
Taxus, & infandos belli potura cruores
Fraxinus, atque ſitu non expugnabile robur:
Hinc audax abies, & odoro vulnere pinus
Scinditur, acclinant intonſa cacumina terræ
Almus amica fretis, nec inhoſpita vitibus ulmus.

In rural deſcriptions three things are neceſſary to render them poetical; the happineſs of epithet, of picturesque arrangement, and of little landſcape views. Without theſe, all the names of trees and flowers, though ſtrung together in tolerable numbers, contain no more poetry than a nurſeryman or a floriſt's catalogue. In Statius, in Taſſo and Spenſer's admired foreſts, (Gier. Liber. C. 3. St. 75, 76, and F. Queen, B. 1. C. 1. St. 8, 9) the poetry conſiſts entirely in the happineſs of the epithets. In Camoens, all the three requiſites are admirably attained, and blended together.

Where

Where through the glades appear the cavern'd rocks,
The lofty pine-tree waves her ſable locks;
Sacred to Cybele the whiſpering pine
Loves the wild grottoes where the white cliffs ſhine;
Here towers the cypreſs, preacher to the wiſe,
Leſs'ning from earth her ſpiral honours riſe,
Till, as a ſpear-point rear'd, the topmoſt ſpray
Points to the Eden of eternal day.
Here round her foſtering elm the ſmiling vine
In fond embraces gives her arms to twine;
The numerous cluſters pendant from the boughs,
The green here gliſtens, here the purple glows:
For here the genial ſeaſons of the year
Danc'd hand in hand, no place for winter here;
His griſly viſſage from the ſhore expell'd,
United ſway the ſmiling ſeaſons held.
Around the ſwelling fruits of deepening red,
Their ſnowy hues the fragrant bloſſoms ſpread;
Between the burſting buds of lucid green
The apple's ripe vermillion bluſh is ſeen;
For here each gift Pomona's hand beſtows
In cultured garden, free, uncultured flows,
The flavour ſweeter, and the hue more fair,
Than e'er was foſter'd by the hand of care.
The cherry here in ſhining crimſon glows;
And ſtain'd with lover's blood, in pendant rows,

The bending boughs the mulberries [b] o'erload;
The bending boughs careſs'd by Zephyr nod.
The generous peach, that ſtrengthens in exile
Far from his native earth, the Perſian ſoil,
The velvet peach of ſofteſt gloſſy blue
Hangs by the pomgranate of orange hue,
Whoſe open heart a brighter red diſplays
Than that which ſparkles in the ruby's blaze.
Here, trembling with their weight, the branches bear,
Delicious as profuſe, the tapering pear.
For thee, fair fruit, the ſongſters of the grove
With hungry bills from bower to arbour rove.
Ah, if ambitious thou wilt own the care
To grace the feaſt of heroes and the fair,
Soft let the leaves with grateful umbrage hide
The green-ting'd orange of thy mellow ſide.
A thouſand flowers of gold, of white and red
Far o'er the ſhadowy [c] vale their carpets ſpread,
Of fairer tapeſtry, and of richer bloom,
Than ever glow'd in Perſia's boaſted loom:

[b] *And ſtain'd with Lover's blood, in pendant rows,*
The bending boughs the mulberries o'erload;
——Pyramus and Thiſbe:
Arborei fœtus aſpergine cædis in atram
Vertuntur faciem: madefactaque ſanguine radix
Puniceo tingit pendentia mora colore . . . . .
At tu quo ramis arbor miſerabile corpus
Nunc tegis unius, mox es tectura duorum;
Signa tene cædis: pulloſque et luctibus aptos
Semper habe fœtus gemini monumenta cruoris.
Ovid. Met.

[c] ——*The ſhadowy vale*—— Literal from the original,——*O ſombrio valle*——which Fanſhaw however has tranſlated, "the "gloomy valley," and thus has given us a funereal, where the author intended a feſtive landſcape. It muſt be confeſſed however, that the deſcription of the iſland of Venus, is infinitely the beſt part of all Fanſhaw's tranſlation. And indeed the dulleſt proſe tranſlation might obſcure, but could not poſſibly throw a total eclipſe over ſo admirable an original.

As

As glittering rainbows o'er the verdure thrown,
O'er every woodland walk th' embroidery ſhone.
Here o'er the watery mirror's lucid bed
Narciſſus, ſelf-enamour'd, hangs the head;
And here, bedew'd with love's celeſtial tears,
The woe-markt flower of ſlain Adonis [d] rears
Its purple head, prophetic of the reign
When loſt Adonis ſhall revive again.
At ſtrife appear the lawns and purpled ſkies,
Which from each other ſtole the beauteous [e] dyes:
The lawn in all Aurora's luſtre glows,
Aurora ſteals the bluſhes of the roſe,
The roſe diſplays the bluſhes that adorn
The ſpotleſs virgin on the nuptial morn.

[d] *The woe-markt flower of ſlain Adonis—water'd by the tears of love.*—The Anemone. "This, ſays Caſtera, is applicable "to the celeſtial Venus, for according to "mythology, her amour with Adonis had "nothing in it impure, but was only the "love which nature bears to the ſun." The fables of antiquity have generally a three-fold interpretation, an hiſtorical alluſion, a phyſical and a metaphyſical allegory. In the latter view, the fable of Adonis is only applicable to the celeſtial Venus. A divine youth is outrageouſly ſlain, but ſhall revive again at the reſtoration of the golden age. Several nations, it is well known, under different names, celebrated the myſteries, or the death and reſurrection of Adonis; among whom were the Britiſh Druids, as we are told by Dr. Stukely. In the ſame manner Cupid, in the fable of Pſyche, is interpreted by mythologiſts, to ſignify the divine love weeping over the degeneracy of human nature.

[e] *At ſtrife appear the lawns and purpled ſkies, who from each other ſtole the beauteous dyes.*—On this paſſage Caſtera has the following ſenſible though turgid note: "This "thought, ſays he, is taken from the idyl-"lium of Auſonius on the roſe;

"Ambigeres rapereine roſis Aurora ruborem,
"An daret, & flores tingeret orta dies.

"Camoens who had a genius rich of itſelf, "ſtill farther enriched it at the expence of "the ancients. Behold what makes great "authors! Thoſe who pretend to give us "nothing but the fruits of their own "growth, ſoon fail, like the little rivulets "which dry up in the ſummer; very dif-"ferent from the floods, who receive in "their courſe the tribute of an hundred and "an hundred rivers, and which even in "the dog-days carry their waves trium-"phant to the ocean."

Zephyr

Zephyr and Flora emulous conſpire
To breathe their graces o'er the field's attire;
The one gives healthful freſhneſs, one the hue,
Fairer than e'er creative pencil drew.
Pale as the love-ſick hopeleſs maid they dye
The modeſt violet; from the curious eye
The modeſt violet turns her gentle head,
And by the thorn weeps o'er her lowly bed,
Bending beneath the tears of pearly dawn
The ſnow white lilly glitters o'er the lawn;
Lo, from the bough reclines the damaſk roſe,
And o'er the lilly's milk-white boſom glows.
Freſh in the dew far o'er the painted dales,
Each fragrant herb her ſweeteſt ſcent exhales.
The hyacinth bewrays the doleful [f] *Ai*,
And calls the tribute of Apollo's ſigh;
Still on it's bloom the mournful flower retains
The lovely blue that dy'd the ſtripling's veins.
Pomona fired with rival envy views
The glaring pride of Flora's darling hues;
Where Flora bids the purple iris ſpread,
She hangs the wilding's bloſſom white and red;

[f] *The hyaciath bewrays the doleful* Ai.—Hyacinthus, a youth beloved of Apollo, by whom he was accidentally ſlain, and afterwards turned into a flower:

——— Tyrioque nitentior oſtro
Flos oritur, formamque capit, quam lilia: ſi non
Purpureus color huic, argenteus eſſet in illis.
Non ſatis hoc Phœbo eſt: is enim fuit auctor honoris.
Ipſe ſuos gemitus foliis inſcribit; & Ai, Ai,
Flos habet inſcriptum: funeſtaque littera ducta eſt.

Ovid. Met.

Where

Where wild thyme purples, where the daiſy ſnows
The curving ſlopes, the melon's pride ſhe throws;
Where by the ſtream the lilly of the vale,
Primroſe, and cowſlip meek, perfume the gale,
Beneath the lilly and the cowſlip's bell
The ſcarlet ſtrawberries luxurious ſwell.
Nor theſe alone the teeming Eden yields,
Each harmleſs beſtial crops the flowery fields;
And birds of every note and every wing
Their loves reſponſive through the branches ſing:
In ſweet vibrations thrilling o'er the ſkies,
High pois'd in air, the lark his warbling tries;
The ſwan ſlow ſailing o'er the chryſtal lake
Tunes his melodious note; from every brake
The glowing ſtrain the nightingale returns,
And in the bowers of love the turtle mourns.
Pleaſed to behold his branching horns appear,
O'er the bright fountain bends the fearleſs deer;
The hare ſtarts trembling from the buſhy ſhade,
And ſwiftly circling, croſſes oft the glade.
Where from the rocks the bubbling founts diſtil,
The milk-white lambs come bleating down the hill;
The dappled heifer ſeeks the vales below,
And from the thicket ſprings the bounding doe.
To his lov'd neſt, on fondly fluttering wings,
In chirping bill the little ſongſter brings

The food untaſted; tranſport thrills his breaſt;
'Tis nature's touch; 'tis inſtinct's heav'n-like feaſt.
Thus bower and lawn were deckt with Eden's flowers,
And ſong and joy imparadiſed the bowers.

And ſoon the fleet their ready anchors threw:
Lifted on eager tip-toe at the view,
On nimble feet that bounded to the ſtrand
The ſecond Argonauts [g] elance to land.
Wide o'er the beauteous iſle [h] the lovely Fair
Stray through the diſtant glades, devoid of care.

[g] *The ſecond Argonauts* —— The expedition of the Golden Fleece was eſteemed in ancient poetry, one of the moſt daring adventures, the ſucceſs of which was accounted miraculous. The alluſions of Camoens to this voyage, though in the ſpirit of his age, are by no means improper.

[h] *Wide o'er the beauteous iſle the lovely Fair* ——We now come to the paſſage condemned by Voltaire as ſo laſcivious, that no nation in Europe, except the Portugueſe and Italians, could bear it. But the author of the deteſtable poem *La Pucelle d'Orleans*, talks of the iſland of Venus with that ſame knowledge of his ſubject with which he made Camoens, who was not then born, a companion to Gama in the expedition which diſcovered the route to India. Though Voltaire's cavils, I truſt, are in general fully anſwered in the preface, a particular examination of the charge of indecency may not be unneceſſary ere the reader enter upon the paſſage itſelf. No painter then, let it be remembered, was ever blamed for drawing the graces unveiled or naked. In ſculpture, in painting, and poetry, it is not nakedneſs, it is the expreſſion or manner only that offends decency. It is this which conſtitutes the difference between a Venus de Medicis and the laſcivious paintings in the apartments of a Tiberius. The fate of Camoens has hitherto been very peculiar. The mixture of Pagan and Chriſtian mythology in his machinery has been anathematiſed, and his iſland of Love repreſented as a brothel. Yet both accuſations are the arrogant aſſertions of the moſt ſuperficial acquaintance with his works, a *Hearſay*, ecchoed from critic to critic. His poem itſelf, and a compariſon of its parts with the ſimilar conduct of the greateſt modern poets, will clearly evince, that in both inſtances no modern Epic Writer of note has given leſs offence to true criticiſm.

Not to mention Arioſto, whoſe deſcriptions will often admit of no palliation, Taſſo, Spenſer, and Milton, have always been eſteemed as the chaſteſt of poets, yet in the delicacy of warm deſcription, the inartificial modeſty of nature, none of them can boaſt the continued uniformity of the Portugueſe Poet. Though there is a warmth in the colouring of Camoens, which even the genius of Taſſo has not reached; and though the iſland of Armida is evidently copied from the Luſiad, yet thoſe who are poſſeſſed of the fineſt feelings, will eaſily diſcover an eſſential difference between the love-ſcenes of the two poets, a difference greatly in favour of the delicacy of the former. Though the nymphs in Camoens are detected naked in the woods and in the ſtream, and though deſirous to captivate, ſtill their behaviour is that of the virgin, who hopes to be the

ſpouſe:

From lowly valley and from mountain grove
The lovely nymphs renew the ſtrains of love.
Here from the bowers that crown the plaintive rill
The ſolemn harp's melodious warblings thrill;

ſpouſe. They act the part of offended modeſty; even when they yield they are ſilent, and behave in every reſpect like Milton's Eve in the ſtate of innocence, who

——— What was honour knew ———

And who diſplayed

Her virtue, and the conſcience of her worth,
That would be wooed, and not unſought be won.

To ſum up all, the nuptial ſanctity draws its hallowed curtains, and a maſterly allegory ſhuts up the love-ſcenes of Camoens.

How different from all this is the iſland of *Armida* in Taſſo, and its tranſlation, the bower of *Acraſia*, in Spenſer! In theſe virtue is ſeduced; the ſcene therefore is leſs delicate. The nymphs, while they are bathing, in place of the modeſty of the bride as in Camoens, employ all the arts of the laſcivious wanton. They ſtay not to be wooed; but, as Spenſer gives it,

The amorous ſweet ſpoils to greedy eyes reveal.

One ſtanza from our Engliſh poet, which however is rather fuller than the original, ſhall here ſuffice:

Withal ſhe laughed and ſhe bluſh'd withal,
That bluſhing to her laughter gave more grace,
And laughter to her bluſhing, as did fall.
Now when they ſpy'd the knight to ſlack his pace,
Them to behold, and *in his ſparkling face*
The ſecret ſigns of kindling luſt appear,
Their wanton merriments they did encreaſe,
And to him becken'd to approach more near,
And ſhew'd him many ſights, that courage cold
could rear.

This and other deſcriptions,

Upon a bed of roſes ſhe was laid
As faint through heat, or dight to pleaſant ſin.—

preſent every idea of laſcivious voluptuouſneſs. The allurements of ſpeech are alſo added. Songs, which breathe every perſuaſive, are heard; and the nymphs boldly call to the beholder;

E' dolce campo di battaglia il letto
Fiavi, e l'herbetta morbida de' prati.—
TASSO.

Our field of battle is the downy bed,
Or flowery turf amid the ſmiling mead.—
HOOLE.

Theſe, and the whole ſcenes in the domains of Armida and Acraſia, are in a turn of manner the reverſe of the iſland of Venus. They are the ſcenes of guilt and remorſe. In Camoens, the ſuppoſition of the pureſt honour and innocence gives a nameleſs delicacy; and though the colouring be warm, yet the modeſty of the Venus de Medicis is ſtill preſerved. In every thing he deſcribes there is ſtill ſomething ſtrongly ſimilar to the modeſt attitude of the arms of that celebrated ſtatue. Though prudery, that uſual maſk of the impureſt minds, may condemn him, yet thoſe of the moſt chaſte, though leſs gloomy turn, will allow, that in compariſon with others, he might ſay,— *Virginibus puerique canto.*

Spenſer alſo, where he does not follow Taſſo, is often groſs; and even in ſome inſtances, where the expreſſion is more delicate, the picture is nevertheleſs indecently laſcivious. The third and fourth of the five concluding ſtanzas, which in his ſecond edition he added to the third book of the Faerie Queene, afford a ſtriking example. The virgin *Britomart*, the pattern of chaſtity, ſtands by, while Sir *Scudamore* and *Amoret*,

——— With ſweet countervaile
Each other of love's bitter fruit deſpoile—

But this ſhall not here be cited; only,

That *Britomart*, half envying their bleſs,
Was much empaſſion'd in her gentle ſprite,
And to herſelf oft wiſh'd like happineſs;
In vain ſhe wiſh'd, that fate n'ould let her
yet poſſeſs.

Nor is even Spenſer's wife of Malbecco more indelicate than ſome lines of the Paradiſe Loſt. The reply of the Angel to Adam's deſcription of his nuptials, contains ſome ſtrokes intolerably diſguſtful. And

Here from the ſhadows of the upland grott
The mellow lute renews the ſwelling note.
As fair Diana and her virgin train
Some gayly ramble o'er the flowery plain,
In feign'd purſuit of hare or bounding roe,
Their graceful mein and beauteous limbs to ſhew;
Now ſeeming careleſs, fearful now and coy,
(So taught the goddeſs of unutter'd joy,)
And gliding through the diſtant glades diſplay
Each limb, each movement, naked as the day.
Some light with glee in careleſs freedom take
Their playful revels in the chryſtal lake;
One trembling ſtands no deeper than the knee
To plunge reluctant, while in ſportful glee
Another o'er her ſudden laves the tide;
In pearly drops the wiſhful waters glide,
Reluctant dropping from her breaſts of ſnow;
Beneath the wave another ſeems to glow;

the firſt effect of the forbidden fruit offers a remarkable contraſt to that delicacy of expreſſion which adorns the firſt loves of Adam and Eve. If there is propriety however in thus repreſenting the amours of guilty intoxication, by which figure Milton calls it, ſome of the terms of expreſſion are ſtill indefenſibly indelicate. In a word, ſo unjuſt is the cenſure of Voltaire, a cenſure which never aroſe from a compariſon of Camoens with other poets, and ſo ill-grounded is the charge againſt him, that we cannot but admire his ſuperior delicacy; a delicacy not even underſtood in his age, when the groſſeſt imagery often found a place in the pulpits of the moſt pious divines; when in the old liturgy itſelf it was eſteemed no indelicacy of expreſſion to enjoin the wife *to be buxom in bed and at board*. We know what liberties were taken by the politeſt writers of the Auguſtan age; and ſuch is the change of manners, that Shakeſpeare and Spenſer might with juſtice appeal from the judgment of the preſent, when it condemns them for indecency. Camoens, however, may appeal to the moſt poliſhed age; let him be heard for himſelf, let him be compared with others of the firſt name, and his warmeſt deſcriptions need not dread the deciſion.

The

The amorous waves her boſom fondly kiſs'd,
And roſe and fell, as panting, on her breaſt.
Another ſwims along with graceful pride,
Her ſilver arms the gliſtening waves divide,
Her ſhining ſides the fondling waters lave,
Her glowing cheeks are brighten'd by the wave,
Her hair, of mildeſt yellow, flows from ſide
To ſide, as o'er it plays the wanton tide;
And careleſs as ſhe turns, her thighs of ſnow
Their tapering rounds in deeper luſtre ſhew.

Some gallant Luſians ſought the woodland prey,
And through the thickets forced the pathleſs way;
And ſome in ſhades impervious to the beam,
Supinely liſten'd to the murmuring ſtream:
When ſudden through the boughs the various dyes
Of pink, of ſcarlet, and of azure riſe.
Swift from the verdant banks the loiterers ſpring,
Down drops the arrow from the half drawn ſtring:
Soon they behold 'twas not the roſe's hue,
The jonquil's yellow, nor the panſie's blue:
Dazzling the ſhades the nymphs appear—the zone
And flowing ſcarf in gold and azure ſhone.
Naked as Venus ſtood in Ida's bower,
Some truſt the dazzling charms of native power;

Through the green boughs and darkling ſhades they ſhew
The ſhining luſtre of their native ſnow,
And every tapering, every rounded ſwell
Of thigh, of boſom, as they glide, reveal.
As viſions cloath'd in dazzling white they riſe,
Then ſteal unnoted from the flurried eyes:
Again apparent, and again withdrawn,
They ſhine and wanton o'er the ſmiling lawn.
Amazed and loſt in rapture of ſurprize,
All joy, my friends, the brave Veloso cries,
Whate'er of goddeſſes old fable told,
Or poet ſung of ſacred groves, behold.
Sacred to goddeſſes divinely bright
Theſe beauteous foreſts own their guardian might.
From eyes profane, from every age conceal'd,
To us, behold, all Paradiſe reveal'd!
Swift let us try if phantoms of the air,
Or living charms appear, divinely fair!
Swift at the word the gallant Luſians bound,
Their rapid footſteps ſcarcely touch the ground;
Through copſe, through brake, impatient of their prey,
Swift as the wounded deer they ſpring away:
Fleet through the winding ſhades in rapid flight
The nymphs as wing'd with terror fly their ſight.
Fleet though they fled the mild reverted eye,
And dimpling ſmile their ſeeming fear deny.

Fleet through the ſhades in parted rout they glide:
If winding path the choſen pairs divide,
Another path by ſweet miſtake betrays,
And throws the lover on the lover's gaze:
If dark-brow'd bower conceal the lovely fair,
The laugh, the ſhriek, confeſs the charmer there.

Luxurious here the wanton zephyrs toy,
And every fondling favouring art employ.
Fleet as the Fair Ones ſpeed, the buſy gale
In wanton frolic lifts the trembling veil;
White though the veil, in fairer brighter glow
The lifted robe diſplays the living ſnow:
Quick fluttering on the gale the robe conceals,
Then inſtant to the glance each charm reveals,
Reveals, and covers from the eyes on fire,
Reveals, and with the ſhade inflames deſire.
One, as her breathleſs lover haſtens on,
With wily ſtumble ſudden lies o'erthrown;
Confus'd, ſhe riſes with a bluſhing ſmile;
The lover falls the captive of her guile:
Trip't by the Fair he tumbles on the mead,
The joyful victim of his eager ſpeed.

Afar, where ſport the wantons in the lake,
Another band of gallant youths betake;

The

The laugh, the ſhriek, the revel and the toy,
Beſpeak the innocence of youthful joy:
The laugh, the ſhriek, the gallant Luſians hear,
As through the foreſt glades they chace the deer;
For arm'd to chace the bounding roe they came,
Unhop'd the tranſport of a nobler game.
The naked wantons, as the youths appear,
Shrill through the woods reſound the ſhriek of fear.
Some feign ſuch terror of the forced embrace,
Their virgin modeſty to this gives place,
Naked they ſpring to land and ſpeed away
To deepeſt ſhades unpierc'd by glaring day;
Thus yielding freely to the amorous eyes
What to the amorous arms their fear denies.
Some well aſſume Diana's virgin ſhame,
When on her naked ſports the hunter [1] came
Unwelcome——plunging in the chryſtal tide,
In vain they ſtrive their beauteous limbs to hide;
The lucid waves, 'twas all they could, beſtow
A milder luſtre and a ſofter glow.
As loſt in earneſt care of future need,
Some to the banks to ſnatch their mantles ſpeed,
Of preſent view regardleſs; every wile
Was yet, and every net of amorous guile.
Whate'er the terror of the feign'd alarm,
Diſplay'd, in various force, was every charm.

[1] *The hunter*——Acteon.

Nor

Nor idle ſtood the gallant youth; the wing
Of rapture lifts them, to the Fair they ſpring;
Some to the copſe purſue their lovely prey;
Some cloath'd and ſhod, impatient of delay,
Impatient of the ſtings of fierce deſire,
Plunge headlong in the tide to quench their fire.
So when the fowler to his cheek uprears
The hollow ſteel, and on the mallard bears,
His eager dog, ere burſts the flaſhing roar,
Fierce for the prey ſprings headlong from the ſhore,
And barking cuts the wave with furious joy:
So mid the billow ſprings each eager boy,
Springs to the nymph whoſe eyes from all the reſt
By ſingling him her ſecret wiſh confeſt.

A ſon of Mars was there, of generous race,
His every elegance of manly grace;
Amorous and brave, the bloom of April youth
Glow'd on his cheek, his eye ſpoke ſimpleſt truth;
Yet love, capricious to th' accompliſh'd boy,
Had ever turn'd to gall each promis'd joy,
Had ever ſpurn'd his vows; yet ſtill his heart
Would hope, and nouriſh ſtill the tender ſmart:
The pureſt delicacy fann'd his fires,
And proudeſt honour nurs'd his fond deſires.

Not on the firſt that fair before him glow'd,
Not on the firſt the youth his love beſtow'd.
In all her charms the fair Ephyre came,
And Leonardo's heart was all on flame.
Affection's melting tranſport o'er him ſtole;
And Love's all generous glow intranced his ſoul;
Of ſelfiſh joy unconſcious, every thought
On ſweet delirium's ocean ſtreamed afloat.
Pattern of beauty did Ephyre ſhine,
Nor leſs ſhe wiſh'd theſe beauties to reſign:
More than her ſiſters long'd her heart to yield,
Yet ſwifter fled ſhe o'er the ſmiling field.
The youth now panting with the hopeleſs chace,
Oh turn, he cries, Oh turn thy angel face:
Falſe to themſelves can charms like theſe conceal
The hateful rigour of relentleſs ſteel;
And did the ſtream deceive me when I ſtood
Amid my peers reflected in the flood?
The eaſieſt port and faireſt bloom I bore——
Falſe was the ſtream——while I in vain deplore,
My peers are happy; lo, in every ſhade,
In every bower, their love with love repaid!
I, I alone through brakes, through thorns purſue
A cruel Fair——Ah, ſtill my fate proves true,
True to its rigour——who, fair nymph, to thee
Reveal'd, 'twas I that ſued! unhappy me!

Born

Born to be ſpurn'd though honeſty inſpire——
Alas, I faint, my languid ſinews tire;
Oh ſtay thee——powerleſs to ſuſtain their weight
My knees ſink down, I ſink beneath my fate!
He ſpoke; a ruſtling urges through the trees,
Inſtant new vigour ſtrings his active knees,
Wildly he glares around, and raging cries,
And muſt another ſnatch my lovely prize!
In ſavage graſp thy beauteous limbs conſtrain!
I feel, I madden while I feel the pain!
Oh loſt, thou flyeſt the ſafety of my arms,
My hand ſhall guard thee, ſoftly ſeize thy charms,
No brutal rage inflames me, yet I burn!
Die ſhall thy raviſher——Oh goddeſs, turn,
And ſmiling view the error of my fear;
No brutal force, no raviſher is near;
A harmleſs roebuck gave the ruſtling ſounds;
Lo, from the thicket ſwift as thee he bounds!
Ah, vain the hope to tire thee in the chace!
I faint, yet hear, yet turn thy lovely face.
Vain are thy fears; were even thy will to yield
The harveſt of my hope, that harveſt field
My fate would guard, and walls of braſs would rear
Between my ſickle and the golden ear.
Yet fly me not; ſo may thy youthful prime
Ne'er fly thy cheek on the grey wing of time.

Yet hear, the laſt my panting breath can ſay,
Nor proudeſt kings, nor mightieſt hoſts can ſway
Fate's dread decrees; yet thou, O nymph divine,
Yet thou canſt more, yet thou canſt conquer mine.
Unmoved each other yielding nymph I ſee;
Joy to their lovers, for they touch not thee!
But thee——Oh, every tranſport of deſire,
That melts to mingle with its kindred fire,
For thee reſpires——alone I feel for thee
The dear wild rage of longing extacy:
By all the flames of ſympathy divine
To thee united, thou by right art mine.
From thee, from thee the hallowed tranſport flows
That ſevered rages, and for union glows;
Heaven owns the claim—Hah, did the lightning glare?
Yes, I beheld my rival, though the air
Grew dim; even now I heard him ſoftly tread;
Oh rage, he waits thee on the flowery bed!
I ſee, I ſee thee ruſhing to his arms,
And ſinking on his boſom, all thy charms
To him reſigning in an eager kiſs,
All I implored, the whelming tide of bliſs!
And ſhall I ſee him riot on thy charms,
Diſſolved in joy exulting in thine arms——
Oh burſt, ye lightnings, round my deſtin'd head;
Oh pour your flaſhes——Madning as he ſaid,

Amid

Amid the windings of the bowery wood
His trembling footſteps ſtill the nymph [1] purſued.
Wooed to the flight ſhe wing'd her ſpeed to hear
His amorous accents melting on her ear.
And now ſhe turns the wild walk's ſerpent maze;
A roſeate bower its velvet couch diſplays;
The thickeſt moſs its ſofteſt verdure ſpread,
Crocus and mingling panſie fring'd the bed,
The woodbine dropt its honey from above,
And various roſes crown'd the ſweet alcove.
Here as ſhe haſtens, on the hopeleſs boy
She turns her face all bathed in ſmiles of joy;
Then, ſinking down, her eyes, ſufficed with love
Glowing on his, one moment loſt reprove.
Here was no rival, all he wiſh'd his own;
Lock'd in her arms ſoft ſinks the ſtripling down——
Ah, what ſoft murmurs panting through the bowers
Sigh'd to the raptures of the paramours;

[1] *His trembling footſteps ſtill the nymph purſued.* —— At the end of his Homer Mr. Pope has given an index of the inſtances of imitative and ſentimental harmony contained in his tranſlations. He has alſo often in his notes pointed out the adaption of ſound to ſenſe. The Tranſlator of the Luſiad hopes he may for once ſay, that he has not been inattentive to this great eſſential of good verſification; how he has ſucceeded the judicious only muſt determine. The ſpeech of Leonard to the curſory reader may perhaps ſometimes appear careleſs, and ſometimes turgid and ſtiff. That ſpeech, however, is an attempt at the imitative and ſentimental harmony, and with the judicious he reſts its fate, As the tranſlation in this inſtance exceeds the original in length, the objection of a foreign critic requires attention. An old purſy Abbé, (and Critics are apt to judge by themſelves) may indeed be ſurprized that a man out of breath with running ſhould be able to talk ſo long. But had he conſulted the experience of others, he would have found it was no wonderful matter for a ſtout and young Cavalier to talk twice as much, though fatigued with the chace of a couple of miles, provided the ſuppoſition is allowed, that he treads on the laſt ſteps of his flying miſtreſs.

The wiſhful ſigh and melting ſmile conſpire,
Devouring kiſſes fan the fiercer fire;
Sweet violence with deareſt grace aſſails,
Soft o'er the purpoſed frown the ſmile prevails;
The purpoſed frown betrays its own deceit,
In well-pleas'd laughter ends the riſing threat;
The coy delay glides off in yielding love,
And tranſport murmurs through the ſacred grove.
The joy of pleaſing adds its ſacred zeſt,
And all is love, embracing and embraced.

The golden morn beheld the ſcenes of joy;
Nor, ſultry noon, mayſt thou the bowers annoy;
The ſultry noon-beam ſhines the lover's aid,
And ſends him glowing to the ſecret ſhade.
O'er every ſhade and every nuptial bower
The love-ſick ſtrain the virgin turtles pour;
For nuptial faith and holy rites combin'd,
The Luſian heroes and the nymphs conjoin'd.
With flowery wreaths, and laurel chaplets, bound
With ductile gold, the nymphs the heroes crown'd
By every ſpouſal holy ritual tyed,
No chance they vow ſhall e'er their hands divide,
In life, in death, attendant as their fame;
Such was the oath of ocean's ſovereign Dame:

The Dame (from Heaven and holy Veſta ſprung,
For ever beauteous and for ever young,)
Enraptured views the Chief whoſe deathleſs name
The wondering world and conquer'd ſeas proclaim.
With ſtately pomp ſhe holds the Hero's hand,
And gives her empire to his dread command,
By ſpouſal ties confirm'd; nor paſt untold
What Fate's unalter'd page had will'd of old:
The world's vaſt globe in radiant ſphere ſhe ſhew'd,
The ſhores immenſe, and ſeas unknown, unplow'd;
The ſeas, the ſhores, due to the Luſian keel
And Luſian ſword, ſhe haſtens to reveal.
The glorious Leader by the hand ſhe takes,
And, dim below, the flowery bowers forſakes.
High on a mountain's ſtarry top divine
Her palace walls of living chryſtal ſhine;
Of gold and chryſtal blaze the lofty towers:
Here bathed in joy they paſs the bliſsful hours:
Ingulph'd in tides on tides of joy, the day
On downy pinions glides unknown away.
While thus the ſovereigns in the palace reign,
Like tranſport riots o'er the humbler plain,
Where each in generous triumph o'er his peers
His lovely bride to every bride prefers.

Hence,

Hence, ye [m] profane——the ſong melodious roſe,
By mildeſt zephyrs wafted through the boughs,
Unſeen the warblers of the holy ſtrain——
Far from theſe ſacred bowers, ye lewd profane!
Hence each unhallowed eye, each vulgar ear;
Chaſte and divine are all the raptures here.
The nymphs of ocean, and the ocean's Queen,
The iſle angelic, every raptured ſcene,
The charms of honour and its meed confeſs,
Theſe are the raptures, theſe the wedded bliſs;
The glorious triumph and the laurel crown,
The ever bloſſom'd palms of fair renown,
By time unwither'd and untaught to cloy;
Theſe are the tranſports of the Iſle of Joy.
Such was Olympus and the bright abodes;
Renown was heaven, and heroes were the gods.
Thus ancient times, to virtue ever juſt,
To arts and valour rear'd the worſhipp'd buſt.
High, ſteep and rugged, painful to be trod,
With toils on toils immenſe is virtue's road;
But ſmooth at laſt the walks umbrageous ſmile,
Smooth as our lawns, and cheerful as our iſle.
Up the rough road Alcides, Hermes, ſtrove,
All men like you, Apollo, Mars, and Jove:

[m] *Hence, ye profane*——We have already obſerved, that in every other poet the love-ſcenes are generally deſcribed as thoſe of guilt and remorſe. The contrary character of thoſe of Camoens, not only gives them a delicacy unknown to other moderns; but by the fiction of the ſpouſal rites, the allegory and machinery of the poem are moſt happily conducted. See the Introduction.

Like

Like you to bleſs mankind Minerva toil'd;
Diana bound the tyrants of the wild;
O'er the waſte deſert Bacchus ſpread the vine;
And Ceres taught the harveſt field to ſhine.
Fame rear'd her trumpet; to the bleſt abodes
She raiſed, and hail'd them gods and ſprung of gods.

The love of Fame, by heaven's own hand impreſt,
The firſt and nobleſt paſſion of the breaſt,
May yet miſlead——Oh guard, ye hero train,
No harlot robes of honours falſe and vain,
No tinſel yours, be yours all native gold,
Well-earn'd each honour, each reſpect you hold:
To your loved King return a guardian band,
Return the guardians of your native land;
To tyrant power be dreadful; from the jaws
Of fierce oppreſſion guard the peaſant's cauſe.
If youthful fury pant for ſhining arms,
Spread o'er the Eaſtern World the dread alarms;
There bends the Saracen the hoſtile bow,
The Saracen thy faith, thy nation's foe;
There from his cruel gripe tear empire's reins,
And break his tyrant ſceptre o'er his chains.
On adamantine pillars thus ſhall ſtand
The throne, the glory of your native land,
And Luſian heroes, an immortal line,
Shall ever with us ſhare our Iſle Divine.

DISSERTATION on the FICTION of the ISLAND of VENUS.

FROM the earlieſt ages, and in the moſt diſtant nations, palaces, foreſts and gardens, have been the favourite themes of poets. And though, as in Homer's iſland of Radamanthus, the deſcription is ſometimes only curſory; at other times they have laviſhed all their powers, and have vied with each other in adorning their edifices and landſcapes. The gardens of Alcinous in the Odyſſey, and the Elyſium in the Æneid, have excited the ambition of many imitators. Many inſtances of theſe occur in the later writers. Theſe ſubjects, however, it muſt be owned, are ſo natural to the genius of poetry, that it is ſcarcely fair to attribute to an imitation of the claſſics, the innumerable deſcriptions of this kind, which abound in the old Romances. In theſe, under different allegorical names, every paſſion, every virtue and vice, had its palace, its inchanted bower, or its dreary cave. The fictions of the Arabs were adopted by the Trobardours and firſt Gothic Romancers. Among the Italians, on the revival of letters, Pulci, Boyardo, and others, borrowed from the Trobardours; Arioſto borrowed from Pulci and his followers; and Spenſer has copied Arioſto and Taſſo. In the ſixth and ſeventh books of the Orlando Furioſo, there is a fine deſcription of the iſland and palace of Alcina or Vice; and in the tenth book, but inferior to the other in poetical colouring, we have a view of the country of Logiſtilla or Virtue. The paſſage, of this kind, however, where Arioſto has diſplayed the richeſt poetical painting, is in the xxxiv book, in the deſcription of Paradiſe, whither he ſends Aſtolpho the Engliſh Duke, to aſk the aid of St. John to recover the wits of Orlando. The whole is moſt admirably fanciful. Aſtolpho mounts the clouds on the winged horſe, ſees Paradiſe, and, accompanied by the Evangeliſt, viſits the moon; the deſcription of which orb is almoſt literally tranſlated in Milton's Limbo. But the paſſage which may be ſaid to bear the neareſt reſemblance to the deſcriptive part of the Iſland of Venus, is the landſcape of Paradiſe, of which the ingenious Mr. Hoole, to whoſe many acts of friendſhip I am proud to acknowledge myſelf indebted, has obliged me with his tranſlation, though only ten books of his Arioſto are yet publiſhed.

O'er the glad earth the bliſsful ſeaſon pours
The vernal beauties of a thouſand flowers
In vary'd tints: there ſhew'd the ruby's hue,
The yellow topaz, and the ſapphire blue.
The mead appears one intermingled blaze
Where pearls and diamonds dart their trembling rays.
Not emerald here ſo bright a verdure yields
As the fair turf of thoſe celeſtial fields.
On every tree the leaves unfading grow,
The fruitage ripens and the flowrets blow.
The frolic birds, gay-plum'd, of various wing
Amid the boughs their notes melodious ſing:
Still lakes, and murmuring ſtreams, with waters clear,
Charm the fix'd eye, and lull the liſtening ear.
A ſoftening genial air, that ever ſeems
In even tenor, cools the ſolar beams
With fanning breeze; while from th' enamell'd field,
Whate'er the fruits, the plants, the bloſſoms yield
Of grateful ſcent, the ſtealing gales diſpenſe
The blended ſweets to feed th' immortal ſenſe.

Amid the plain a palace dazzling bright,
Like living flame emits a ſtreamy light,
And wrapt in ſplendor of refulgent day
Outſhines the ſtrength of every mortal ray.

Aſtolpho gently now directs his ſpeed
To where the ſpacious pile enfolds the mead
In circuit wide, and views with eager eyes
Each nameleſs charm that happy ſoil ſupplies.
With this compar'd he deems the world below
A dreary deſart and a ſeat of woe,
By Heaven and Nature, in their wrath beſtow'd,
In evil hour for man's unbleſt abode.

Near and more near the ſtately walls he drew,
In ſtedfaſt gaze tranſported at the view:
They ſeem'd one gem entire, of purer red
Than deepening gleams tranſparent rubies ſhed.
Stupendous work! by art Dædalian rais'd,
Tranſcending all, by feeble mortals prais'd!
No more henceforth let boaſting tongues proclaim
Thoſe wonders of the world, ſo chronicled by fame!

Camoens read and admired Arioſto; but it by no means follows that he borrowed the hint of his iſland of Venus from that poet. The luxury of flowery deſcription is as common in poetry as are the tales of love. The heroes of Arioſto meet beautiful women in the palace of Alcina:

Before

Before the threſhold wanton damſels wait,
Or ſport between the pillars of the gate:
But beauty more had brighten'd in their face
Had modeſty attemper'd every grace;
In veſtures green each damſel ſwept the ground,
Their temples fair with leafy garlands crown'd.
Theſe with a courteous welcome, led the knight
To this ſweet Paradiſe of ſoft delight . . . .
Enamour'd youths and tender damſels ſeem
To chant their loves beſide a purling ſtream.
Some by a branching tree or mountain's ſhade
In ſports and dances preſs the downy glade,
While one diſcloſes to his friend, apart,
The ſecret tranſports of his amorous heart.
B. VI.

But theſe deſcriptions alſo, which bring the heroes of knight errantry into the way of beautiful wantons, are as common in the old romances as the uſe of the alphabet; and indeed the greateſt part of theſe love adventures are evidently borrowed from the fable of Circe. Aſtolpho, who was tranſformed into a myrtle by Alcina, thus informs Rogero;

Her former lovers ſhe eſteem'd no more,
For many lovers ſhe poſſeſs'd before;
I was her joy ——
Too late, alas, I found her wavering mind
In love inconſtant as the changing wind!
Scarce had I held two months the Fairy's grace,
When a new youth was taken to my place:
Rejected then I join'd the baniſh'd herd
That loſt her love, as others were preferr'd . . .
Some here, ſome there, her potent charms retain,
In diverſe forms impriſon'd to remain;
In beeches, olives, palms, and cedars clos'd,
Or ſuch as me you here behold expos'd;
In fountains ſome, and ſome in beaſts confin'd,
As ſuits the wayward Fairy's cruel mind.
Hoole, Ar. B. VI.

When incidents, character and conduct confeſs the reſemblance, we may with certainty pronounce from whence the copy is taken. Where only a ſimilar ſtroke of paſſion or deſcription occurs, it belongs alone to the arrogance of dulneſs, to tell us on what paſſage the poet had his eye. Every great poet has been perſecuted in this manner; Milton in particular. His commentators have not left him a flower of his own growth. Yet like the creed of the Athieſt, their ſyſtem is involved in the deepeſt abſurdity. It is eaſy to ſuppoſe, that men of poetical feelings, in deſcribing the ſame thing, ſhould give us the ſame picture. But that the Paradiſe Loſt, which forms one animated whole of the nobleſt poetry, is a mere cento, compiled from innumerable authors, ancient and modern, is a ſuppoſition which gives Milton a caſt of talents infinitely more extraordinary and inexplicable, than the greateſt poetical genius. When *Gaſper Pouſſin* painted clouds and trees in his landſcapes, he did not borrow the green and the blue, of the leaf and the ſky, from *Claud Lorrain*. Neither did Camoens, when he painted his iſland of Venus, ſpend the half of his life in collecting his colours from all his predeceſſors, who had deſcribed the beauties of the vernal year or the ſtages of paſſion. Camoens knew how others had painted the flowery bowers of love; theſe formed his taſte and corrected his judgment. He viewed the beauties of nature with poetical eyes, from thence he drew his landſcapes; he had felt all the allurements of love, and from thence he deſcribes the agitations of that paſſion.

Nor is the deſcription of fairy bowers and palaces, though moſt favourite topics, peculiar to the romances of chivalry. The poetry of the Orientals alſo abounds with them, yet with ſome characteriſtical differences. Like the conſtitutions and dreſs of the Aſiatics, the landſcapes of the eaſtern Muſe are warm and feeble, brilliant and ſlight, and, like the manners of the people, wear an eternal ſameneſs. The weſtern Muſe, on the contrary, is nervous as her heroes, ſometimes flowery as her Italian or Engliſh fields, ſometimes majeſtically great as her Runic foreſts of oak and pine; and always various as the character of her inhabitants. Yet with all theſe differences of feature, ſeveral Oriental fictions greatly reſemble the iſland of Circe and the flowery dominions of Alcina. In particular, the adventures of Prince *Agib*, or the third Calander, in the *Arabian Tales*, afford a ſtriking likeneſs of painting and cataſtrophe.

If Arioſto however ſeem to reſemble any eaſtern fiction, the Iſland of Venus in Camoens bears a more ſtriking reſemblance to a paſſage in Chaucer. The following beautiful piece of poetical painting occurs in the Aſſembly of the Fowles:

The bildir Oak, and eke the hardie Aſhe,
The pillir Elme, the coffir unto caraine,
The Boxe pipetre, the Holme to whippis laſhe,
The ſailing Firre, the Cypres deth to plaine,
The ſhortir Ewe, the Aſpe for ſhaftis plaine,
The Olive of pece, and eke the dronkin Vine,
The victor Palme, the Laurir to Divine.

A gardein ſawe I full of bloſomed bowis,
Upon a River, in a grené Mede
There as ſweteneſs evirmore inough is,
With flouris white, and blewe, yelowe, and rede,
And colde and clere Welleſtremis, nothing dede,
That ſwommin full of ſmale fiſhes light,
With finnis rede, and ſcalis ſilver bright.

On every bough the birdis herd I ſyng
With voice of angell, in their harmonie
That buſied 'hem, ther birdis forthe to bryng,
And little pretie conies to ther plaie gan hie;
And furthir all about I gan eſpie
The dredful roe, the buck, the hart and hind,
Squirils, and beſtis ſmal of gentle kind.

Of inſtrumentes of ſtringis, in accorde
Herd I ſo plaie a raviſhyng ſweetneſſe,
That God, that makir is of all the Lorde,
Ne herd nevir a better, as I geſſe,
There with a winde, unneth it might be leſſe,
Made in the levis grene a noiſé ſoft
Accordant to the ſoulis ſong on loft.

The aire of the place ſo attempre was,
That ner was there grevaunce of hot ne cold—
* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Under a tre beſide a well I ſeye
Cupid our lorde his arrowes forge and file,
And at his fete his bowe all redie laye,
And well his doughtir temprid all the while
The heddis in the well, and with her wile
She couchid 'hem aftir as thei ſhould ſerve,
Some for to flea, and ſome to wound and carve.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

And upon pillirs grete of Jaſpir long
I ſaw a temple of Braſſe ifoundid ſtrong.

And about the temple dauncid alwaie
Women inow, of which ſome there ywere
Faire of 'heſelf, and ſome of 'hem were gaie,
In kirtils all deſheveled went thei there,
That was ther office er from vere to yere,
And on the temple ſawe I white and faire
Of dovis ſittyng many a thouſand paire.

Here we have Cupid forging his arrows, the woodland, the ſtreams, the muſic of inſtruments and birds, the frolicks of deer and other animals; and *women inow*. In a word, the Iſland of Venus is here ſketched out, yet Chaucer was never tranſlated into Latin or any language of the Continent, nor did Camoens underſtand a line of Engliſh. The ſubject was common, and the ſame poetical feelings in Chaucer and Camoens, pointed out to each what were the beauties of landſcapes and of bowers devoted to pleaſure.

Yet, though the fiction of bowers, of iſlands, and palaces, was no novelty in poetry, much however remains to be attributed to the poetical powers and invention of Camoens. The Iſland of Venus contains, of all others, by much the compleateſt gradation, and fulleſt aſſemblage of that ſpecies of luxuriant painting. Nothing in the older writers is equal to it in fullneſs. Nor can the iſland of Armida in Taſſo be compared to it, in poetical embroidery or paſſionate expreſſion; though Taſſo as undoubtedly built upon the model of Camoens, as Spenſer appropriated the imagery of Taſſo, when he deſcribed the bower of Acraſia, part of which he has literally tranſlated from the Italian poet. The beautiful fictions of Armida and Acraſia however are much too long to be here inſerted, and they are well known to every reader of taſte.

But the chief praiſe of our Poet is yet unmentioned. The introduction of ſo beautiful a fiction, as an eſſential part of the conduct and machinery of an Epic Poem, does the greateſt honour to the invention of Camoens. The machinery of the former part of the poem not only acquires dignity, but is compleated by it. And the conduct of Homer and Virgil, has in this not only received a fine imitation, but a maſterly contraſt. In the fineſt allegory the heroes of the Luſiad receive their reward; and by means of this allegory our Poet gives a noble imitation of the nobleſt part of the Æneid. In the tenth Luſiad, Gama and his heroes hear the nymphs in the divine palace of Thetis ſing the triumphs of their countrymen in the conqueſt of India: after this the Goddeſs gives Gama a view of the Eaſtern World, from the Cape of Good Hope to the furtheſt iſlands of Japan. She poetically deſcribes every region and the principal iſlands, and concludes, *All theſe are given to the Weſtern World by You.* It is impoſſible any poem can be ſummed up with greater ſublimity. The Fall of Troy is nothing to this Nor is this all: the prophecy of Anchiſes, which forms the moſt maſterly fiction, fineſt compliment, and ultimate purpoſe of the Æneid, is not only nobly imitated; but the conduct of Homer, in concluding the Iliad, as already obſerved, is paralleled, without one circumſtance being borrowed. Poetical conduct cannot poſſibly bear a ſtronger reſemblance, than the reward of the heroes of the Luſiad, the

the prophetic ſong, and the viſion ſhewn to Gama, bear to the games at the funeral of Patroclus and the redemption of the body of Hector, conſidered as the completion of the anger of Achilles, the ſubject of the Iliad. Nor is it a greater honour to reſemble a Homer and a Virgil, than it is to be reſembled by a Milton. Though Milton perhaps never ſaw the Luſiad in the original tongue, he certainly *heard* of Fanſhaw's tranſlation, which was publiſhed fourteen years before he gave his Paradiſe Loſt to the world. But whatever he knew of it, had the laſt book of the Luſiad been two thouſand years known to the learned, every one would have owned that the two laſt books of the Paradiſe Loſt were evidently formed upon it. But whether Milton borrowed any hint from Camoens, is of little conſequence. That the genius of the great Milton ſuggeſted the concluſion of his immortal Poem in the manner and machinery of the Luſiad, is enough. It is enough that the part of Michael and Adam in the two laſt books of the Paradiſe Loſt, are in point of conduct exactly the ſame with the part of Thetis and Gama in the concluſion of the Luſiad. Yet this difference muſt be obſerved;-in the narrative of his laſt book, Milton has *flagged*, as Addiſon calls it, and fallen infinitely ſhort of the untired ſpirit of the Portugueſe Poet.

END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

THE LUSIAD.

BOOK X.

FAR o'er the weſtern ocean's diſtant bed
Apollo now his fiery courſers ſped,
Far o'er the ſilver lake of Mexic [a] roll'd
His rapid chariot wheels of burning gold:

[a] *Far o'er the ſilver lake of Mexic.*—— The city of Mexico is environed with an extenſive lake; or, according to Cortez, in his ſecond narration to Charles V. with two lakes, one of freſh, the other of ſalt water, in circuit about fifty leagues. This ſituation, ſaid the Mexicans, was appointed by their God *Vitziliputzli*, who, according to the explanation of their picture-hiſtories, led their fore-fathers a journey of fourſcore years, in ſearch of the promiſed land; the apiſh Devil, ſay ſome Spaniſh writers, in this imitating the journies of the Iſraelites. Four of the principal prieſts carried the Idol in a coffer of reeds. Whenever they halted they built a tabernacle for their God in the midſt of their camp, where they placed the coffer and the altar. They then ſowed the land, and their ſtay or departure, without regard to the harveſt, was directed by the orders received from their idol, till at laſt by his command they fixed their abode on the ſite of Mexico. The origin of the Mexicans is repreſented by men coming out of caves, and their different journies and encampments are pourtrayed in their picture-hiſtories; one of which was ſent to Charles V. and is ſaid to be ſtill extant in the Eſcurial. According to the reigns of their kings, their firſt emigration was about A.D. 720. Vide Boterus, Gomara, Acoſta, and other Spaniſh writers.

The

The eaſtern ſky was left to duſky grey,
And o'er the laſt hot breath of parting day,
Cool o'er the ſultry noon's remaining flame,
On gentle gales the grateful twilight came.
Dimpling the lucid pools the fragrant breeze
Sighs o'er the lawns and whiſpers through the trees;
Refreſh'd the lily rears the ſilver head,
And opening jaſmines o'er the arbours ſpread.
Fair o'er the wave that gleam'd like diſtant ſnow,
Graceful aroſe the moon, ſerenely flow;
Not yet full orb'd, in clouded ſplendor dreſt,
Her married arms embrace her pregnant breaſt.
Sweet to his mate, recumbent o'er his young,
The nightingale his ſpouſal anthem ſung;
From every bower the holy chorus roſe,
From every bower the rival anthem flows.
Tranſlucent twinkling through the upland grove
In all her luſtre ſhines the ſtar of love;
Led by the ſacred ray from every bower,
A joyful train, the wedded lovers pour:
Each with the youth above the reſt approved,
Each with the nymph above the reſt beloved,
They ſeek the palace of the ſovereign dame;
High on a mountain glow'd the wondrous frame:
Of gold the towers, of gold the pillars ſhone,
The walls were chryſtal ſtarr'd with precious ſtone.

Amid

Amid the hall aroſe the feſtive board
With nature's choiceſt gifts promiſcuous ſtor'd:
So will'd the Goddeſs to renew the ſmile
Of vital ſtrength, long worn by days of toil.
On chryſtal chairs that ſhined as lambent flame
Each gallant youth attends his lovely dame;
Beneath a purple canopy of ſtate
The beauteous Goddeſs and the Leader ſate:
The banquet glows—Not ſuch the feaſt, when all
The pride of luxury in Egypt's hall
Before the love-ſick [b] Roman ſpread the boaſt
Of every teeming ſea and fertile coaſt.
Sacred to nobleſt worth and Virtue's ear,
Divine as genial was the banquet here;
The wine, the ſong, by ſweet returns inſpire,
Now wake the lover's, now the hero's fire.
On gold and ſilver from th' Atlantic main,
The ſumptuous tribute of the ſea's wide reign,
Of various ſavour was the banquet piled;
Amid the fruitage mingling roſes ſmiled.
In cups of gold that ſhed a yellow light,
In ſilver ſhining as the moon of night,
Amid the banquet flow'd the ſparkling wine,
Nor gave Falernia's fields the parent vine:
Falernia's vintage nor the fabled power
Of Jove's ambroſia in th' Olympian bower

[b] *Before the love-ſick Roman,*—Mark Anthony.

To this compare not; wild nor frantic fires,
Divineſt tranſport this alone inſpires.
The beverage foaming o'er the goblet's breaſt
The chryſtal fountain's cooling aid [c] confeſt;
The while, as circling flow'd the cheerful bowl,
Sapient diſcourſe, the banquet of the ſoul,
Of richeſt argument and brighteſt glow,
Array'd in dimpling ſmiles, in eaſieſt flow
Pour'd all its graces: nor in ſilence ſtood
The powers of muſic, ſuch as erſt ſubdued
The horrid frown of Hell's profound [d] domains,
And ſooth'd the tortur'd ghoſts to ſlumber on their chains.
To muſic's ſweeteſt chords in loftieſt vein,
An angel Syren joins the vocal ſtrain;
The ſilver roofs reſound the living ſong,
The harp and organ's lofty mood prolong
The hallowed warblings; liſtening Silence rides
The ſky, and o'er the bridled winds preſides;

[c] *The beverage —— the fountain's cooling aid confeſt.* —— It was a cuſtom of the ancients in warm climates to mix the coldeſt ſpring water with their wine, immediately before drinking; not, we may ſuppoſe, to render it leſs intoxicating, but on account of the heightened flavour it thereby received. Homer tells us, that the wine which Ulyſſes gave to Polypheme would bear twenty meaſures of water. Modern luxury, by placing the bottle in preſerved ice, has found a method to give the wine the moſt agreeable coolneſs, without reducing its quality.

[d] *Muſic, ſuch as erſt ſubdued the horrid frown of Hell,* &c. — Alluding to the fable of Orpheus. Fanſhaw's tranſlation, as already obſerved, was publiſhed fourteen years before the Paradiſe Loſt. Theſe lines of Milton,

What could it leſs when ſpirits immortal ſung?
Their ſong was partial, but the harmony
Suſpended Hell, and took with raviſhment
The thronging audience ——

bear a reſemblance to theſe of Fanſhaw,

Muſical inſtruments not wanting, ſuch
As to the damned ſpirits once gave eaſe
In the dark vaults of the infernal Hall.—

To *ſlumber* amid their puniſhment, though omitted by Fanſhaw, is literal,

Fizerao deſcançar da eterna pena——

In

In ſofteſt murmurs flows the glaſſy deep,
And each, lull'd in his ſhade, the beſtials ſleep.
The lofty ſong aſcends the thrilling ſkies,
The ſong of godlike heroes yet to riſe;
Jove gave the dream, whoſe glow the Syren fired,
And preſent Jove the prophecy inſpired.
Not he, the bard of love-ſick Dido's board,
Nor he the minſtrel of Phæacia's lord,
Though fam'd in ſong, could touch the warbling ſtring,
Or with a voice ſo ſweet, melodious ſing.
And thou, my Muſe, O faireſt of the train,
Calliope, inſpire my cloſing ſtrain.
No more the ſummer of my life * remains,
My autumn's lengthening evenings chill my veins;
Down the bleak ſtream of years by woes on woes
Wing'd on, I haſten to the tomb's repoſe,
The port whoſe deep dark bottom ſhall detain
My anchor never to be weigh'd again,
Never on other ſea of life to ſteer
The human courſe——Yet thou, O goddeſs, hear,

* *No more the ſummer of my life remains.* ——It is not certain when Camoens wrote this. It ſeems however not long to precede the publication of his poem, at which time he was in his fifty-fifth year. This apoſtrophe to his Muſe may perhaps by ſome be blamed as another digreſſion; but ſo little does it require defence, that one need not heſitate to affirm, that had Homer, who often talks to his Muſe, introduced on theſe favourable opportunities, any little picture or hiſtory of himſelf, theſe digreſſions would have been the moſt intereſting parts of his works. Had any ſuch little hiſtory of Homer complained like this of Camoens, it would have been bedewed with the tears of ages.

Yet

Yet let me live, though round my ſilver'd head
Misfortune's bittereſt rage unpitying ſhed
Her coldeſt ſtorms; yet let me live to crown
The ſong that boaſts my nation's proud renown.

Of godlike heroes ſung the nymph divine,
Heroes whoſe deeds on Gama's creſt ſhall ſhine;
Who through the ſeas by Gama firſt explor'd
Shall bear the Luſian ſtandard and the ſword,
Till every coaſt where roars the orient main,
Bleſt in its ſway ſhall own the Luſian reign;
Till every Pagan king his neck ſhall yield,
Or vanquiſh'd gnaw the duſt on battle field.

High Prieſt of Malabar, the goddeſs ſung,
Thy faith repent not, nor lament thy [f] wrong;
Though for thy faith to Luſus' generous race
The raging Zamoreem thy fields deface:
From Tagus, lo, the great Pacheco ſails,
To India wafted on auſpicious gales.
Soon as his crooked prow the tide ſhall preſs,
A new Achilles ſhall the tide confeſs;

[f] *Thy faith repent not, nor lament thy wrong.* ——P. Alvarez Cabral, the ſecond Portugueſe commander who ſailed to India, entered into a treaty of alliance with Trimumpara king of Cochin and high prieſt of Malabar. The Zamorim raiſed powerful armies to dethrone him, but his fidelity to the Portugueſe was unalterable, though his affairs were brought to the loweſt ebb. For an account of this war, and the almoſt incredible atchievements of Pacheco, ſee the hiſtory in the preface.

His ſhip's ſtrong ſides ſhall groan beneathh is [ε] weight,
And deeper waves receive the ſacred freight.
Soon as on India's ſtrand he ſhakes his ſpear,
The burning Eaſt ſhall tremble, chill'd with fear;
Reeking with noble blood Cambalao's ſtream
Shall blaze impurpled to the evening beam.
Urged on by raging ſhame the Monarch brings,
Banded with all their powers, his vaſſal kings:
Narſinga's rocks their cruel thouſands pour,
Bipur's ſtern king attends, and thine, Tanore:
To guard proud Calicut's imperial pride
All the wide North ſweeps down its peopled tide:

[ε] *His ſhip's ſtrong ſides ſhall groan beneath their weight, and deeper waves receive the ſacred freight.*—Thus Virgil;

——————ſimul accipit alveo
Ingentem Æneam. Gemuit ſub pondere cymba
Sutilis, & multam accepit rimoſa paludem.

That the viſionary boat of Charon groaned under the weight of Æneas is a fine poetical ſtroke; but that the crazy rents let in the water is certainly lowering the image. The thought however, as managed in Camoens, is much grander than in Virgil, and affords a happy inſtance, where the hyperbole is truly poetical.

Poetical alluſions to, or abridgements of hiſtorical events, are either extremely inſipid and obſcure, or particularly pleaſing to the reader. To be pleaſing, a previous acquaintance with the hiſtory is neceſſary, and for this reaſon the poems of Homer and Virgil were peculiarly reliſhed by their countrymen When a known circumſtance is placed in an animated poetical view, and cloathed with the graces of poetical language, a ſenſible mind muſt feel the effect. But when the circumſtance is unknown, nothing but the moſt lively imagery and fineſt colouring can prevent it from being tireſome. The Luſiad affords many inſtances which muſt be highly pleaſing to the Portugueſe, but dry to thoſe who are unacquainted with their hiſtory. Nor need one heſitate to aſſert, that were we not acquainted with the Roman hiſtory from our childhood, a great part of the Æneid would appear to us intolerably unintereſting. Senſible of this diſadvantage which every verſion of hiſtorical poetry muſt ſuffer, the Tranſlator has not only in the notes added every incident which might elucidate the ſubject, but has alſo, all along, in the epiſode in the third and fourth books, in the deſcription of the painted enſigns in the eighth, and in the alluſions in the preſent book, endeavoured to throw every hiſtorical incident into that univerſal language, the picturesque of poetry. The circumſtances improper for imagery are haſtened over, and thoſe which can beſt receive it, preſented to the view. When Hector ſtorms the Grecian camp, when Achilles marches to battle, every reader underſtands and is affected with the bold painting. But when Neſtor talks of his exploits at the funereal games of *Amarynces*, (Iliad. xxiii.) the critics themſelves cannot comprehend him, and have vied with each other in inventing explanations.

Join'd

Join'd are the ſects that never [g] touch'd before,
By land the Pagan, and by ſea the Moor.
O'er land, o'er ſea the great Pacheco ſtrews
The proſtrate ſpearmen, and the founder'd [h] proas.
Submiſs and ſilent, palſied with amaze
Proud Malabar th' unnumbered ſlain ſurveys:
Yet burns the Monarch; to his ſhrine he ſpeeds;
Dire howl the prieſts, the groaning victim bleeds;
The ground they ſtamp, and from the dark abodes
With tears and vows they call th' infernal gods.
Enraged with dog-like madneſs to behold
His temples and his towns in flames enroll'd,
Secure of promiſed victory, again
He fires the war, the lawns are heapt with ſlain.
With ſtern reproach he brands his routed Nayres,
And for the dreadful field Himſelf prepares;
His harneſs'd thouſands to the fight he leads,
And rides exulting where the combat bleeds:
Amid his pomp his robes are ſprinkled o'er,
And his proud face daſh'd with his [i] menials' gore:
From his high couch he leaps, and ſpeeds to flight
On foot inglorious, in his army's ſight.
Hell then he calls, and all the powers of hell,
The ſecret poiſon, and the chanted ſpell;

[g] —— *that never touch'd before.*——To touch, or be touched by, one of an inferior *caſt*, is eſteemed among the Gentoos as the greateſt pollution.

[h] *Proas*—or paraos, Indian veſſels which lie low on the water, are worked with oars, and carry 100 men and upwards apiece.

[i] —— *his robes are ſprinkled o'er,*
And his proud face daſh'd with his menials' gore.——See the hiſtory in the preface.

Vain as the ſpell the poiſon'd rage is ſhed,
For Heaven defends the hero's ſacred head.
Still fiercer from each wound the Tyrant burns,
Still to the field with heavier force returns.
The ſeventh dread war he kindles; high in air
The hills diſhonour'd lift their ſhoulders bare;
Their woods roll'd down now ſtrew the river's ſide,
Now riſe in mountain turrets o'er the tide;
Mountains of fire and ſpires of bickering flame,
While either bank reſounds the proud acclaim,
Come floating down, round Luſus' fleet to pour
Their ſulphrous entrails in a burning ſhower.
Oh, vain the hope——Let Rome her boaſt reſign;
Her palms, Pacheco, never bloom'd like thine;
Nor Tyber's bridge, nor Marathon's [k] red field,
Nor thine, Thermopylæ, ſuch deeds beheld;
Nor Fabius' arts ſuch ruſhing ſtorms repell'd.
Swift as repulſed the famiſhed wolf returns
Fierce to the fold, and, wounded, fiercer burns;
So ſwift, ſo fierce, ſeven times all India's might
Returns unnumber'd to the dreadful fight;

[k] *Nor Tyber's bridge.* ——When Porſenna beſieged Rome, Horatius Cocles defended the paſs of a bridge till the Romans deſtroyed it behind him. Having thus ſaved the paſs, heavy armed as he was, he ſwimmed acroſs the river to his companions. The Roman hiſtory, however, at this period, is often mixt with fable. Miltiades obtained a great victory over Darius at Marathon. The ſtand of Leonidas is well known. The battles of Pacheco were in defence of the fords by which the city of Cochin could only be entered. The numbers he withſtood by land and ſea, and the victories he obtained, are indeed highly aſtoniſhing. See the Preface.

One

One hundred ſpears, ſeven times in dreadful ſtower,
Strews in the duſt all India's raging power.

The lofty ſong, for paleneſs o'er her ſpread,
The nymph ſuſpends, and bows the languid head;
Her faultering words are breath'd on plaintive ſighs,
Ah, Beliſarius, injured Chief, ſhe cries,
Ah, wipe thy tears; in war thy rival ſee,
Injured Pacheco falls deſpoil'd like thee;
In him, in thee diſhonour'd virtue bleeds,
And valour weeps to view her faireſt deeds,
Weeps o'er Pacheco, where, forlorn he lies
Low on an alms-houſe [m] bed, and friendleſs dies.
Yet ſhall the Muſes plume his humble bier,
And ever o'er him pour th' immortal tear;
Though by the king, alone to thee unjuſt,
Thy head, great Chief, was humbled in the duſt,
Loud ſhall the Muſe indignant ſound thy praiſe,
"Thou gaveſt thy Monarch's throne its proudeſt blaze."
While round the world the ſun's bright car ſhall ride,
So bright ſhall ſhine thy name's illuſtrious pride;
Thy Monarch's glory, as the moon's pale beam,
Eclipſed by thine, ſhall ſhed a ſickly gleam.
Such meed attends when ſoothing flattery ſways,
And blinded State its ſacred truſt betrays!

[m] *Low on an alms-houſe bed.*—See the hiſtory in the Preface.

Again

Again the Nymph exalts her brow, again
Her ſwelling voice reſounds the lofty ſtrain:
Almeyda comes, the kingly name he bears,
Deputed royalty his ſtandard rears:
In all the generous rage of youthful fire
The warlike ſon attends the warlike ſire.
Quiloa's blood-ſtain'd tyrant now ſhall feel
The righteous vengeance of the Luſian ſteel.
Another prince, by Liſboa's throne beloved,
Shall bleſs the land, for faithful deeds approved.
Mombaze ſhall now her treaſon's meed behold,
When curling flames her proudeſt domes enfold:
Involved in ſmoak, loud craſhing, low ſhall fall
The mounded temple and the caſtled wall.
O'er India's ſeas the young Almeyda pours,
Scorching the wither'd air, his iron ſhowers;
Torn maſts and rudders, hulks and canvas riven,
Month after month before his prows are driven.
But Heaven's dread will, where clouds of darkneſs reſt,
That awful will, which knows alone the beſt,
Now blunts his ſpear: Cambaya's ſquadrons joined
With Egypt's fleets, in pagan rage combined,
Engraſp him round; red boils the ſtaggering flood,
Purpled with volleying flames and hot with blood:
Whirl'd by the cannon's rage, in ſhivers torn
His thigh, far ſcatter'd o'er the wave, is borne.

Bound

Bound to the maſt the godlike hero [n] ſtands,
Waves his proud ſword and cheers his woeful bands.
Though winds and ſeas their wonted aid deny,
To yield he knows not, but he knows to die:
Another thunder tears his manly breaſt:
Oh fly, bleſt ſpirit, to thy heavenly reſt ——
Hark, rolling on the groaning ſtorm I hear,
Reſiſtleſs vengeance thundering on the rear!
I ſee the tranſports of the furious fire,
As o'er the mangled corſe his eyes flaſh fire.
Swift to the fight, with ſtern though weeping eyes,
Fixt rage fierce burning in his breaſt, he flies;
Fierce as the bull that ſees his rival rove
Free with the heifers through the mounded grove,
On oak or beech his madning fury pours;
So pours Almeyda's rage on Dabul's towers.
His vanes wide waving o'er the Indian ſky,
Before his prows the fleets of India [o] fly:

[n] *Bound to the maſt the godlike hero ſtands.* ——The Engliſh hiſtory affords an inſtance of ſimilar reſolution in Admiral Bembo, who was ſupported in a wooden frame, and continued the engagement after his legs and thighs were ſhivered in ſplinters. Contrary to the advice of his officers the young Almeyda refuſed to bear off, though almoſt certain to be overpowered, and though both wind and tide were critically againſt him. His father had ſharply upbraided him for a former retreat, where victory was thought impoſſible. He now fell the victim of his father's ideas of military glory. See the preface.

[o] —— *the fleets of India fly.*—After having cleared the Indian ſeas, the Viceroy Almeyda attacked the combined fleets of Egypt, Cambaya, and the Zamorim, in the entrance and harbour of Diu, or Dio. The fleet of the Zamorim almoſt immediately fled. That of Melique Yaz, Lord of Diu, ſuffered much; but the greateſt ſlaughter fell upon the Egyptians and Turks, commanded by Mir-Hocem, who had defeated and killed the young Almeyda. Of 800 Mamulucks or Turks, who fought under Mir-Hocem, only 22, ſays *Oſorius*, ſurvived this engagement. Melique Yaz, ſays *Faria y Souſa*, was born in ſlavery, and deſcended of the Chriſtians of Roxia. The road to preferment is often a dirty one; but Melique's was much leſs ſo than that of many other favourites of fortune. As the king of Cambaya

On Egypt's chief [illegible] tire
Shall vomit all [illegible] fire:
Heads, limbs and trunks [illegible] ſhall ſmoak the ſtruggling tide,
Till every ſurge with reeking crimſon dyed,
Around the young Almeyda's hapleſs urn
His conquerors' naked ghoſts ſhall howl and mourn.
As meteors flaſhing through the darken'd air
I ſee the victors' whirling faulchions glare;
Dark rolls the ſulphrous ſmoke o'er Dio's ſkies,
And ſhrieks of death and ſhouts of conqueſt riſe,
In one wide tumult blended: The rough roar
Shakes the brown tents on Ganges' trembling ſhore;
The waves of Indus from the banks recoil;
And matrons howling on the ſtrand of Nile,
By the pale moon their abſent ſons deplore ——
Long ſhall they wail; their ſons return no more.

Ah, ſtrike the notes of woe, the Syren cries,
A dreary viſion ſwims before my eyes.
To Tago's ſhore triumphant as he bends,
Low in the duſt the Hero's glory ends:
Though bended bow, nor thundering engine's hail,
Nor Egypt's ſword, nor India's ſpear prevail,

baya was one day riding in ſtate, an unlucky kite dunged upon his royal head. His majeſty in great wrath ſwore he would give all he was worth to have the offender killed. Melique, who was an experienced archer, immediately diſpatched an arrow, which brought the audacious hawk to the ground. For the merit of this eminent ſervice he was made Lord of Diu, or Dio, a conſiderable city, the ſtrongeſt and moſt important fortreſs at that time in all India. See *Faria*, L. 2. c. 2.

Fall

Fall ſhall the [p] Chief before a naked foe,
Rough clubs and rude hurl'd ſtones ſhall ſtun the blow;
The Cape of Tempeſts ſhall his tomb ſupply,
And in the deſert ſands his bones ſhall lie,
No boaſtful trophy o'er his aſhes rear'd:
Such Heaven's dread will, and be that will revered!

But lo, reſplendent ſhines another ſtar,
Loud ſhe reſounds, in all the blaze of war!
Great [q] Cunia guards Melinda's friendly ſhore,
And dyes her ſeas with Oja's hoſtile gore;
Lamo and Brava's towers his vengeance tell:
Green Madagaſcar's flowery dales ſhall ſwell
His echoed fame, till ocean's ſouthmoſt bound
On iſles and ſhores unknown his name reſound.

Another blaze, behold, of fire and arms!
Great Albuquerk awakes the dread alarms:
O'er Ormuz' walls his thundering flames he pours,
While Heaven, the Hero's guide, indignant [r] ſhowers
Their arrows backward on the Perſian foe,
Tearing the breaſts and arms that twang'd the bow.

[p] *Full ſhall the Chief.*——See the note on page 202.

[q] *Great Cunia.*——Triſtan de Cunha, or d'Acugna. See the hiſtory in the preface.

[r] *Heaven indignant ſhowers their arrows backward.*——See the note on page 60. Some writers relate, that when Albuquerque beſieged Ormuz, a violent wind drove the arrows of the enemy backward upon their own ranks. Oſorius ſays, that many of the dead Perſians and Moors were found to have died by arrows. But as that weapon was not uſed by the Portugueſe, he conjectures, that in their deſpair of victory many of the enemy had thus killed themſelves, rather than ſurvive the defeat.

Mountain. n vain
Were ſpen lain.
Such heap chleſs ſtrand
Of Gerum and,
Till faithleſs Ormuz own the Luſian ſway,
And Barem's pearls her yearly ſafety pay.

What glorious palms on Goa's [s] iſle I ſee,
Their bloſſoms ſpread, great Albuquerk, for thee!
Through caſtled walls the Hero breaks his way,
And opens with his ſword the dread array
Of Moors and Pagans; through their depth he rides,
Through ſpears and ſhowering fire the battle guides.
As bulls enraged, or lions ſmear'd with gore,
His bands ſweep wide o'er Goa's purpled ſhore.
Nor eaſtward far though fair Malacca [t] lie,
Her groves emboſom'd in the morning ſky;
Though with her amorous ſons the valiant line
Of Java's iſle in battle rank combine,
Though poiſon'd ſhafts their ponderous quivers ſtore;
Malacca's ſpicy groves and golden ore,

[s] *What glorious palms on Goa's iſle I ſee.* ——This important place was made an Archbiſhoprick, the capital of the Portugueſe empire in the Eaſt, and the ſeat of their Viceroys. It is advantageouſly ſituated for theſe purpoſes on the coaſt of Decan. It ſtill remains in the poſſeſſion of the Portugueſe.

[t] *Malacca.* ——The conqueſt of this place was one of the greateſt actions of Albuquerque. It became the chief port of the eaſtern part of Portugueſe India, and ſecond only to Goa. Beſides a great many pieces of ordnance which were carried away by the Moors who eſcaped, 3000 large cannon remained the prize of the victors.

Great

Great Albuquerk, thy dauntleſs toils ſhall crown!
Yet art thou [u] ſtain'd——Here vir[illegible]ful frown
The Goddeſs pauſed, for much remain'd unſung,
But blotted with an humble ſoldier's wrong.

[u] *Yet art thou ſtain'd.*——A detail of all the great actions of Albuquerque would have been tedious and unpoetical. Camoens has chosen the moſt brilliant, and has happily ſuppreſſed the reſt by a diſplay of indignation. The French tranſlator has the following note on this paſſage, "Behold another "inſtance of our Author's prejudice! The "action which he condemns had nothing in "it blameable: but as he was of a moſt "amorous conſtitution, he thought every "fault which could plead an amour in its "excuſe ought to be pardoned; but true "heroes, ſuch as Albuquerque, follow other "maxims. This great man had in his "palace a beautiful Indian ſlave. He view-"ed her with the eyes of a father, and the "care of her education was his pleaſure. "A Portugueſe ſoldier, named Ruy Diaz, "had the boldneſs to enter the General's "apartment, where he ſucceeded ſo well "with the girl, that he obtained his deſire. "When Albuquerque heard of it, he im-"mediately ordered him to the gallows."

Camoens, however, was no ſuch undiſtinguiſhing libertine as this would repreſent him. In a few pages we find him praiſing the continence of Don Henry de Menezes, whoſe victory over his paſſions he calls the higheſt excellence of youth. Nor does it appear by what authority the Frenchman aſſures us of the chaſte paternal affection which Albuquerque bore to this Indian girl. It was the great aim of Albuquerque to eſtabliſh colonies in India, and for that purpoſe he encouraged his ſoldiers to marry with the natives. The moſt ſightly girls were ſelected, and educated in the religion and houſehold arts of Portugal, and portioned at the expence of the General. Theſe he called his daughters, and with great pleaſure he uſed to attend their weddings, ſeveral couples being uſually joined together at one time. At one of theſe nuptials, ſays *Faria*, the feſtivity having continued late, and the brides being mixed together, ſeveral of the bridegrooms committed a blunder. The miſtakes of the night however, as they were all equal in point of honour, were mutually forgiven in the morning, and each man took his proper wife whom he had received at the altar. This delicate anecdote of Albuquerque's ſons and daughters, is as bad a commentary on the note of Caſtera, as it is on the ſeverity which the commander ſhewed to poor Diaz. Nor does Camoens ſtand alone in the condemnation of the General. The Hiſtorian agrees with the Poet. Mentioning the death of D. Antonio Noronha, "This gentleman, ſays *Faria*, uſed to "moderate the violent temper of his uncle "Albuquerque, which ſoon after ſhewed "itſelf in rigid ſeverity. He ordered a "ſoldier to be hanged for an amour with "one of the ſlaves whom he called daugh-"ters, and whom he uſed to give in mar-"riage. When ſome of his officers aſked "him what authority he had to take the "poor man's life, he drew his ſword, told "them that was his commiſſion, and in-"ſtantly broke them." To marry his ſoldiers with the natives was the plan of Albuquerque, his ſeverity therefore ſeems unaccountable, unleſs we admit the perhaps of Camoens, *ou de cioſo*, perhaps it was jealouſy.——But whatever incenſed the General, the execution of the ſoldier was contrary to the laws of every nation*; and the honeſt indignation of Camoens againſt one of the greateſt of his countrymen, one who was the grand architect of the Portugueſe empire in the Eaſt, affords a noble inſtance of that manly freedom of ſentiment which knows no right by which king or peer may do injuſtice to the meaneſt ſubject. Nor can we omit the obſervation, that the

* Oſorius repreſents the crime of Diaz as mutiny, having been againſt the ſtrict orders of Albuquerque. Diaz, however, was guilty of no breach of military duty, which alone conſtitutes the crime of mutiny.

Alas, ſhe cries, when dread horrors reign,
And thundering battle o'er the fiery plain,
When ghaſtly famine on a hoſtile ſoil,
When pale diſeaſe attends on weary toil,
When patient under all the ſoldier ſtands,
Deteſted be the rage which then demands
The humble ſoldier's blood, his only crime
The amorous frailty of the youthful prime!
Inceſt's cold horror here no glow reſtrained,
Nor ſacred nuptial bed was here prophaned,
Nor here unwelcome force the virgin ſeized;
A ſlave laſcivious, in his fondling pleaſed,
Reſigns her breaſt—Ah, ſtain to Luſian fame!
('Twas luſt of blood, perhaps 'twas jealous flame;)
The Leader's rage, unworthy of the brave,
Conſigns the youthful ſoldier to the grave.
Not Ammon thus Apelles' love [x] repaid,
Great Ammon's bed reſign'd the lovely maid:
Nor Cyrus thus reproved Araſpas' fire;
Nor haughtier Carlo thus aſſumed the ſire,
Though iron Baldwin to his daughter's bower,
An ill-match'd lover, ſtole in ſecret hour:

above note of Caſtera is of a piece with the French devotion we have already ſeen him pay to the name of king, a devotion which breathes the true ſpirit of the bleſſed advice given by Father Paul to the republic of Venice: "When a nobleman commits an of-"fence againſt a ſubject, ſays that Jeſuit, let "every means be tried to juſtify him. But "if a ſubject has offended a nobleman, let "him be puniſhed with the utmoſt ſeverity."

[x] *Not Ammon.* —— Campaſpe, the moſt beautiful concubine of Alexander, was given by that monarch to Apelles, whom he perceived in love with her. Araſpas had ſtrict charge of the fair captive Panthea. His attempt on her virtue was forgiven by Cyrus.

With

With nobler rage the lofty monar[illegible]v'd,
And Flandria's [w] earldom on the [illegible]d.

Again the nymph the ſong of fame reſounds;
Lo, ſweeping wide o'er Ethiopia's bounds,
Wide o'er Arabia's purple ſhore on high
The Luſian enſigns blaze along the ſky!
Mecca, aghaſt, beholds the ſtandards ſhine,
And midnight horror ſhakes Medina's [x] ſhrine;
Th' unhallowed altar bodes th' approaching foe,
Foredoom'd in duſt its prophet's tomb to ſtrew.

[w] *And Flandria's earldom on the knight beſtow'd.* —— "Baldwin, ſurnamed Iron-"arm, Grand Foreſter of Flanders, being "in love with Judith, the daughter of "Charles the Bald, and widow of Ethel-"wolfe, king of England, obtained his "deſire by force. Charles, though at firſt "he highly reſented, afterwards pardoned "his crime, and conſented to his marriage "with the Princeſs." *Caſtera.*

This digreſſion in the ſong of the nymph bears, in manner, a ſtriking reſemblance to the hiſtories which the heroes of Homer often relate to each other. That theſe little epiſodes have their beauty and propriety in an Epic poem, will ſtrongly appear from a view of M. de la Motte's tranſlation of the Iliad into French verſe. The four and twenty books of Homer he has contracted into twelve, and theſe contain no more lines than about four books of the original. A thouſand embelliſhments which the warm poetical feelings of Homer ſuggeſted to him, are thus thrown out by the Frenchman. But what is the conſequence of this improvement? The work of la Motte is unread, even by his own countrymen, and deſpiſed by every Foreigner who has the leaſt reliſh for poetry and Homer.

[x] *And midnight horror ſhakes Medina's ſhrine.*——Medina, the city where Mohammed is buried. About ſix years after Gama's diſcovery of India, the Sultan of Egypt ſent Maurus, the abbot of the monks at Jeruſalem, who inhabit Mount Sion, on an embaſſy to Pope Julius II. The Sultan, with ſevere threats to the Chriſtians of the Eaſt in caſe of refuſal, intreated the Pope to deſire Emmanuel king of Portugal to ſend no more fleets to the Indian ſeas. The Pope ſent Maurus to Emmanuel, who returned a very ſpirited anſwer to his Holineſs, aſſuring him that no threats, no dangers could make him alter his reſolutions, and lamenting that it had not yet been in his power to fulfil his promiſe of demoliſhing the ſepulchre and erazing the memorials of Mohammed from the earth. This, he ſays, was the firſt purpoſe of ſending his fleets to India. *Nobis enim, cum iter in Indiam claſſibus noſtris aperire, & regiones majoribus noſtris incognitas explorare decrevimus, hoc propoſitum fuit, ut ipſum Mahumetanæ ſectæ caput . . . . . extinguerem's*—— It is with great art that Camoens ſo often reminds us of the grand deſign of the expedition of his heroes, to ſubvert Mohammediſm and found a Chriſtian empire in the Eaſt. But the dignity which this gives his poem is already obſerved in the preface.

Nor,

Nor Ceylon's iſle, brave [illegible], ſhall with-hold
Its incenſe, preci[illegible]rniſh'd gold,
What time o'er proud Columbo's loftieſt ſpire
Thy flag ſhall blaze: Nor ſhall th' immortal lyre
Forget thy praiſe, Sequeyra! To the ſhore
Where Sheba's ſapient queen the[y] ſceptre bore,
Braving the Red Sea's dangers ſhalt thou force
To Abyſſinia's realm thy novel courſe;
And iſles, by jealous nature long conceal'd,
Shall to the wondering world be now reveal'd.
Great Menez next the Luſian ſword ſhall bear;
Menez, the dread of Afric, high ſhall rear
His victor lance, till deep ſhall Ormuz groan,
And tribute doubled her revolt atone.

Now ſhines thy glory in meridian height,
And loud her voice ſhe raiſed; O matchleſs Knight,
Thou, thou, illuſtrious Gama, thou ſhalt bring
The olive-bough of peace, deputed King!
The lands by Thee diſcover'd ſhall obey
Thy ſcepter'd power, and bleſs thy regal ſway.
But India's crimes, outrageous to the ſkies,
A length of theſe Saturnian days denies:

[y] *Where Sheba's ſapient queen the ſceptre bore.* —— The Abyſſinians contend that their country is the Sheba mentioned in the Scripture, and that the queen who viſited Solomon bore a ſon to that monarch, from whom their royal family, to the preſent time, is deſcended.

Snatch'd

Snatch'd from thy golden throne th[illegible]ens ſhall claim
Thy deathleſs ſoul, the world thy [illegible] name.

Now o'er the coaſt of faithleſs Malabar
Victorious Henry [z] pours the rage of war;
Nor leſs the youth a nobler ſtrife ſhall wage,
Great victor of himſelf though green in age;
No reſtleſs ſlave of wanton amorous fire,
No luſt of gold ſhall taint his generous ire.
While youth's bold pulſe beats high, how brave the boy
Whom harlot ſmiles nor pride of power decoy!
Immortal be his name! Nor leſs thy praiſe,
Great [a] Maſcarene, ſhall future ages raiſe:
Though power, unjuſt, with-hold the ſplendid ray
That dignifies the creſt of ſovereign ſway,
Thy deeds, great Chief, on Bintam's humbled ſhore,
Deeds ſuch as Aſia never view'd before,

[y] *Snatch'd from thy golden throne.*—Gama only reigned three months Viceroy of India. During his ſecond voyage, the third which the Portugueſe made to India, he gave the Zamorim ſome conſiderable defeats by ſea, beſides his victories over the Moors. Theſe, however, are judiciouſly omitted by Camoens, as the leſs ſtriking part of his character.

The French Tranſlator is highly pleaſed with the prediction of Gama's death, delivered to himſelf at the feaſt. "The Syren, "ſays he, perſuaded that Gama is a hero "exempt from weakneſs, does not heſitate "to mention the end of his life. Gama "liſtens without any mark of emotion; "the feaſt and the ſong continue. If I am "not deceived, this is truly great."

[z] *Victorious Henry.*——Don Henry de Menezes. He was only twenty-eight when appointed to the government of India. He died in his thirtieth year, a noble example of the moſt diſintereſted heroiſm. See the preface.

[a] *Great Maſcarene.*——Pedro de Maſcarenhas. The injuſtice done to this brave officer, and the uſurpation of the government by Lopez Vaz de Sampayo, afford one of the moſt intereſting periods of the hiſtory of the Portugueſe in India. See the preface.

Shall

Shall give thy honeſt fa[illegible] brighter blaze
Than tyrant pom[illegible] robes diſplays.
Though bold in war the fierce Uſurper ſhine,
Though Cutial's potent navy o'er the brine
Drive vanquiſh'd; though the Lufian Hector's ſword
For him reap conqueſt, and confirm him Lord;
Thy deeds, great Peer, the wonder of thy foes,
Thy glorious chains unjuſt, and generous woes,
Shall dim the fierce Sampayo's faireſt fame,
And o'er his honours thine aloud proclaim.
Thy generous woes! Ah gallant injured Chief,
Not thy own ſorrows give the ſharpeſt grief.
Thou ſeeſt the Luſian name her honours ſtain,
And luſt of gold her heroes' breaſts profane;
Thou ſeeſt ambition lift the impious head,
Nor God's red arm, nor lingering juſtice dread;
O'er India's bounds thou ſeeſt theſe vultures prowl,
Full gorged with blood, and dreadleſs of controul;
Thou ſeeſt and weep'ſt thy country's blotted name,
The generous ſorrow thine, but not the ſhame.
Nor long the Luſian enſigns ſtain'd remain;
Great Nunio [b] comes, and razes every ſtain.
Though lofty Calè's warlike towers he rear;
Though haughty Melic groan beneath his ſpear;

[b] *Great Nunio.*——Nunio de Cunha, one of the moſt worthy of the Portugueſe governors. See the preface.

Though

All theſe, and Dio yielded to his na[illegible]
Are but th' embroidery of his nobl[illegible]
Far haughtier foes of Luſian race he braves;
The awful ſword of juſtice high he waves:
Before his bar the injured Indian ſtands,
And juſtice boldly on his foe demands,
The Luſian foe; in wonder loſt the Moor
Beholds proud Rapine's vulture gripe reſtore;
Beholds the Luſian hands in fetters bound
By Luſian hands, and wound repay'd for wound.
Oh, more ſhall thus by Nunio's worth be won,
Than conqueſt reaps from high-plumed hoſts o'erthrown.
Long ſhall the generous Nunio's bliſsful ſway
Command ſupreme. In Dio's hopeleſs day
The ſovereign toil the brave Noronha takes;
Awed by his [c] fame the fierce-ſoul'd Rumien ſhakes,
And Dio's open'd walls in ſudden flight forſakes.
A ſon of thine, O Gama, now ſhall [d] hold
The helm of empire, prudent, wiſe and bold:
Malacca ſaved and ſtrengthen'd by his arms,
The banks of Tor ſhall eccho his alarms;

[c] *Awed by his fame.* —— That brave generous ſpirit, which prompted Camoens to condemn the great Albuquerque for injuſtice to a common ſoldier, has here deſerted him. In place of poetical compliment, on the terrors of his name, Noronha deſerved infamy. The ſiege of Dio, it is true, was raiſed on the report of his approach, but that report was the ſtratagem of *Coje Zofar*, one of the general officers of the aſſaillants. The delays of Noronha were as highly blameable, as his treatment of his predeceſſor, the excellent Nunio, was unworthy of a gentleman. See the preface.

[d] *A ſon of thine, O Gama.* —— Stephen de Gama. See the preface.

His worth ſhall bleſs the kingdoms of the morn,
For all thy virtues ſhall his ſoul adorn.
When fate reſigns thy hero to the ſkies,
A Veteran, famed on Brazil's ſhore, ſhall [e] riſe:
The wide Atlantic and the Indian main,
By turns ſhall own the terrors of his reign.
His aid the proud Cambayan king implores,
His potent aid Cambaya's king reſtores.
The dread Mogul with all his thouſands flies,
And Dio's towers are Souza's well-earn'd prize.

Nor leſs the Zamorim o'er blood-ſtain'd [f] ground
Shall ſpeed his legions, torn with many a wound,
In headlong rout. Nor ſhall the boaſtful pride
Of India's navy, though the ſhaded tide
Around the ſquadron'd maſts appear the down
Of ſome wide foreſt, other fate renown.
Loud rattling through the hills of Cape Camore
I hear the tempeſt of the battle roar!
Clung to the ſplinter'd maſts I ſee the dead
Badala's ſhores with horrid wreck beſpread;
Baticala inflamed by treacherous hate,
Provokes the horrors of Badala's fate:

[e] *A Veteran fam'd on Brazil's ſhore.*—— Martin Alonzo de Souza. He was celebrated for clearing the coaſt of Brazil of ſeveral pirates, who were formidable to that infant colony.

[f] —— *o'er blood-ſtain'd ground.* —— This is as near the original as elegance will allow —— *de ſangue cheyo* —— upon which Fanſhaw has thus punned,

—— —— with no little loſs,
Sending him home again by *Weeping-Croſs.*——

Her

Her ſeas in blood, her ſkies enwrapt in fire.
Confeſs the ſweeping ſtorm of Souza's ire.
No hoſtile ſpear now rear'd on ſea or ſtrand,
The awful ſceptre graces Souza's hand;
Peaceful he reigns, in counſel juſt and wiſe;
And glorious Caſtro now his throne ſupplies:
Caſtro, the boaſt of generous fame, afar
From Dio's ſtrand ſhall ſway the glorious war.
Madning with rage to view the Luſian band,
A troop ſo few, proud Dio's towers command,
The cruel Ethiop Moor to heaven complains,
And the proud Perſian's languid zeal arraigns.
The Rumien fierce, who boaſts the name of [s] Rome,
With theſe conſpires, and vows the Luſians' doom.
A thouſand barbarous nations join their powers
To bathe with Luſian blood the Dion towers.
Dark rolling ſheets, forth belch'd from brazen wombs,
And bored, like ſhowering clouds, with hailing bombs,
O'er Dio's ſky ſpread the black ſhades of death;
The mine's dread earthquakes ſhake the ground beneath.

[s] *The Rumien fierce who boaſts the name of Rome*——When the victories of the Portugueſe began to overſpread the Eaſt, ſeveral Indian princes, by the counſels of the Moors, applied for aſſiſtance to the Sultan of Egypt and the Grand Signior. The troops of theſe Mohammedan princes were in the higheſt reputation for bravery, and though compoſed of many different nations, were known among the orientals by one common name. Ignorance delights in the marvellous. The hiſtory of ancient Rome made the ſame figure among the Eaſterns, as that of the fabulous or heroic ages, does with us, with this difference, it was better believed. The Turks of Romania and Egypt pretended to be the deſcendants of the Roman Conquerors, and the Indians gave them and their auxiliaries the name of Rumes, or Romans. It has been ſaid that the *Gypſies* who are now ſcattered over Europe, were, about four or five centuries ago, driven by war from Egypt and Syria. The name by which, in their dialect, they call themſelves, *Rumetch*, or *Rumetchin*, favours this opinion.

No hope, bold [h] Maſcarene, mayſt thou reſpire,
A glorious fall alone, my juſt deſire.
When lo, his gallant ſon brave Caſtro ſends——
Ah heaven, what fate the hapleſs youth attends!
In vain the terrors of his faulchion glare;
The cavern'd mine burſts, high in pitchy air
Rampire and ſquadron whirl'd convulſive, borne
To heaven, the hero dies in fragments torn.

His loftieſt bough though fall'n, the generous ſire
His living hope devotes with Roman ire.
On wings of fury flies the brave Alvar
Through oceans howling with the wintery war,
Through ſkies of ſnow his brother's vengeance bears:
And ſoon in arms the valiant ſire appears:
Before him victory ſpreads her eagle-wing
Wide ſweeping o'er Cambaya's haughty king.
In vain his thundering courſers ſhake the ground,
Cambaya bleeding of his might's laſt wound
Sinks pale in duſt: Fierce Hydal-Kan [i] in vain
Wakes war on war; he bites his iron chain.
O'er Indus' banks, o'er Ganges' ſmiling vales
No more the hind his plunder'd field bewails:

[h] *No hope, bold Maſcarene.*——The commander of Diu, or Dio, during this ſiege, one of the moſt memorable in the Portugueſe hiſtory.

[i] *Fierce Hydal Kan.*——The title of the Lords or Princes of Decan, who in their wars with the Portugueſe have ſometimes brought 400,000 men into the field. The prince here mentioned, after many revolts, was at laſt finally ſubdued by Don John de Caſtro, the fourth Viceroy of India, with whoſe reign our Poet judiciouſly ends the prophetic ſong. Albuquerque laid the plan, and Caſtro compleated the ſyſtem of the Portugueſe empire in the Eaſt. It is with propriety therefore that the prophecy given to Gama

O'er every field, O Peace, thy bloſſoms glow,
The golden bloſſoms of thy olive bough;
Firm baſed on wiſdom's laws great Caſtro crowns,
And the wide Eaſt the Luſian Empire owns.

Theſe warlike Chiefs, the ſons of thy renown,
And thouſands more, O Vasco, doom'd to crown
Thy glorious toils, ſhall through theſe ſeas unfold
Their victor-ſtandards blazed with Indian gold;
And in the boſom of our flowery iſle,
Embathed in joy ſhall o'er their labours ſmile.
Their nymphs like your's, their feaſt divine the ſame,
The raptured foretaſte of immortal fame.

So ſung the Goddeſs, while the ſiſter train
With joyful anthem cloſe the ſacred ſtrain;
Though Fortune from her whirling ſphere beſtow
Her gifts capricious in unconſtant flow,
Yet laurel'd honour and immortal fame
Shall ever conſtant grace the Luſian name.

Gama is here ſummed up. Nor is the diſcretion of Camoens in this inſtance inferior to his judgment. He is now within a few years of his own times, when he himſelf was upon the ſcene in India. But whatever he had ſaid of his cotemporaries would have been liable to miſconſtruction, and every ſentence would have been branded with the epithets of flattery or malice. A little Poet would have been happy in ſuch an opportunity to reſent his wrongs. But the ſilent contempt of Camoens does him true honour.

In this hiſtorical ſong, as already hinted, the Tranſlator has been attentive, as much as he could, to throw it into thoſe univerſal languages, the picturesque and characteriſtic. To convey the ſublimeſt inſtruction to princes, is, according to Ariſtotle, the peculiar province of the Epic Muſe. The ſtriking points of view, in which the different characters of the Governors of India are here placed, are in the moſt happy conformity to this ingenious canon of the Stagyrite.

So

So ſung the joyful chorus, while around
The ſilver roofs the lofty notes reſound.
The ſong prophetic, and the ſacred feaſt,
Now ſhed the glow of ſtrength through every breaſt.
When with the grace and majeſty divine,
Which round immortals, when enamour'd, ſhine,
To crown the banquet of their deathleſs fame,
To happy Gama thus the ſovereign Dame:
O loved of heaven, what never man before,
What wandering ſcience never might explore,
By heaven's high will, with mortal eyes to ſee
Great Nature's face unveil'd, is given to Thee.
Thou and thy warriors follow where I lead:
Firm be your ſteps, for arduous to the tread
Through matted brakes of thorn and brier, beſtrew'd
With ſplinter'd flint, winds the ſteep ſlippery road.
She ſpake, and ſmiling caught the hero's hand,
And on the mountain's ſummit ſoon they ſtand;
A beauteous lawn with pearl enamell'd o'er,
Emerald and ruby, as the gods of yore
Had ſported here. Here in the fragrant air
A wondrous globe appear'd, divinely fair!
Through every part the light tranſparent flow'd,
And in the centre as the ſurface glow'd.
The frame etherial various orbs compoſe,
In whirling circles now they fell, now roſe;

Yet

Yet never roſe [1] nor fell, for ſtill the ſame
Was every movement of the wondrous frame;
Each movement ſtill beginning, ſtill compleat,
It's Author's type, ſelf-poiſed, perfection's ſeat.

Great Vasco thrill'd with reverential awe,
And rapt with keen deſire, the wonder ſaw.
The Goddeſs markt the language of his eyes,
And here, ſhe cried, thy largeſt wiſh ſuffice.
Great Nature's fabric thou doſt here behold,
Th' etherial pure, and elemental mould,
In pattern ſhewn complete, as Nature's God
Ordain'd the world's great frame, his dread abode;
For every part the Power Divine pervades,
The ſun's bright radiance and the central ſhades.
Yet let not haughty reaſon's bounded line
Explore the boundleſs God, or where define,
Where in Himſelf in uncreated light,
(While all his worlds around ſeem wrapt in night,)

[1] *In whirling circles now they fell, now roſe,—Yet never roſe nor fell*——The motions of the heavenly bodies, in every ſyſtem, bear, at all times, the ſame uniform relation to each other; theſe expreſſions, therefore, are ſtrictly juſt. The firſt relates to the appearance, the ſecond to the reality. Thus while to us the ſun appears to go down, to more weſtern inhabitants of the globe he appears to riſe, and while he riſes to us, he is going down to the more eaſtern; the difference being entirely relative to the various parts of the earth. And in this the expreſſions of our Poet are equally applicable to the Ptolemaic and Copernican ſyſtems. The ancient hypotheſis which made our earth the centre of the Univerſe, is the ſyſtem adopted by Camoens, a happineſs, in the opinion of the Tranſlator, to the Engliſh Luſiad. The new ſyſtem is ſo well known, that a poetical deſcription of it would have been no novelty to the Engliſh reader. The other has not only that advantage in its favour; but this deſcription is perhaps the fineſt and fulleſt that ever was given of it in poetry, that of Lucretius, l. v. being chiefly argumentative, and therefore leſs pictureſque.

Our Author ſtudied at the univerſity of Coimbra, where the ancient ſyſtem and other doctrines of the Ariſtotelians then, and long afterwards, prevailed.

He

He holds his loftieſt [k] ſtate. By primal laws
Impoſed on Nature's birth, Himſelf the cauſe,
By her own miniſtry through every maze
Nature in all her walks unſeen he ſways.
Theſe ſpheres [l] behold; the firſt in wide embrace
Surrounds the leſſer orbs of various face;
The Empyrean this, the holieſt heaven,
To the pure ſpirits of the Bleſt is given:
No mortal eye its ſplendid rays may bear,
No mortal boſom feel the raptures there.
The earth in all her ſummer pride array'd
To this might ſeem a drear ſepulchral ſhade.
Unmoved it ſtands: within its ſhining frame,
In motion ſwifter than the lightning's flame,
Swifter than ſight the moving parts may ſpy,
Another ſphere whirls round its rapid ſky.
Hence Motion [m] darts its force, impulſive draws,
And on the other orbs impreſſes laws:
The Sun's bright car attentive to its force
Gives night and day, and ſhapes his yearly courſe;

[k] *He holds his loftieſt ſtate.*——Called by the old philoſophers and ſchool divines the *Senſorium* of the Deity.

[l] *Theſe ſpheres behold.*——According to the Peripatetics the univerſe conſiſted of Eleven Spheres incloſed within each other, as Fanſhaw has familiarly expreſſed it by a ſimilie which he has lent our Author. The firſt of theſe ſpheres, he ſays,

——— doth *(as in a neſt*
Of boxes) all the other orbs comprize——

In their accounts of this firſt mentioned, but Eleventh Sphere, which they called the Empyrean or heaven of the Bleſt, the diſciples of Ariſtotle, and the Arab Moors, gave a looſe to all the warmth of imagination. And ſeveral of the Chriſtian Fathers applied to it the deſcriptions of heaven which are found in the Holy Scripture.

[m] *Hence Motion darts its force.*——This is the Tenth Sphere, the *Primum Mobile* of the ancient ſyſtem. To account for the appearances of the heavens, the Peripatetics aſcribed double

Its force ſtupendous aſks a pondrous ſphere
To poiſe its fury and its weight to bear:
Slow moves that pondrous orb; the ſtiff, ſlow pace
One ſtep ſcarce gains, while wide his annual race
Two hundred times the ſun triumphant rides;
The Chryſtal Heaven is this, whoſe rigour guides
And binds the ſtarry [m] ſphere: That ſphere behold,
With diamonds ſpangled, and emblazed with gold;
What radiant orbs that azure ſky adorn,
Fair o'er the night in rapid motion borne!
Swift as they trace the heaven's deep circling line,
Whirl'd on their proper axles bright they ſhine.

double motion to it. While its influence drew the other orbs from eaſt to weſt, they ſuppoſed it had a motion of its own from weſt to eaſt. To effect this, the ponderous weight and interpoſition of the Ninth Sphere, or Chryſtalline Heaven, was neceſſary. The ancient Aſtronomers obſerved that the ſtars ſhifted their places. This they called the motion of the Chryſtalline Heaven, expreſſed by our Poet at the rate of one pace during two hundred ſolar years. The famous Arab aſtronomer Abulhaſan, in his work entitled Meadows of Gold, calculates the revolution of this ſphere to conſiſt of 49,000 of our years. But modern diſcoveries have not only corrected this calculation *, but have alſo aſcertained the reaſon of the apparent motion of the fixt ſtars. The earth is not a perfect ſphere; the quantity of matter is greater at the equator; hence the earth turns on her axis in a rocking motion, revolving round the axis of the ecliptic, which is called the proceſſion of the equinoxes, and makes the ſtars ſeem to ſhift their places at about the rate of a degree in 72 years; according to which all the ſtars ſeem to perform one revolution in the ſpace of 25,920 years, after which they return exactly to the ſame ſituation as at the beginning of this period. However imperfect in their calculations, the Chaldaic aſtonomers perceived that the motions of the heavens compoſed one great revolution. This they called the *Annus Magnus*, which thoſe who did not underſtand them miſtook for a reſtoration of all things to their firſt originals, and that the world was at that period to begin anew in every reſpect. Hence the old Egyptian notion, that every one was at the end of thirty-nine thouſand years to reſume every circumſtance of his preſent life, to be exactly the ſame in every contingency. And hence alſo the Legends of the Bramins and Mandarins, their periods of millions of years, and the worlds which they tell us are already paſt, and eternally to ſucceed each other.

[m] *And binds the ſtarry ſphere.*——This was called the Firmament or Eighth Heaven. Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Apollo, Venus, Mercury, and Diana, were the planets which gave name to, and whoſe orbits compoſed the other ſpheres or heavens.

* However deficient the aſtronomy of Abulhaſan may be, it is nothing to the calculation of his Prophet Mohammed, who tells his diſciples, that the ſtars were each about the bigneſs of an houſe, and hung from the ſky on chains of gold.

Wide o'er this heaven a golden belt diſplays
Twelve various forms; behold the glittering blaze!
Through theſe the ſun in annual journey towers,
And o'er each clime their various tempers pours.
In gold and ſilver of celeſtial mine
How rich far round the conſtellations ſhine!
Lo, bright emerging o'er the polar tides
In ſhining froſt the northern [n] chariot rides:
Mid treaſured ſnows here gleams the griſly bear,
And icy flakes incruſt his ſhaggy hair.
Here fair Andromeda of heaven beloved:
Her vengeful ſire, and by the gods reproved
Beauteous Caſſiope. Here fierce and red
Portending ſtorms Orion lifts his head;
And here the dogs their raging fury ſhed.
The ſwan — ſweet melodiſt! in death he ſings —
The milder ſwan here ſpreads his ſilver wings.

[n] *In ſhining froſt the northern Chariot rides.* — Commonly called Charleſwain. Of Caliſto, or the Bear, ſee the note on page 188. Andromeda was the daughter of Cepheus, king of Ethiopia, and of Caſſiope. Caſſiope boaſted that ſhe and her daughter were more beautiful than Juno and the Nereids. Andromeda, to appeaſe the goddeſs, was, at her father's command, chained to a rock to be devoured by a ſea-monſter, but was ſaved by Perſeus, who obtained of Jupiter that all the family ſhould be placed among the ſtars. Orion was a hunter, who, for an attempt on Diana, was ſtung to death by a ſerpent. The ſtar of his name portends tempeſts. The Dogs; Fable gives this honour to thoſe of different hunters. The faithful dog of Erigone, however, that died mad with grief for the death of his miſtreſs, has the beſt title to preſide over the dog-days. The Swan; that whoſe form Jupiter borrowed to enjoy Leda. The Hare, when purſued by Orion, was ſaved by Mercury, and placed in heaven, to ſignify that Mercury preſides over melancholy diſpoſitions. The Lyre, with which Orpheus charmed Pluto. The Dragon, which guarded the golden apples of the Heſperides, and the ſhip Argo, compleat the number of the conſtellations mentioned by Camoens. If our Author has blended the appearances of heaven with thoſe of the painted artificial ſphere, it is in the manner of the claſſics. Ovid, in particular, thus deſcribes the heavens, in the ſecond book of his Metamorphoſes.

Here

Here Orpheus' lyre, the melancholy hare,
And here the watchful dragon's eye-balls glare;
And Theſeus' ſhip, Oh, leſs renown'd than thine,
Shall ever o'er theſe ſkies illuſtrious ſhine.
Beneath this radiant firmament behold
The various Planets in their orbits roll'd:
Here in cold twilight hoary Saturn rides,
Here Jove ſhines mild, here fiery Mars preſides,
Apollo here enthroned in light appears
The eye of heaven, emblazer of the ſpheres;
Beneath him beauteous glows the Queen of Love,
The proudeſt hearts her ſacred influence prove;
Here Hermes famed for eloquence divine,
And here Diana's various faces ſhine;
Loweſt ſhe rides, and through the ſhadowy night
Pours on the gliſtening earth her ſilver light.
Theſe various orbs, behold, in various ſpeed
Purſue the journeys at their birth decreed.
Now from the centre far impell'd they fly,
Now nearer earth they ſail a lower ſky,
A ſhorten'd courſe: Such are their laws impreſt
By God's dread Will, that Will ° forever beſt.

° —— *impreſt by God's dread will* —— Though a modern narrative of bawdy-houſe adventures in the South Seas by no means requires the ſuppoſition of a particular Providence, that ſuppoſition, however, is abſolutely neceſſary to the grandeur of an Epic Poem. The great examples of Homer and Virgil prove it; and Camoens underſtood and felt its force. While his fleet combat all the horrors of unplowed oceans, we do not view his heroes as idle wanderers; the care of heaven gives their voyage the greateſt importance. When Gama falls on his knees and ſpreads his hands to heaven on the diſcovery of India, we are preſented with a figure infinitely more noble than that of the moſt ſucceſsful Conqueror, who is ſuppoſed to act under the influence of fa-

The yellow earth, the centre of the whole,
There lordly reſts ſuſtain'd on either pole.
The limpid air enfolds in ſoft embrace
The pondrous orb, and brightens o'er her face.

taliſm or chance. The human mind is conſcious of its own weakneſs. It expects an elevation in poetry, and demands a degree of importance ſuperior to the caprices of unmeaning accident. The poetical reader cannot admire the hero who is ſubject to ſuch blind fortuity. He appears to us with an abject unintereſting littleneſs. Our poetical ideas of permanent greatneſs demand a Gama, a hero whoſe enterpriſes and whoſe perſon intereſt the care of heaven and the happineſs of his people. Nor muſt this ſuppoſition be confined merely to the machinery. The reaſon why it pleaſes alſo requires that the ſuppoſition ſhould be uniform throughout the whole poem. Virgil, by diſmiſſing Æneas through the ivory gate of Elyſium, has hinted that all his pictures of a future ſtate were merely dreams, and has thus deſtroyed the higheſt merit of the compliment to his patron Auguſtus. But Camoens has certainly been more happy. A fair opportunity offered itſelf to indulge the opinions of Lucretius and the Academic Grove; but Camoens, in aſcribing the government of the Univerſe to the Will of God, has not only preſerved the philoſophy of his poem perfectly uniform, but has alſo ſhewn that the Peripatetic ſyſtem is, in this inſtance, exactly conformable to the Newtonian. But this leads us from one defence of our Author to another. We have ſeen that the ſuppoſition of a Providence is certainly allowable in a Poet: nor can we think it is highly to be blamed, even in a philoſopher. The Principia of Newton offer, what ſome perhaps may eſteem, a demonſtration of the truth of this opinion. Matter appeared to Sir Iſaac as poſſeſſed of no property but one, the *vis inertiæ*, or dead inactivity. Motion, the centripetal and centrifugal force, appeared therefore to that great man, as added by the agency of ſomething diſtinct from matter, by a Being of other properties. And from the infinite combinations of the univerſe united in one great deſign, he inferred the omnipotence and omniſcience of that primary Being.

If we admit, and who can poſſibly deny it, that man has an idea of right and wrong, and a power of agency in both, he is then a moral, or in other words, a reaſonable agent; a Being placed in circumſtances, where his agency is infallibly attended with degrees of happineſs or miſery infinitely more real and durable than any animal ſenſation. Now to ſuppoſe that the Being who has provided for every want of animal nature, who has placed even the meaneſt inſect in its proper line, and has rendered every purpoſe of its agency or exiſtence compleat, to ſuppoſe that he has placed the infinitely ſuperior intellectual nature of man in an agency of infinitely greater conſequence, but an agency of which he takes no ſuperintendance —— to ſuppoſe this, is only to ſuppoſe that the Author of Nature is a very imperfect Being. For no propoſition can be more ſelf-evident, than that an attention to the mereſt comparative trifles, attended with a neglect of infinitely greater concerns, implies an intellectual imperfection. Yet ſome philoſophers, who tell us there never was an Athieſt, ſome who are not only in raptures with the great machinery of the univerſe, but are loſt in admiration at the admirable adaption of an oyſter-ſhell to the wants of the animal; ſome of theſe philoſophers, with the utmoſt contempt of the contrary opinion, make no ſcruple to exclude the care of the Deity from any concern in the moral world. Dazzled, perhaps, by the mathematics, the caſe of many a feeble intellect; or bewildered and benighted in metaphyſics, the caſe of many an ingenious philoſopher; they erect a ſtandard of truth in their own minds, and utterly forgetting that this ſtandard muſt be founded on partial views, with the utmoſt aſſurance they reject whatever does not agree with the infallibility of their beloved teſt. There is another caſt of philoſophers no leſs ingenious,

Here ſoftly floating o'er th' aerial blue,
Fringed with the purple and the golden hue,
The fleecy clouds their ſwelling ſides diſplay;
From whence fermented by the ſulphrous ray
The lightnings blaze, and heat ſpreads wide and rare;
And now in fierce embrace with frozen air,
Their wombs compreſt ſoon feel parturient throws,
And white wing'd gales bear wide the teeming ſnows.

genious, whoſe minds, abſorbed in the innumerable wonders of natural enquiry, can perceive nothing but a God of cockle-ſhells, and of grubs turned into butterflies. With all the arrogance of ſuperior knowledge theſe virtuoſi ſmile at the opinion which intereſts the Deity in the moral happineſs or miſery of man. Nay, they will gravely tell you, that ſuch miſery or happineſs does not exiſt. At eaſe themſelves in their elbow chairs, they cannot conceive there is ſuch a thing in the world as oppreſſed innocence feeling its only conſolation in an appeal to heaven, and its only hope, a truſt in its care. Though the Author of Nature has placed man in a ſtate of moral agency, and made his happineſs or miſery to depend upon it, and though every page of human hiſtory is ſtained with the tears of injured innocence and the triumphs of guilt, with miſeries which muſt affect a moral or thinking being, yet we have been told, that "God "perceiveth it not, and that what mortals "call moral evil vaniſhes from before his "more perfect ſight." Thus the appeal of injured innocence, and the tear of bleeding virtue fall unregarded, unworthy of the attention of the Deity †. Yet with what raptures do theſe enlarged virtuoſi behold the infinite wiſdom and care of their *Beelzebub*, their god of Flies, in the admirable and various proviſion he had made for the preſervation of the eggs of vermin, and the generation of maggots.

Much more might be ſaid in proof that our Poet's philoſophy does not altogether deſerve ridicule. And thoſe who allow a general, but deny a particular Providence, will, it is hoped, excuſe Camoens, on the conſideration, that if we eſtimate a general moral providence by analogy of that providence which preſides over vegetable and animal nature, a more particular one cannot poſſibly be wanted. If a particular providence, however, is ſtill denied, another conſideration obtrudes itſelf; if one pang of a moral agent is unregarded, one tear of injured innocence left to fall unpitied by the Deity, if *Ludit in humanis Divina potentia rebus*, the conſequence is, that the human conception can form an idea of a much better God: And it may modeſtly be preſumed we may hazard the laugh of the wiſeſt philoſopher, and without ſcruple aſſert, that it is impoſſible that a created mind ſhould conceive an idea of perfection, ſuperior to that which is abſolutely poſſeſſed by the Creator and Author of exiſtence.

† Perhaps, like Lucretius, ſome philoſophers think this would be too much trouble to the Deity. But the idea of trouble to the Divine Nature, is much the ſame as another argument of the ſame philoſopher, who having aſſerted, that before the creation the gods could not know what different ſeeds would produce, from thence wiſely concludes, that the world was made by chance.

Thus

Thus cold and heat their warring empires hold,
Averſe yet mingling, each by each controul'd;
The higheſt air and ocean's bed they pierce,
And earth's dark centre feels their ſtruggles fierce.

The ſeat of Man, the Earth's fair breaſt, behold;
Here wood-crown'd iſlands wave their locks of gold.
Here ſpread wide continents their boſoms green,
And hoary ocean heaves his breaſt between.
Yet not th' inconſtant ocean's furious tide
May fix the dreadful bounds of human pride.
What madning ſeas between theſe nations roar!
Yet Luſus' hero-race ſhall viſit every ſhore.
What thouſand tribes whom various cuſtoms ſway,
And various rites, theſe countleſs ſhores diſplay!
Queen of the world, ſupreme in ſhining arms,
Her's every art, and her's all wiſdom's charms,
Each nation's tribute round her foot-ſtool ſpread,
Here Chriſtian Europe [n] lifts the regal head.
Afric [o] behold, alas, what alter'd view!
Her lands uncultured, and her ſons untrue;
Ungraced with all that ſweetens human life,
Savage and fierce they roam in brutal ſtrife;

[n] *Here Chriſtian Europe.* —— *Vès Europa Chriſtan.* — As Europe is already deſcribed in the Third Luſiad, this ſhort account of it has as great propriety, as the manner of it has dignity.

[o] *Afric behold.* — This juſt and ſtrongly picturesque deſcription of Africa is finely contraſted with the character of Europe. It contains alſo a maſterly compliment to the expedition of Gama, which is all along repreſented as the harbinger and diffuſer of the bleſſings of civilization.

Eager

Eager they graſp the gifts which culture yields,
Yet naked roam their own neglected fields.
Lo, here enrich'd with hills of golden ore,
Monomotapa's empire hems the ſhore.
There round the Cape, great Afric's dreadful bound
Array'd in ſtorms, by You firſt compaſs'd round;
Unnumber'd tribes as beſtial grazers ſtray,
By laws unform'd, unform'd by reaſon's ſway:
Far inward ſtretch the mournful ſteril dales,
Where on the parch'd hill ſide pale Famine wails.
On gold in vain the naked ſavage treads;
Low clay built huts, behold, and reedy ſheds,
Their dreary towns. Gonſalo's [p] zeal ſhall glow
To theſe dark minds the path of light to ſhew:
His toils to humanize the barbarous mind
Shall with the martyr's palms his holy temples bind.
Great Naya [q] too ſhall glorious here diſplay
His God's dread might: Behold, in black array,
Numerous and thick as when in evil hour
The feathered race whole harveſt fields devour;
So thick, ſo numerous round Sofala's towers
Her barbarous hords remoteſt Afric pours,

[p] *Gonſalo's zeal ſhall glow.*——Gonſalo de Sylveyra, a Portugueſe Jeſuit, in 1555, ſailed from Liſbon on a miſſion to Monomotapa. His labours were at firſt ſucceſsful; but ere he effected any regular eſtabliſhment he was murdered by the Barbarians. *Caſtera abridged.*

[q] *Great Naya too.*——Don Pedro de Naya..... In 1505 he erected a fort in the kingdom of Sofala, which is ſubject to Monomotapa. Six thouſand Moors and Cafres laid ſeige to this garriſon, which he defended with only thirty-five men. After having ſeveral times ſuffered by unexpected ſallies, the Barbarians fled, exclaiming to their king, that he had led them to fight againſt God. See Faria.

In

In vain; Heaven's vengeance on their ſouls impreſt,
They fly, wide ſcatter'd as the driving miſt.
Lo, Quama there, and there the fertile Nile,
Curſt with that gorging fiend the crocodile,
Wind their long way: The parent lake behold,
Great Nilus' fount, unſeen, unknown of old,
From whence diffuſing plenty as he glides,
Wide Abyſſinia's realm the ſtream divides.
In Abyſſinia [r] heaven's own altars blaze,
And hallowed anthems chant Meſſiah's praiſe.
In Nile's wide breaſt the iſle of Meroe ſee!
Near theſe rude ſhores an Hero ſprung from thee,
Thy ſon, [s] brave GAMA, ſhall his lineage ſhew
In glorious triumphs o'er the Paynim foe.
There by the rapid Ob, her friendly breaſt
Melinda ſpreads, thy place of grateful reſt.

[r] *In Abyſſinia heaven's own altars blaze.* ——Chriſtianity was planted here in the firſt century, but mixed with many Jewiſh rites unuſed by other Chriſtians of the Eaſt. This appears to give ſome countenance to the pretenſions of their Emperors, who claim their deſcent from Solomon and the queen of Sheba, and at leaſt reminds us of Acts 8. 27. where we are told, that the Treaſurer of the queen of Ethiopia came to worſhip at Jeruſalem. Innumerable monaſteries, we are told, are in this country. But the clergy are very ignorant, and the laity groſs barbarians. Much has been ſaid of the hill Amara,

> Where Abyſſin kings their iſſue guard——
> —— —— —— by ſome ſuppoſed
> True Paradiſe, under the Ethiop line
> By Nilus head, incloſed with ſhining rock,
> A whole day's journey high.——MILTON.

and where, according to Urreta, a Spaniſh Jeſuit, is the library founded by the queen of Sheba, and encreaſed with all thoſe writings, of which we have either poſſeſſion or only the names. The works of Noah, and the lectures on the mathematics which Abraham read in the plains of Mamre, are here. And ſo many are the volumes, that 200 monks are employed as librarians. It is needleſs to add, that Father Urreta is a ſecond Sir John Mandevylle.

[s] *Thy ſon, brave Gama.*——When Don Stephen de Gama was governor of India, the Chriſtian Emperor and Empreſs-mother of Ethiopia, ſolicited the aſſiſtance of the Portugueſe againſt the uſurpations of the Pagan king of Zeyla. Don Stephen ſent his brother Don Chriſtoval with 500 men. The prodigies of their valour aſtoniſhed the Ethiopians. But after having twice defeated the Tyrant, and reduced his great army to the laſt extremity, Don Chriſtoval, urged too far by the impetuoſity of his youthful valour, was taken priſoner. He was brought before the Uſurper, and put to death

Cape Aromata there the gulph defends,
Where by the Red Sea wave great Afric ends.
Illuſtrious Suez, ſeat of heroes old,
Famed Hierapolis, high-tower'd, behold.
Here Egypt's ſhelter'd fleets at anchor ride,
And hence in ſquadrons ſweep the eaſtern tide.
And lo, the waves that aw'd by Moſes' rod,
While the dry bottom Iſrael's armies trod,
On either hand roll'd back their frothy might,
And ſtood like hoary rocks in cloudy height.
Here Aſia, rich in every precious mine,
In realms immenſe, begins her weſtern line.
Sinai behold, whoſe trembling cliffs of yore
In fire and darkneſs, deep pavilion'd, bore
The Hebrews' God, while day with awful brow
Gleam'd pale on Iſrael's wandering tents below.
The pilgrim now the lonely hill aſcends,
And when the evening raven homeward bends,
Before the Virgin-Martyr's [t] tomb he pays
His mournful veſpers and his vows of praiſe.

death in the moſt cruel manner. Waxed threads were twiſted with his beard and afterwards ſet on fire. He was then dipped in boiling wax, and at laſt beheaded by the hand of the Tyrant. The Portugueſe eſteem him a martyr, and ſay that his torments and death were inflicted becauſe he would not renounce the Faith. See *Faria y Souſa.*

[t] *Before the Virgin-Martyr's tomb.*—He muſt be a dull Reader indeed who cannot perceive and reliſh the amazing variety which prevails in our poet. In every page it appears. In the hiſtorical narrative of wars, where it is moſt neceſſary, yet from the ſameneſs of the ſubject, moſt difficult to attain, our author always attains it with the moſt graceful eaſe. In the deſcription of countries he not only follows the manner of Homer and Virgil, not only diſtinguiſhes each region by its moſt ſtriking characteriſtic, but he alſo diverſifies his geography with other incidents introduced by the mention of the place. St. Catherine, Virgin and Martyr, according to Romiſh hiſtories, was buried on Sinai, where a chapel which bears her name ſtill remains.

Gidda behold, and Aden's parch'd domain
Girt by Arzira's rock, where never rain
Yet fell from heaven; where never from the dale
The chryſtal rivulet murmured to the vale.
The three Arabias here their breaſts unfold,
Here breathing incenſe, here a rocky wold;
O'er Dofar's plain the richeſt incenſe breathes,
That round the ſacred ſhrine its vapour wreathes;
Here the proud war ſteed glories in his force,
As fleeter than the gale he holds the courſe.
Here, with his ſpouſe and houſhold lodged in wains,
The Arab's camp ſhifts wandering o'er the plains,
The merchant's dread, what time from eaſtern ſoil
His burthen'd camels ſeek the land of Nile.
Here Roſalgate and Farthac ſtretch their arms,
And point to Ormuz, famed for war's alarms;
Ormuz, decreed full oft to quake with dread
Beneath the Luſian heroes' hoſtile tread,
Shall ſee the Turkiſh moons with ſlaughter gor'd
Shrink from the lightning of De Branco's [w] ſword.
There on the gulph that laves the Perſian ſhore,
Far through the ſurges bends Cape Aſabore.
There Barem's [x] iſle; her rocks with diamonds blaze,
And emulate Aurora's glittering rays.

[w] —— *De Branco's ſword.*—Don Pedro de Caſtel-Branco. He obtained a great victory, near Ormuz, over the combined fleets of the Moors, Turks, and Perſians.

[x] *Here Barem's iſle* —— The iſland of Barem is ſituated in the Perſian gulph, near the influx of the Euphrates and Tygris. It is celebrated for the plenty, variety, and fineneſs of its diamonds.

From

From Barem's ſhore Euprates' flood is ſeen,
And Tygris' waters, through the waves of green
In yellowy currents many a league extend,
As with the darker waves averſe they blend.
Lo, Perſia there her empire wide unfolds!
In tented camp his ſtate the monarch holds:
Her warrior ſons diſdain the arms of [y] fire,
And with the pointed ſteel to fame aſpire;
Their ſpringy ſhoulders ſtretching to the blow,
Their ſweepy ſabres hew the ſhrieking foe.
There Gerum's iſle the hoary ruin [z] wears
Where Time has trod: there ſhall the dreadful ſpears
Of Souſa and Menezes ſtrew the ſhore
With Perſian ſabres, and embathe with gore.
Carpella's cape, and ſad Carmania's ſtrand,
There parch'd and bare their dreary waſtes expand.
A fairer landſcape here delights the view;
From theſe green hills beneath the clouds of blue,
The Indus and the Ganges roll the wave,
And many a ſmiling field propitious lave.

[y] *Her warrior ſons diſdain the arms of fire.*——This was the character of the Perſians when Gama arrived in the Eaſt. Yet though they thought it diſhonourable to uſe the muſket, they eſteemed it no diſgrace to ruſh from a thicket on an unarmed foe. This reminds one of the ſpirit of the old romance. Orlando having taken the firſt invented cannon from the king of Friza, throws it into the ſea with the moſt heroic execrations. Yet the heroes of chivalry think it no diſgrace to take every advantage afforded by invulnerable hides, and inchanted armour.

[z] *There Gerum's iſle the hoary ruin wears, Where Time has trod.*——Preſuming on the ruins which are found on this iſland, the natives pretend that the Armuzia of Pliny and Strabo was here ſituated. But this is a miſtake, for that city ſtood on the continent. The Moors, however, have built a city in this iſle, which they call by the ancient name.

Luxurious here Ulcinda's harveſts ſmile,
And here, diſdainful of the ſeaman's toil,
The whirling tides of Jaquet furious roar;
Alike their rage when ſwelling to the ſhore,
Or tumbling backward to the deep, they force
The boiling fury of their gulphy courſe:
Againſt their headlong rage nor oars nor ſails,
The ſtemming prow alone, hard toiled, prevails.
Cambaya here begins her wide domain;
A thouſand cities here ſhall own the reign
Of Liſboa's monarchs: He who firſt ſhall crown
Thy [b] labours, GAMA, here ſhall boaſt his own.
The lengthening ſea that waſhes India's ſtrand
And laves the cape that points to Ceylon's land,
(The Taprobanian iſle, renown'd of yore)
Shall ſee his enſigns blaze from ſhore to ſhore.
Behold how many a realm array'd in green
The Ganges' ſhore and Indus' bank between!
Here tribes unnumber'd and of various lore
With woeful penance fiend-like ſhapes adore;
Some Macon's [c] orgies, all confeſs the ſway
Of rites that ſhun, like trembling ghoſts, the day.
Narſinga's fair domain behold; of yore
Here ſhone the gilded towers of Meliapore.

[b] *He who firſt ſhall crown thy labours, Gama.*——Pedro de Cabral, of whom ſee the preface.

[c] *Some Macon's orgies.*—Macon, a name of Mecca, the birth place of Mohammed.

Here

Here India's angels weeping o'er [d] the tomb
Where Thomas ſleeps, implore the day to come,

[d] ——— *the tomb where Thomas ſleeps.* ——There are, to talk in the Indian ſtyle, *a caſt* of gentlemen, whoſe hearts are all impartiality and candour to every religion, except one, the moſt moral one which ever the world knew. A tale of a Bramin or a prieſt of Jupiter would to them appear worthy of poetry. But to introduce an Apoſtle——Common ſenſe, however, will prevail; and the epiſode of St. Thomas will appear to the true Critic equal in dignity and propriety. In propriety, for

To renew and compleat the labours of the Apoſtle, the meſſenger of heaven, is the great deſign of the hero of the poem, and of the future miſſions in conſequence of the diſcoveries which are the ſubject of it.

The Chriſtians of St. Thomas, found in Malabar on the arrival of Gama, we have already mentioned in the preface: but ſome farther account of that ſubject will certainly be agreeable to the curious. The Jeſuit miſſionaries have given moſt pompous accounts of the Chriſtian antiquities of India and China. When the Portugueſe arrived in India, the head of the Malabar Chriſtians, named Jacob, ſtiled himſelf Metropolitan of India and China. And a Chaldaic breviary * of the India Chriſtians offers praiſe to God for ſending St. Thomas to India and China. In 1625, in digging for a foundation near *Siganfu*, metropolis of the province of *Xenſi*, was found a ſtone with a croſs on it, full of Chineſe, and ſome Syriac characters, containing the names of biſhops, and an account of the Chriſtian religion, "that it was brought from Judea; that "having been weakened, it was renewed "under the reign of the great *Tam*," (cir. A. D. 630.) But the Chriſtians, ſay the Jeſuits, ſiding with the Tartars, cir. A. D. 1200, were extirpated by the Chineſe. In 1543, *Fernand Pinto*, obſerving ſome ruins near Peking, was told by the people, that 200 years before, a holy man, who worſhiped Jeſus Chriſt, born of a Virgin, lived there; and being murdered, was thrown into a river, but his body would not ſink; and ſoon after the city was deſtroyed by an earthquake. The ſame Jeſuit found people at Caminam who knew the doctrines of Chriſtianity, which they ſaid were preached to their fathers by John the diſciple of Thomas. In 1635, ſome heathens by night paſſing through a village in the province of Fokien, ſaw ſome ſtones which emitted light, under which were found the figure of croſſes. From China St. Thomas returned to Meliapore in Malabar, at a time when a prodigious beam of timber floated on the ſea near the coaſt. The king endeavoured to bring it aſhore, but all the force of men and elephants was in vain. St. Thomas deſired leave to build a church with it, and immediately dragged it to ſhore with a ſingle thread. A church was built, and the king baptized This enraged the Bramins, the chief of whom killed his own ſon, and accuſed Thomas of the murder. But the Saint, by reſtoring the youth to life, diſcovered the wickedneſs of his enemies. He was afterwards killed by a lance while kneeling at the altar; after, according to tradition, he had built 3,00 ſtately churches, many of which were rebuilt, cir. 800, by an Armenian, named Thomas Cananeus. In 1522, the body of the Apoſtle, with the head of the lance beſide him, was found in his church by D. Duarte de Meneſes; and in 1558 was by D. Conſtantine de Braganza removed to Goa. To theſe accounts, ſelected from *Faria y Souſa*, let two from Oſorius be added. When Martin Alonzo de Souza was viceroy, ſome brazen tables were brought to him, inſcribed with unuſual characters, which were explained by a learned Jew, and imported that St. Thomas had built a church in Meliapore. And by an account ſent to Cardinal Henrico, by the Bp. of Cochin, in 1562, when the Portugueſe repaired the ancient chapel of St. Thomas, † there was found a ſtone croſs with ſeveral characters on it, which the beſt antiquarians could not interpret, till at laſt a Bramin

* The exiſtence of this breviary is a certain fact. Theſe Chriſtians had the Scripture alſo in the Chaldaic language.

† This was a very ancient building, in the very firſt ſtyle of Chriſtian churches. The Portugueſe have now diſfigured it with their repairs and new buildings.

The day foretold when India's utmoſt ſhore
Again ſhall hear Meſſiah's bliſsful lore.
By Indus' banks the holy Prophet trod,
And Ganges heard him preach the Saviour-God;
Where pale diſeaſe erewhile the cheek conſumed,
Health at his word in ruddy fragrance bloom'd;
The grave's dark womb his awful voice obey'd,
And to the cheerful day reſtored the dead:
By heavenly power he rear'd the ſacred ſhrine,
And gain'd the nations by his life divine.
The prieſts of Brahma's hidden rites beheld,
And envy's bittereſt gall their boſoms ſwell'd.
A thouſand deathful ſnares in vain they ſpread;
When now the Chief that wore the Triple [c] Thread,

Bramin tranſlated it, "That in the reign of Sagam, Thomas was ſent by the Son of God, whoſe diſciple he was, to teach the law of heaven in India; that he built a church, and was killed by a Bramin at the altar."

A view of Portugueſe Aſia, which muſt include the labours of the Jeſuits, forms a neceſſary part in the comment on the Luſiad: This note, therefore, and ſome obvious reflections upon it, are in place. It is as eaſy to bury an inſcription and find it again, as it is to invent a ſilly tale; but though ſuſpicion of fraud on the one hand, and ſilly abſurdity on the other, lead us to deſpiſe the authority of the Jeſuits, yet one fact remains indiſputable. Chriſtianity had been much better known in the Eaſt, ſeveral centuries before, than it was at the arrival of Gama. Where the name was unknown, and where the Jeſuits were unconcerned, croſſes were found. The long exiſtence of the Chriſtians of St. Thomas in the midſt of a vaſt Pagan empire, proves that the learned of that empire muſt have ſome knowledge of their doctrines. And theſe facts give countenance to ſome material conjectures concerning the religion of the Bramins. For theſe we ſhall give ſcope immediately.

[c] *When now the Chief who wore the Triple Thread.*——Of this, thus Oſorius; "*Terna fila ab humero dextero in latus ſiniſtrum gerunt, ut deſignent trinam in natura divina rationem,*" They *(the Bramins)* wear three threads, which reach from the right ſhoulder to the left ſide, as ſignificant of the trinal diſtinction in the Divine Nature." That ſome ſects of the Bramins wear a ſymbolical Teſſera of three threads, is acknowledged on all hands; but from whatever the cuſtom aroſe, it is not to be ſuppoſed that the Bramins, who have thouſands of ridiculous contradictory legends, ſhould agree in their accounts or explanations of it. Faria ſays, that according to the ſacred books of the Malabrians, the religion of the Bramins proceeded from fiſhermen, who left the charge of the temples to their ſucceſſors, on condition they ſhould wear ſome threads of their nets, in remembrance of their

Fired by the rage that gnaws the conſcious breaſt
Of holy fraud, when worth ſhines forth confeſt,
Hell he invokes, nor hell in vain he ſues;
His ſon's life-gore his wither'd hands imbrews;
Then bold aſſuming the vindictive ire,
And all the paſſions of the woful ſire,
Weeping he bends before the Indian throne,
Arraigns the holy man, and wails his ſon:
A band of hoary prieſts atteſt the deed,
And India's king condemns the Seer to bleed.
Inſpired by heaven the holy victim ſtands,
And o'er the murder'd corſe extends his hands,
In God's dread power, thou ſlaughter'd youth, ariſe,
And name thy murderer; aloud he cries.
When, dread to view, the deep wounds inſtant cloſe,
And freſh in life the ſlaughter'd youth aroſe,
And named his treacherous ſire: The conſcious air
Quiver'd, and awful horror raiſed the hair

their original. Their accounts of a Divine Perſon having aſſumed human nature are innumerable. And the God Brahma, as obſerved by Cudworth, is generally mentioned as united in the government of the univerſe with two others, ſometimes of different names. They have alſo images with three heads riſing out of one body, which they ſay repreſent the Divine Nature. The Platonic idea of a trinity of divine attributes was well known to the ancients, before the various imitations of chriſtian mythology exiſted; and every nation has a trinity of ſuperior deities. Even the wild Americans had their *Otcon*, *Meſſou*, and *Atabauta*; yet perhaps the Athanaſian controverſy offers a fairer field to the conjecturiſt. That controverſy for ſeveral ages engroſſed the converſation of the Eaſt. All the ſubtilty of the Greeks was called forth, and no ſpeculative conteſt was ever more univerſally or warmly diſputed; ſo warmly, that it is a certain fact that Mohammed, by inſerting into his Koran ſome declarations in favour of the Arians, gained innumerable proſelytes to his new religion. Abyſſinia, Egypt, Syria, Perſia, and Armenia, were perplexed with this unhappy diſpute, and from the earlieſt times theſe countries have had a commercial intercourſe with India. And certain it is, the Brahmin theology has underwent conſiderable alterations, of much later date than the Chriſtian æra. See the Enquiry, &c. end of Luſiad VII.

On

On every head. From Thomas India's king
The holy ſprinkling of the living ſpring
Receives, and wide o'er all his regal bounds
The God of Thomas every tongue reſounds.
Long taught the holy Seer the words of life:
The prieſts of Brahma ſtill to deeds of ſtrife,
So boiled their ire, the blinded herd impell'd,
And high to deathful rage their rancour ſwell'd.
'Twas on a day, when melting on his tongue
Heaven's offer'd mercies glow'd, the impious throng
Riſing in madning tempeſt round him ſhower'd
The ſplinter'd flint; in vain the flint was pour'd.
But heaven had now his finiſh'd labours ſeal'd;
His angel guards withdraw th' etherial ſhield;
A Bramin's javelin tears his holy breaſt——
Ah heaven, what woes the widowed land expreſt!
Thee, Thomas, [c] thee, the plaintive Ganges mourn'd,
And Indus' banks the murmuring moan return'd;
O'er every valley where thy footſteps ſtray'd,
The hollow winds the gliding ſighs convey'd.
What woes the mournful face of India wore,
Theſe woes in living pangs his people bore.
His ſons, to whoſe illumined minds he gave
To view the rays that ſhine beyond the grave,

[c] *Thee, Thomas, thee, the plaintive Ganges mourn'd.* — The verſification of the original is here exceedingly fine. Even thoſe who are unacquainted with the Portugueſe may perceive it.

Chòraraóte Thomé, o Gange, o Indo,
Choroute toda a terra, que piſaſte;
Mas mais te chorão as almas, que veſtindo
Se hião-da Santa Fê, que lhe enſinaſte:
Mas os anjos do ceo cantando, & rindo.
Te recebem na gloria ——

His

His paſtoral ſons bedew'd his corſe with tears;
While high triumphant through the heavenly ſpheres,
With ſongs of joy the ſmiling angels wing
His raptured ſpirit to th' eternal King.
O you, the followers of the holy Seer,
Foredoom'd the ſhrines of heaven's own lore to rear,
You ſent by heaven his labours to renew,
Like him, ye Luſians, ſimpleſt Truth [t] purſue.

[t] *Like him, ye Luſians, ſimpleſt truth purſue.* —— It is now the time to ſum up what has been ſaid of the labours of the Jeſuits. Diametrically oppoſite to this advice was their conduct in every Aſiatic country where they pretended to propagate the goſpel. Sometimes we find an individual ſincere and pious, but the great principle which always actuated them as an united body was the luſt of power and ſecular emolument, the poſſeſſion of which they thought could not be better ſecured, than by rendering themſelves of the utmoſt importance to the See of Rome. Before the inſtitution of the ſociety of Jeſus, the Portugueſe prieſts gave evident proofs of their ſincerity, and Cubilonez, who came to India as father confeſſor to Gama, was indefatigable in his labours to convert the Indians. But when the Jeſuits arrived about fifty years after, a new method was purſued. Where ever they came, their firſt care was to find what were the great objects of the fear and adoration of the people. If the Sun was eſteemed the giver of life, Jeſus Chriſt was the ſon of that luminary, and they were his younger brethren, ſent to inſtruct the ignorant. If the barbarians were in dread of evil ſpirits, Jeſus Chriſt came on purpoſe to baniſh them from the world, had driven them from Europe *, and the Jeſuits were ſent to the Eaſt to complete his unfiniſhed miſſion. If the Indian converts ſtill retained a veneration for the powder of burned cow-dung, the Jeſuits made the ſign of the croſs over it, and the Indian beſmeared himſelf with it as uſual. Heaven, or univerſal matter, they told the Chineſe, was the God of the Chriſtians, and the ſacrifices of Confucius were ſolemnized in the churches of the Jeſuits. This worſhip of Confucius, Voltaire (Gen. Hiſt.) with his *wonted accuracy* denies. But he ought to have known, that this, with the worſhip of *Tien* or Heaven, had been long complained of at the court of Rome, (ſee Dupin) and that after the ſtricteſt ſcrutiny the charge was fully proved, and Clement XI. in 1703, ſent Cardinal Tournon to the ſmall remains of the Jeſuits in the Eaſt with a papal decree to reform theſe abuſes. But the Cardinal, ſoon after his arrival, was poiſoned in Siam by the holy fathers. Xavier, and the other Jeſuits who ſucceeded him, by the dextrous uſe of the great maxims of their maſter Loyala, *Omnibus omnia, et omnia munda mundis*, gained innumerable proſelytes. They contradicted none of the favourite opinions of their converts, they only baptized, and gave them crucifixes to worſhip, and all was well. But their zeal in uniting to the See of Rome the Chriſtians found in the Eaſt deſcended to the minuteſt particulars. And the native Chriſtians of Malabar were ſo violently perſecuted as ſchiſmatics, that the heathen princes, during the government of Ataide,

* This trick, it is ſaid, has been played in America within theſe twenty years, where the notion of evil ſpirits gives the poor Indians their greateſt miſery. The French Jeſuits told the ſix nations, that Jeſus Chriſt was a Frenchman, and had driven all evil dæmons from France; that he had a great love for the Indians, whom he intended alſo to deliver, but taking England in his way, he was crucified by the wicked Londoners.

Vain is the impious toil with borrow'd grace,
To deck one feature of her angel face;
Behind the veil's broad glare ſhe glides away,
And leaves a rotten form of lifeleſs painted clay.

(ſee Geddes, Hiſt. of Malab.) profeſſed their defence, as a cauſe of hoſtility. Abyſſinia, by the ſame arts, was ſteeped in blood, and two or three emperors loſt their lives in endeavouring to eſtabliſh the Pope's ſupremacy. An order at laſt was given from the throne, to hang every miſſionary without trial, wherever apprehended; the Emperor himſelf complaining that he could not enjoy a day in quiet for the intrigues of the Romiſh friars. In China alſo they ſoon rendered themſelves inſufferable. Their ſkill in mathematics and the dependent arts introduced them to great favour at court, but all their cunning could not conceal their villainy. Their unwillingneſs to ordain the natives raiſed ſuſpicions againſt a profeſſion thus monopolized by ſtrangers; their earneſt zeal in amaſſing riches, and their interference with, and deep deſigns on ſecular power, the fatal rock on which they have ſo often been ſhipwrecked, appeared, and their churches were levelled with the ground. About 90,000 of the new converts, together with their teachers, were maſſacred, and their religion was prohibited. In Japan the rage of government even exceeded that of China; and in alluſion to their chief object of adoration, the croſs, ſeveral of the Jeſuit fathers were crucified by the Japoneſe, and the revival of the Chriſtian name was interdicted by the ſevereſt laws. Thus, in a great meaſure, ended in the Eaſt the labours of the ſociety of Ignatius Loyala, a ſociety which might have diffuſed the greateſt bleſſings to mankind, could honeſty have been added to their great learning and abilities. Had that zeal which laboured to promote the intereſts of their own brotherhood and the Roman See, had that indefatigable zeal been employed in the real intereſts of humanity and civilization, the great deſign of diffuſing the law of heaven, challenged by its author as the purpoſe of the Luſiad, would have been amply compleated, and the remoteſt hords of Tartary and Africa ere now had been happily civilized. But though the Jeſuits have failed, they have afforded a noble leſſon to mankind,

Though fortified with all the brazen mounds
That art can rear, and watch'd by eagle eyes,
Still will ſome rotten part betray the ſtructure
That is not baſed on ſimple honeſty.

It muſt be confeſſed, however, that the manners of the Gentoos form a moſt formidable barrier againſt the introduction of a new religion. While the four great tribes of India continue in their preſent principles, intercommunity of worſhip cannot take place among them. The Hallachores are the mere rabble, into which the delinquents of the four tribes are degraded by excommunication. It is among theſe only, ſays Scrafton, that the popiſh miſſionaries have had any ſucceſs. Urbano Cerri, in his account of the Catholic religion, mentions a Jeſuit named Robertus de Nobili, who preached that every one ought to remain in his own tribe, and by that means made many converts. He alſo propoſed to erect a ſeminary of Chriſtian Brahmins. But the Holy See diſapproved of this deſign, and defeated his labours. Jealouſy of the ſecular arts of the Portugueſe, was alſo a powerful preventative of the labours of their prieſts. A Spaniard being aſked by an Indian king, how his Spaniſh majeſty was able to ſubdue ſuch immenſe countries as they boaſted to belong to him: The Don honeſtly anſwered, "that he firſt ſent prieſts to convert the people, and having thus gained a party of the natives, he ſent fleets and ſoldiers, who with the aſſiſtance of the new proſelytes ſubdued the reſt." The truth of this confeſſion, which has been often proved, will never be forgotten in the Eaſt. But if the bigotted adherence of the Indians to the rites of their tribes, and other cauſes, have been a bar to the propagation of Chriſtianity among them, the ſame reaſons have alſo prevented the ſucceſs of Mohammediſm, a religion [illegible] palatable to the luxurious

Much have you view'd of future Luſian reign;
Broad empires yet and kingdoms wide remain,
Scenes of your future toils and glorious ſway——
And lo, how wide expands the Gangic bay.
Narſinga here in numerous legions bold,
And here Oryxa boaſts her cloth of gold.
The Ganges here in many a ſtream divides,
Diffuſing plenty from his fattening tides,
As through Bengala's ripening vales he glides;
Nor may the fleeteſt hawk, untired, explore
Where end the ricey groves that crown the ſhore.
There view what woes demand your pious aid!
On beds and litters o'er the margin laid
The dying lift their hollow eyes, and crave
Some pitying hand to hurl them in the [g] wave.
Thus heaven they deem, though vileſt guilt they bore
Unwept, unchanged, will view that guilt no more.
There, eaſtward, Arracan her line extends;
And Pegu's mighty empire ſouthward bends:
Pegu, whoſe ſons, ſo held old [h] faith, confeſt
A dog their ſire; their deeds the tale atteſt.

rious and ignorant. Though the Mogul, and almoſt all the princes of India, have theſe many centuries profeſſed the religion of the Koran, Mr. Orme, as already cited, computes that all the Mohammedans of Hindoſtan do not exceed ten millions; whereas the Gentoos amount to about ten times that number.

[g] *The dying*——See the Enquiry into the Tenets of the Brahmins, at the end of the VIIth Luſiad.

[h] *Pegu, whoſe ſons, ſo held old faith, confeſt A dog their ſire.*——The tradition of this country boaſted this infamous and impoſſible original. While other nations pretend to be deſcended of demi-gods, the Peguſians were contented to trace their pedigree from a Chineſe woman and a dog, the only living creatures

A pious queen their horrid [1] rage reſtrain'd;
Yet ſtill their fury Nature's God arraign'd.
Ah, mark the thunders rolling o'er the ſky!
Yes, bathed in gore ſhall rank pollution lie.

Where to the morn the towers of Tava ſhine,
Begins great Siam's empire's far ſtretch'd line.
On Queda's fields the genial rays inſpire
The richeſt guſt of ſpicery's fragrant fire.
Malaca's caſtled harbour here ſurvey,
The wealthful ſeat foredoom'd of Luſian ſway.
Here to their port the Luſian fleet ſhall ſteer,
From every ſhore far round aſſembling here
The fragrant treaſures of the eaſtern world:
Here from the ſhore by rolling earthquakes hurl'd,

creatures which ſurvived a ſhipwreck on their coaſt. See *Faria.* This infamy, however, they could not deſerve. Animals of a different ſpecies may generate together, but nature immediately diſplays her abhorrence, in unvariably depriving the unnatural offspring of the power of procreation.

[1] *A pious queen their horrid rage reſtrain'd.* ——Thus in the original:

Aqui ſoante arame no inſtrumento
Da géração coſtumão, o que uſarão
Por manha da Raynha, que inventando
Tal uſo, deitou fóra o error nefando.

Relatum eſt de Regina quadam terræ Peguenſis, quod ad coercendum crimen turpiſſimum ſubditorum ſuorum, legem tulit, ut univerſi mares orbiculum vel orbiculos quoſdam æratos in penem illatos gererent. Ita fit: Cultro penis cuticulam dividunt, eamque in orbiculos hoſce ſuperinducunt: ſtatim a prima ſeptimana vulnus conglutinatur. Inferuntur plerumque tres orbiculi: magnitudine infimus ad modum juglandis, primus ferme ad tenerioris gallinæ ovi modum extat. Trium liberorum parens ad libitum onus excutiat. Si horum aliquis a rege dono detur, ut gemma quantivis pretii æſtimatur. To this let the teſtimony of G. Arthus, (Hiſt. Ind. Orient. p. 313.) be added, Virgines in hoc regno omnino nullas reperire licet: Puellæ enim omnes ſtatim a pueritia ſua medicamentum quoddam uſurpant, quo muliebria diſtenduntur & aperta continentur: idque propter globulos quos in virgis viri geſtant; illis enim admittendis virgines arctiores nullo modo ſufficerent.

According to Balby, and Cæſar Frederic, the empire of Pegu, which the year before ſent armies of two millions to the field, was in 1598, by famine and the arms of the neighbouring princes of Ava, Brama, and Siam, reduced to the moſt miſerable ſtate of deſolation, the few natives who ſurvived having left their country an habitation for wild beaſts.

——Through

Through waves all foam, Sumatra's iſle was riven,
And mid white whirlpools down the [k] ocean driven.
To this fair iſle, the golden Cherſoneſe,
Some deem the ſapient Monarch plow'd the ſeas,
Ophir [l] its Tyrian name. In whirling roars
How fierce the tide boils down theſe claſping ſhores!
High from the ſtrait the lengthening coaſt afar,
Its moon-light curve points to the northern ſtar,
Opening its boſom to the ſilver ray
When fair Aurora pours the infant day.
Patane and Pam, and nameleſs nations more,
Who rear their tents on Menam's winding ſhore,
Their vaſſal tribute yield to Siam's throne;
And thouſands [m] more, of laws, of names unknown,
That vaſt of land inhabit. Proud and bold,
Proud of their numbers here the Laos hold
The far ſpread lawns; the ſkirting hills obey
The barbarous Avas and the Bramas' ſway.
Lo, diſtant far another mountain chain
Rears its rude cliffs, the Guios' dread domain;

[k] *And mid white whirlpools down the ocean driven.*——See the ſame account of Sicily. Virg. Æn. III.

[l] *Ophir its Tyrian name.*——Sumatra has been by ſome eſteemed the Ophir of the Holy Scriptures; but the ſuperior fineneſs of the gold of Sofala, and its ſituation nearer the Red Sea, favour the claim of the latter. See Bochart. Geog. Sacr.

[m] *And thouſands more.*—— The extenſive countries between India and China, where Ptolemy places his man-eaters, and where Mandevylle found men without heads, who ſaw and ſpoke through holes in their breaſts, continues ſtill very imperfectly known. The Jeſuits have told many extravagant lies of the wealth of theſe provinces. By the moſt authentic accounts they ſeem to have been peopled by colonies from China. The religion and manufactures of the Siameſe, in particular, confeſs the reſemblance. In ſome diſtricts, however, they have greatly degenerated from the civilization of the mother country.

Here

Here brutalized the human form is ſeen,
The manners fiend-like as the brutal mein:
With frothing jaws they ſuck the human blood,
And gnaw the reeking * limbs, their ſweeteſt food;
Horrid with figured ſeams of burning ſteel
Their wolf-like frowns their ruthleſs luſt reveal.
Camboya there the blue-tinged Mecon laves,
Mecon the eaſtern Nile, whoſe ſwelling waves,

* *And gnaw the reeking limbs.*——Much has been ſaid on this ſubject, ſome denying and others aſſerting the exiſtence of Anthropophagi or man-eaters. Porphyry, (de Abſtin. l. 4. § 21.*) ſays that the Maſſagetæ and Derbices (people of north-eaſtern Aſia) eſteeming thoſe moſt miſerable who died of ſickneſs, killed and eat their parents and relations when they grew old, holding it more honourable thus to conſume them, than that they ſhould be deſtroyed by vermin. Hieronymus has adopted this, word for word, and has added to it an authority of his own, Quid loquar, ſays he, (Adv. Jov. l. 2. c. 6.) de cæteris nationibus; cum ipſe adoleſcentulus in Gallia viderim Scotos, gentem Britannicam, humanis veſci carnibus, et cum per ſylvas porcorum greges & armentorum, pecudumque reperiant, paſtorum nates, et fæminarum papillas ſolere abſcindere, & has ſolas ciborum delicias arbitrari? Mandevylle ought next to be cited. "Aftirwarde men gon be many yles be ſee unto a yle that men clepen Milhe: there is a full curſed peple: thei delyten in ne thing more than to fighten and to ſle men, and to drynken gladlyeſt mannes blood, which they clepen Dieu." p. 235. Yet whatever abſurdity may appear on the face of theſe tales; and what can be more abſurd, than to ſuppoſe that a few wild Scots or Iriſh (for the name was then proper to Ireland) ſhould ſo lord it in Gaul, as to eat the breaſts of the women and the hips of the ſhepherds? Yet whatever abſurdities our Mandevylles may have obtruded on the public, the evidence of the fact is not thereby wholly deſtroyed. Though Dampier and other viſiters of barbarous nations haved aſſured us that they never met with any man-eaters, and though Voltaire has ridiculed the opinion, yet one may venture the aſſertion of their exiſtence, without partaking of a credulity ſimilar to that of thoſe foreigners, who believed that the men of Kent were born with tails like ſheep, (ſee Lambert's Peramb.) the puniſhment inflicted upon them for the murder of Thomas a Becket. Many are the credible accounts, that different barbarous nations uſed to eat their priſoners of war. According to the authentic teſtimony of the beſt writers, many of the ſavage tribes of America, on their high feſtivals, brought forth their captives, and after many barbarous ceremonies, at laſt roaſted and greedily devoured their mangled limbs. Thus the fact was certain, long before a late voyage diſcovered the horrid practice in New Zealand. To drink human blood has been more common. The Gauls and other ancient nations practiſed it. When Magalhaens propoſed Chriſtianity to the King of Subo, a north eaſtern Aſiatic iſland, and when Francis de Caſtro diſcovered Santigana and other iſlands, an hundred leagues north of the Maluccos, the converſion of their kings was confirmed by each party drinking of the blood of the other. Our poet Spenſer tells us, in his View of the State of

* Ιστορῦσι γὰρ Μασσαγέται καὶ Δέρβικες ἀθλιωτάτους ἡγεῖσθαι τῶν οἰκείων τοὺς ἀνοσιωτάτους τελευτήσαντας· διὸ καὶ φθάσαντες κατεσθύουσι καὶ ἑστιῶνται τῶν φιλτάτων τοὺς γηρᾳκότας.

Captain of rivers named, o'er many a clime,
In annual period pour their fattening ſlime.
The ſimple natives of theſe lawns believe
That other worlds the ſouls of beaſts [o] receive;
Where the fierce murderer wolf, to pains decreed,
Sees the mild lamb enjoy the heavenly mead.
Oh gentle Mecon, on thy friendly ſhore
Long ſhall the Muſe her ſweeteſt offerings pour!
When tyrant ire chaff'd by the blended luſt
Of pride outrageous, and Revenge unjuſt,

of Ireland, that he has ſeen the Iriſh drink human blood, particularly he adds, "at the execution of a notable traitor at Limmerick, called Murrogh O'Brien, I ſaw an old woman, who was his foſter-mother, take up his head whilſt he was quartering, and ſuck up all the blood that run thereout, ſaying, that the earth was not worthy to drink it, and therewith alſo ſleeped her face and breaſt and tore her hair, crying out and ſhrieking moſt terribly." It is worthy of regard that the cuſtom of marking themſelves with hot irons, and *tattooing*, is the characteriſtic both of the Guios of Camoens and of the preſent inhabitants of New Zealand. And if, as its animals indicate, the iſland of Otaheite was firſt peopled by a ſhipwreck, the friendſhip exiſting in a ſmall ſociety might eaſily obliterate the memory of one cuſtom, while the leſs unfriendly one of *tattooing* was handed down, a memorial that they owned their origin to the north eaſtern parts of Aſia, where that cuſtom particularly prevails.

[o] —— *other worlds the ſouls of beaſts receive.*——That queen Elizabeth reigned in England, is not more certain than that the moſt ignorant nations in all ages have had the idea of a ſtate after death. The ſame faculty which is conſcious of exiſtence, whiſpers the wiſh for it; and ſo little acquainted with the deductions of reaſoning have ſome tribes been, that not only their animals, but even the ghoſts of their domeſtic utenſils have been believed to accompany them in the iſlands of the Bleſſed. Long ere the voice of philoſophy was heard, the opinion of an after-ſtate was popular in Greece. The works of Homer bear inconteſtible evidence of this. And there is not a feature in the hiſtory of the human mind better aſcertained, than that no ſooner did ſpeculation ſeize upon the topic, than belief declined, and as the great Bacon obſerves, the moſt learned became the moſt atheiſtical ages. The reaſon of this is obvious. While the human mind is all ſimplicity, popular opinion is cordially received; but when reaſoning begins, proof is expected, and deficiency of demonſtration being perceived, doubt and diſbelief naturally follow. Yet ſtrange as it may appear, if the writer's memory does not greatly deceive him, theſe certain facts were denied by Hobbes. If he is not greatly miſtaken, that gentleman, who gave a wretched, a moſt unpoetical tranſlation of Homer, has ſo groſsly miſunderſtood his author, as to aſſert that his mention of a future ſtate was not in conformity to the popular opinion of his age, but only his own poetical fiction. He might as well have aſſured us, that the ſacrifices of Homer had never any exiſtence in Greece. But as no abſurdity is too groſs for ſome geniuſes, our murderer of Homer, our Hobbes, has likewiſe aſſerted, that the belief of the immortality of the human mind was the child of pride and ſpeculation, unknown in Greece till long after the appearance of the Iliad.

Shall

Shall on the guiltleſs Exile burſt their rage,
And madning tempeſts on their ſide engage,
Preſerved by heaven the ſong of Luſian fame,
The ſong, O Vasco, ſacred to thy name,
Wet from the whelming ſurge ſhall triumph o'er
The fate of ſhipwreck on the Mecon's [p] ſhore,
Here reſt ſecure as on the Muſe's breaſt!
Happy the deathleſs ſong, the Bard, alas, unbleſt!

Chiampa there her fragrant coaſt extends,
There Cochichina's cultured land aſcends:
From Ainam bay begins the ancient reign
Of China's beauteous art-adorn'd domain;
Wide from the burning to the frozen ſkies
O'erflow'd with wealth the potent empire lies.
Here ere the cannon's rage in Europe [q] roar'd,
The cannon's thunder on the foe was pour'd:

[p] *On the Mecon's ſhore.*—It was on the mouth of this river that Camoens ſuffered the unhappy ſhipwreck which rendered him the ſport of fortune during the remainder of his life. Our Poet mentions himſelf and the ſaving of his Luſiads with the greateſt modeſty. But though this indifference has its beauty in the original, it is certainly the part of a Tranſlator to add a warmth of colouring to a paſſage of this nature. For the literal tranſlation of this place and farther particulars, ſee the Life of Camoens.

[q] *Here ere the cannon's rage in Europe roar'd* —— According to *Le Comte*'s memoirs of China, and thoſe of other travellers, the mariner's compaſs, fire-arms, and printing, were known in that empire, long ere the invention of theſe arts in Europe. But the accounts of Du Halde, Le Compte, and the other Jeſuits, are by no means to be depended on. It was their intereſt, in order to gain credit in Europe and at the court of Rome, to magnify the ſplendor of the empire where their miſſion lay, and they have magnified it into Romance itſelf. It is pretended that the Chineſe uſed fire-arms in their wars with Zenghis Khan, and Tamerlane; but it is alſo ſaid that the Sogdianians uſed cannon againſt Alexander. The mention of any ſulphurous compoſition in an old writer is with ſome immediately converted into a regular tire of artillery. The Chineſe, indeed, on the firſt arrival of Europeans, had a kind of mortars, which they called fire-pans, but they were utter ſtrangers to the ſmaller fire-arms. Verbieſt, a Jeſuit, was the firſt who taught them to make braſs cannon ſet upon wheels. And even

And here the trembling needle ſought the north,
Ere Time in Europe brought the wonder forth.

even ſo late as the hoſtile menace which Anſon gave them, they knew not how to level or manage their ordnance to any advantage. Their printing is indeed much more ancient than that of Europe, but it does not deſerve the ſame name, the blocks of wood with which they ſtamp their ſheets being as inferior to the uſe of, as different from the moveable types of Europe. The Chineſe have no idea of the graces of fine writing; here moſt probably the fault exiſts in their language; but the total want of nature in their painting, and of ſymmetry in their architecture, in both of which they have ſo long been experienced, afford a heavy accuſation againſt their genius. In improving every ſpot of their country by agriculture they are unequalled: and their taſte in gardening has been highly praiſed. Nature, as it were *friſeur'd*, however, and their gloomy viſtos, *adorned* with gibbets, are certainly unpleaſing. And even in their boaſted gardening their genius ſtands accuſed. The art of ingrafting, known to ancient Greece, is ſtill unknown to them. And hence their fruits are vaſtly inferior in flavour to thoſe of the weſtern world. The amazing wall of defence againſt the Tartars, though 1500 miles in extent, is a labour inferior to the canals, lined on the ſides with hewn ſtone, which every where enrich and adorn their country; ſome of which reach 1000 miles, and are of depth to carry veſſels of burthen. Theſe grand remains of antiquity prove there was a time when the Chineſe were a much more accompliſhed people than at preſent. Though their princes for theſe many centuries have diſcovered no ſuch efforts of genius as theſe, the induſtry of the people ſtill remains, in which they rival and reſemble the Dutch. In every other reſpect they are the moſt unamiable of mankind: Amazingly uninventive; for, though poſſeſſed of them, the arts have made no progreſs among the Chineſe theſe many centuries: Even what they were taught by the Jeſuits is almoſt loſt: So falſe in their dealings, they boaſt that none but a Chineſe can cheat a Chineſe: The crime which diſgraces human nature, is in this nation of athieſts and the moſt ſtupid of all idolaters, common as *that charter'd libertine, the Air.* Deſtitute even in idea of that elevation of ſoul, which is expreſſed by the beſt ſenſe of the word piety, in the time of calamity whole provinces are deſolated by ſelf-murder; an end, as Hume ſays of ſome of the admired names of antiquity, not unworthy of ſo deteſtable a character: And, as it is always found congenial to baſeneſs of heart, the moſt daſtardly cowardice compleats the deſcription of that of the Chineſe.

Unimproved as their arts is their learning. Though their language conſiſts of few words, it is almoſt impoſſible for a ſtranger to attain the art of ſpeaking it. And what an European learns ere he is ſeven years old, to read, is the labour of the life of a Chineſe. In place of our 24 letters, they have more than 60,000 marks, which compoſe their writings; and their paucity of words, all of which may be attained in a few hours, requires ſuch an infinite variety of tone and action, that the ſlighteſt miſtake in modulation renders the ſpeaker unintelligible. And in addreſſing a great man, in place of my Lord, you may call him a *beaſt*, the word being the ſame, all the difference conſiſting in the tune of it. A language like this muſt ever be a bar to the progreſs and accompliſhments of literature. Of medicine they are very ignorant. The ginſeng, which they pretended was an univerſal remedy, is found to be a root of no ſingular virtue. Their books conſiſt of odes without poetry, and of moral maxims, excellent in themſelves, but without inveſtigation or reaſoning. For to philoſophical diſcuſſion and the metaphyſics they ſeem utterly ſtrangers, and when taught the mathematics by the Jeſuits, their greateſt men were loſt in aſtoniſhment. Whatever their political wiſdom has been, at preſent it is narrow and barbarous. Jealous leaſt ſtrangers ſhould ſteal their arts, arts which are excelled at Dreſden and other parts of Europe, they preclude themſelves from the great advantages which ariſe from an intercourſe with civilized nations. Yet in the laws which they impoſe on every foreign ſhip which enters their ports for traffic, they even exceed the cunning and avarice of the Hollanders. In their inter-

No more let Egypt boaſt her mountain pyres;
To prouder fame yon bounding wall aſpires,
A prouder boaſt of regal power diſplays
Than all the world beheld in ancient days.

nal policy the military government of Rome under the emperors is revived with accumulated barbariſm. In every city and province the military are the conſtables and peace officers. What a picture is this! Nothing but Chineſe or Dutch induſtry could preſerve the traffic and population of a countty under the controul of armed ruffians. But hence the emperor has leiſure to cultivate his gardens, and to write deſpicable odes to his concubines.

Whatever was their moſt ancient doctrine, certain it is that the legiſlators who formed the preſent ſyſtem of China preſented to their people no other object of worſhip than *Tien Kamti*, the material heavens and their influencing power; by which an intelligent principle is excluded. Yet finding that the human mind in the rudeſt breaſts is conſcious of its weakneſs, and prone to believe the occurrences of life under the power of lucky or unlucky obſervances, they permitted their people the uſe of ſacrifices to theſe Lucretian Gods of ſuperſtitious fear. Nor was the principle of devotion, imprinted by heaven in the human heart, alone perverted; another unextinguiſhable paſſion was alſo miſled. On tables, in every family, are written the names of the laſt three of their anceſtors, added to each, *Here reſts his ſoul*; and before theſe tables they burn incenſe and pay adoration. Confucius, who, according to their hiſtories, had been in the Weſt about 500 years before the Chriſtian æra, appears to be only the confirmer of their old opinions; but the accounts of him and his doctrine are involved in uncertainty. In their places of worſhip, however, boards are ſet up, inſcribed, *This is the ſeat of the ſoul of Confucius*; and to theſe and their anceſtors they celebrate ſolemn ſacrifices, without ſeeming to poſſeſs any idea of the intellectual exiſtence of the departed mind. The Jeſuit Ricci, and his brethren of the Chineſe miſſion, *very honeſtly* told their converts, that *Tien* was the God of the Chriſtians, and that the label of Confucius was the term by which they expreſſed his divine majeſty. But after a long and ſevere ſcrutiny at the Court of Rome, *Tien* was found to ſignify nothing more than *heavenly* or *univerſal matter*, and the Jeſuits of China were ordered to renounce this hereſy. Among all the ſects who worſhip different idols in China, there is only one who have any tolerable idea of the immortality of the ſoul; and among theſe, ſays Leland, Chriſtianity at preſent obtains ſome footing. But the moſt intereſting particular of China yet remains to be mentioned. Conſcious of the obvious tendency, Voltaire and others have triumphed in the great antiquity of the Chineſe, and in the diſtant period they aſcribe to the creation. But the bubble cannot bear the touch. If ſome Chineſe accounts fix the æra of creation 40000 years ago, others are contented with no leſs than 884953. But who knows not that every nation has its *Geoffry of Monmouth?* And we have already obſerved the legends which took their riſe from the *Annus Magnus* of the Chaldean and Egyptian aſtronomers, an apparent revolution of the ſtars, which in reality has no exiſtence. To the fancyful, who held this Annus Magnus, it ſeemed hard to ſuppoſe that our world was in its firſt revolution of the great year, and to ſuppoſe that many were paſt was eaſy. And that this was the caſe we have abſolute proof in the doctrines of the Bramins, (ſee the Enquiry, &c. end of Luſiad VII.) who, though they talk of hundreds of thouſands of years which are paſt, yet confeſs, that this, the fourth world, has not yet attained its 6000th year. And much within this compaſs are all the credible proofs of Chineſe antiquity comprehended. To three heads all theſe proofs are reduceable. Their form of government, which, till the conqueſt of the Tartars in 1644, bore the marks of the higheſt antiquity; their aſtronomical obſervations; and their hiſtory.

Simply and purely patriarchal every father was a magiſtrate in his own family, and

Not built, created ſeems the frowning mound;
O'er loftieſt mountain tops and vales profound
Extends the wondrous length, with warlike caſtles crown'd.

and the emperor, who acted by his ſubſtitutes the Mandarines, was venerated and obeyed as the father of all. The moſt paſſive ſubmiſſion to authority thus branched out, was inculcated by Confucius and their other philoſophers as the greateſt duty of morality. But if there is an age in ſacred or prophane hiſtory, where the manners of mankind are thus delineated, no ſuperior antiquity is proved by the form of Chineſe government. Their ignorance of the very ancient art of ingrafting fruit-trees, and the ſtate of their language, ſo like the Hebrew in its paucity of words, a paucity characteriſtical of the ages when the ideas of men required few ſyllables to clothe them, prove nothing farther than the early ſeparation of the Chineſe colony * from the reſt of mankind. Nothing farther, except that they have continued till very lately without any material intercourſe with the other nations of the world.

A continued ſucceſſion of aſtronomical obſervations, for 4000 years, was claimed by the Chineſe, when they were firſt viſited by the Europeans. Voltaire, that *ſon of truth*, has often with great triumph mentioned the indubitable proofs of Chineſe antiquity; but at theſe times he muſt have received his information from the ſame dream which told him that Camoens accompanied his friend Gama in the voyage which diſcovered the Eaſt Indies. If Voltaire and his diſciples will talk of Chineſe aſtronomy and the 4000 years antiquity of its perfection, let them enjoy every conſequence which may poſſibly reſult from it. But let them allow the ſame liberty to others. Let them allow others to draw *their* inferences from a few ſtubborn facts, facts which demonſtrate the ignorance of the Chineſe in aſtronomy. The earth, they imagined, was a great plain, of which their country was the midſt; and ſo ignorant were they of the cauſe of eclipſes, that they believed the ſun and moon were aſſaulted, and in danger of being devoured by a huge dragon. The ſtars were conſidered as the directors of human affairs, and thus their boaſted aſtronomy ends in that ſilly impoſition, judicial aſtrology. Though they had made ſome obſervations on the revolutions of the planets, and though in the emperor's palace there was an obſervatory, the firſt apparatus of proper inſtruments ever known in China was introduced by father Verbieſt. After this it need ſcarcely be added, that their aſtronomical obſervations which pretend an antiquity of 4000 years, are as falſe as a Welch genealogy, and that the Chineſe themſelves, when inſtructed by the Jeſuits, were obliged to own that their calculations were erroneous and impoſſible. The great credit and admiration which their aſ-

* The Chineſe Colony! Yes, let philoſophy ſmile; let her talk of the different ſpecies of men which are found in every country, let her brand as abſurd the opinion of Monteſquieu, which derives all the human race from one family. Let her enjoy her triumph. But let common ſenſe be contented with the demonſtration (See Whiſton, Bentley, &c.) that a Creation in every country is not wanted, and that one family is ſufficient in every reſpect for the purpoſe. If philoſophy will talk of black and white men as different in ſpecies, let common ſenſe aſk her for a demonſtration, that climate and manner of life cannot produce this difference, and let her add, that there is the ſtrongeſt preſumptive experimental proof, that the difference thus happens. If philoſophy draw her inferences from the different paſſions of different tribes; let common ſenſe reply, that ſtript of every accident of brutalization and urbanity, the human mind in all its faculties, all its motives, hopes and fears, is moſt wonderfully the ſame in every age and country. If philoſophy talk of the impoſſibility of peopling diſtant iſlands and continents from one family, let common ſenſe tell her to read Bryant's Mythology. If philoſophy aſſert that the Celts, where ever they came, found Aborigines, let common ſenſe reply, there were tyrants enough almoſt 2000 years before their emigrations, to drive the wretched ſurvivers of ſlaughtered hoſts to the remoteſt wilds. She may alſo add, that many iſlands have been found which bore not one trace of mankind, and that even Otaheite bears the evident marks of receiving its inhabitants from a ſhipwreck, its only animals being the hog, the dog, and the rat. In a word, let common ſenſe ſay to philoſophy, "I open my egg with a pen-"knife, but you open yours with the blow of a ſledge hammer."

Immenſe the northern waſtes their horrors [p] ſpread;
In froſt and ſnow the ſeas and ſhores are clad.
Theſe ſhores forſake, to future ages due:
A world of iſlands claims thy happier view,
Where laviſh Nature all her bounty pours,
And flowers and fruits of every fragrance ſhowers.
Japan behold; beneath the globe's broad face
Northward ſhe ſinks, the nether ſeas embrace
Her eaſtern bounds; what glorious fruitage there,
Illuſtrious GAMA, ſhall thy labours bear!
How bright a ſilver mine! when heaven's own [q] lore
From Pagan droſs ſhall purify her ore.

tronomical and mathematical knowledge procured to the Jeſuits, afford an indubitable confirmation of theſe facts.

Ridiculous as their aſtronomical, are their hiſtorical antiquities. After all Voltaire has ſaid of it, the oldeſt date to which their hiſtory pretends is not much above 4000 years. During this period 236 kings have reigned, of 22 different families. The firſt king reigned 100 years; then we have the names of ſome others, but without any detail of actions, or that concatenation of events which diſtinguiſhes authentic hiſtory. That mark of truth does not begin to appear for upwards of 2000 years of the Chineſe legends. Little more than the names of kings, and theſe often interrupted with wide chaſms, compoſe all the annals of China, till about the period of the Chriſtian æra. Something like a hiſtory then commences; but that is again interrupted by a wide chaſm, which the Chineſe know not how to fill up otherwiſe, than by aſſerting that a century or two elapſed in the time, and that at ſuch a period a new family mounted the throne. Such is the hiſtory of China, full brother in every family feature to thoſe Monkiſh tales, which ſent a daughter of Pharaoh to be queen of Scotland, which ſent Brutus to England, and a grandſon of Noah to teach ſchool among the mountains of Wales.

[p] *Immenſe the northern waſtes their horrors ſpread.*——Tartary, Siberia, Samoyada, Kamchatki, &c. A ſhort account of the Grand Lama of Thibet Tartary ſhall complete our view of the ſuperſtitions of the Eaſt. While the other Pagans of Aſia worſhip the moſt ugly monſtrous idols, the Tartars of Thibet adore a real living God. He ſits croſs-legged on his throne in the great Temple, adorned with gold and diamonds. He never ſpeaks, but ſometimes elevates his hand in token that he approves of the prayers of his worſhippers. He is a ruddy well looking young man, about 25 or 27, and is the moſt miſerable wretch on earth, being the mere puppet of his prieſts, who diſpatch him whenever age or ſickneſs make any alteration in his features; and another, inſtructed to act his part, is put in his place. Princes of very diſtant provinces ſend tribute to this Deity and implore his bleſſing, and as Voltaire has merrily told us, think themſelves ſecure of benediction, if favoured with ſomething from his Godſhip, eſteemed more ſacred than the hallowed cow-dung of the Bramins.

[q] *How bright a ſilver mine.*——By this beautiful metaphor, omitted by Caſtera, Camoens alludes to the great ſucceſs, which in his time attended the Jeſuit miſſionaries in Japan. James I. ſent an embaſſy to the ſovereign,

Beneath the ſpreading wings of purple morn,
Behold what iſles theſe gliſtening ſeas adorn!
Mid hundreds yet unnamed, Ternat behold!
By day her hills in pitchy clouds inroll'd,
By night like rolling waves the ſheets of fire
Blaze o'er the ſeas, and high to heaven aſpire.
For Luſian hands here blooms the fragrant clove,
But Luſian blood ſhall ſprinkle every grove.
The golden birds that ever ſail the ſkies
Here to the ſun diſplay their ſhining dyes,
Each want ſupplied on air they ever ſoar;
The ground they touch not till they breathe no [r] more.
Here Banda's iſles their fair embroidery ſpread
Of various fruitage, azure, white, and red;
And birds of every beauteous plume diſplay
Their glittering radiance, as from ſpray to ſpray,
From bower to bower, on buſy wings they rove,
To ſeize the tribute of the ſpicy grove.
Borneo here expands her ample breaſt,
By Nature's hand in woods of camphire dreſt;

ſovereign, and opened a trade with this country, but it was ſoon ſuffered to decline. The Dutch are the only Europeans who now traffic with the Japoneſe, which it is ſaid they obtain by trampling on the croſs and by abjuring the Chriſtian name. In religion the Japoneſe are much the ſame as their neighbours of China. And in the frequency of ſelf-murder, ſays Voltaire, they vie with their brother iſlanders of England.

[r] *The ground they touch not.* —— Theſe are commonly called the birds of Paradiſe. It was the old erroneous opinion, that they always ſoared in the air, and that the female hatched her young on the back of the male. Their feathers bear a mixture of the moſt beautiful azure, purple and golden colours, which have a fine effect in the rays of the ſun.

The precious liquid weeping from the trees
Glows warm with health, the balſom of diſeaſe.
Fair are Timora's dales with groves array'd:
Each rivulet murmurs in the fragrant ſhade,
And in its chryſtal breaſt diſplays the bowers
Of Sanders, bleſt with health-reſtoring powers.
Where to the ſouth the world's broad ſurface bends,
Lo, Sunda's realm her ſpreading arms extends.
From hence the pilgrim brings the wondrous [s] tale,
A river groaning through a dreary dale,
For all is ſtone around, converts to ſtone
Whate'er of verdure in its breaſt is thrown.
Lo, gleaming blue o'er fair Sumatra's ſkies
Another mountain's trembling flames ariſe;
Here from the trees the gum all fragrance ſwells,
And ſofteſt [t] oil a wondrous fountain wells.
Nor theſe alone the happy iſle beſtows,
Fine is her gold, her ſilk reſplendent glows.
Wide foreſts there beneath Maldivia's [u] tide
From withering air their wondrous fruitage hide.

[s] *From hence the pilgrim brings the wondrous tale*——Streams of this kind are common in many countries. Caſtera attributes this quality to the exceſſive cold of the waters, but this is a miſtake. The waters of ſome ſprings are impregnated with ſparry particles, which adhering to the herbage or the clay on the banks of their channel, harden into ſtone and incruſt the original retainers.

[t] *Here from the trees the gum*——Benjamin, a ſpecies of frankincenſe. The oil mentioned in the next line, is that called the rock oil, a black fœtid mineral oleum, good for bruiſes and ſprains.

[u] *Wide foreſts there beneath Maldivia's tide.*——A ſea plant, reſembling the palm, grows in great abundance in the bays about the Maldivian iſlands. The boughs riſe to the top of the water, and bear a kind of apple, called the coco of Maldivia, which is eſteemed an antidote againſt poiſon.

The

The green-hair'd Nereids tend the bowery dells,
Whoſe wondrous fruitage poiſon's rage expells.
In Ceylon, lo, how high yon mountain's brows!
The ſailing clouds its middle height encloſe.
Holy the hill is deem'd, the hallowed [v] tread
Of ſainted footſtep marks its rocky head.
Laved by the Red-ſea gulph Socotra's bowers
There boaſt the tardy aloe's cluſter'd flowers.
On Afric's ſtrand, foredoom'd to Luſian ſway,
Behold theſe iſles, and rocks of duſky gray;
From cells unknown here bounteous ocean pours
The fragrant amber on the ſandy ſhores.
And lo, the Iſland of the [x] Moon diſplays
Her vernal lawns, and numerous peaceful bays;
The halcyons hovering o'er the bays are ſeen,
And lowing herds adorn the vales of green.

Thus from the Cape where ſail was ne'er unfurl'd
Till thine auſpicious ſought the Eaſtern World,
To utmoſt wave where firſt the morning ſtar
Sheds the pale luſtre of her ſilver car,

[v] —— *the tread of ſainted footſtep* —— The imprint of a human foot is found on the high mountain, called the Pic of Adam. Legendary tradition ſays, that Adam, after he was expelled from Paradiſe, did penance 300 years on this hill, on which he left the print of his footſtep. This tale ſeems to be Jewiſh or Mohammedan, for the natives, according to Capt. Knox, who was twenty years a captive in Ceylon, pretend the impreſſion was made by the God *Buddow*, when he aſcended to heaven, after having, for the ſalvation of mankind, appeared on the earth. His prieſts beg charity for the ſake of *Buddow*, whoſe worſhip they perform among groves of the Bogahah-tree, under which, when on earth, they ſay, he uſually ſat and taught.

[x] *And lo, the Iſland of the Moon.* —— Madagaſcar is thus named by the natives.

Thine

Thine eyes have viewed the empires and the iſles,
The world immenſe that crowns thy glorious toils.
That world where every boon is ſhower'd from heaven,
Now to the Weſt, by Thee, Great Chief, is [y] given.

And ſtill, oh Bleſt, thy peerleſs honours grow,
New opening views the ſmiling Fates beſtow.
With alter'd face the moving globe behold;
There ruddy evening ſheds her beams of gold,
While now on Afric's boſom faintly die
The laſt pale glimpſes of the twilight ſky,
Bright o'er the wide Atlantic rides the morn,
And dawning rays another world adorn:
To fartheſt north that world enormous bends,
And cold beneath the ſouthern pole-ſtar ends.
Near either [z] pole the barbarous hunter dreſt
In ſkins of bears explores the frozen waſte:
Where ſmiles the genial ſun with kinder rays,
Proud cities tower, and gold-roofed temples blaze.
This golden empire, by the heaven's decree,
Is due, Caſteel, O favour'd Power, to Thee!
Even now Columbus o'er the hoary tide
Purſues the evening ſun, his navy's guide.

[y] *Now to the Weſt, by Thee, Great Chief, is given*——The ſublimity of this eulogy on the expedition of the Luſiad has been already obſerved. What follows is a natural completion of the whole; and, the digreſſive exclamation at the end excepted, is exactly ſimilar (ſee the preface) to the manner in which Homer has concluded the Iliad.

[z] *Near either pole*——We are now preſented with a beautiful view of the American world. Columbus diſcovered the Weſt Indies before, but not the Continent till 1498, the year after Gama ſailed from Liſbon.

Yet

Yet ſhall the kindred Luſian ſhare the reign,
What time this world ſhall own the yoke of Spain.
The firſt bold [a] hero who to India's ſhores
Through vanquiſh'd waves thy open'd path explores,
Driven by the winds of heaven from Afric's ſtrand
Shall fix the Holy Croſs on yon fair land:
That mighty realm for purple wood renown'd,
Shall ſtretch the Luſian empire's weſtern bound.
Fired by thy fame, and with his king in ire,
To match thy deeds ſhall Magalhaens [b] aſpire:

[a] *The firſt bold hero* —— Cabral, the firſt after Gama who ſailed to India, was driven by Tempeſt to the Brazils, a proof that more ancient voyagers might have met with the ſame fate. It is one of the fineſt countries in the new world, and ſtill remains ſubject to the crown of Portugal.

[b] *To match thy deeds ſhall Magalhaens aſpire* —— Camoens, though he boaſts of the actions of Magalhaens as an honour to Portugal, yet condemns his defection from his country, and calls him

O Magalhaens, no feito com verdade
Portuguez, porèm naó na lealdade.

"In deeds truly a Portugueſe, but not in loyalty." And others have beſtowed upon him the name of Traytor, but perhaps undeſervedly. Juſtice to the name of this great man requires an examination of the charge. Ere he entered into the ſervice of the king of Spain, by a ſolemn act he unnaturalized himſelf. Oſorius is very ſevere againſt this unavailing rite, and argues that no injury which a prince may poſſibly give, can authorize a ſubject to act the part of a traytor againſt his native country. This is certainly true, but it is not ſtrictly applicable to the caſe of Magalhaens. Many eminent ſervices performed in Africa and India encouraged him to aſpire to the rank of *Fidalgo*, or Gentleman of the King's Houſhold, an honour which, though of little emolument, was eſteemed as the reward of diſtinguiſhed merit, and therefore highly valued. But for this, Magalhaens petitioned in vain. He found, ſays Faria, that the malicious accuſations of ſome men had more weight with his ſovereign than all his ſervices. After this unworthy repulſe, what patronage at the court of Liſbon could he hope? And though no injury can vindicate the man who draws his ſword againſt his native country, yet no moral duty requires that he who has ſome important diſcovery in meditation ſhould ſtifle his deſign, if uncountenanced by his native prince. It has been alledged, that he embroiled his country in diſputes with Spain. But neither is this ſtrictly applicable to the neglected Magalhaens. The courts of Spain and Portugal had ſolemnly ſettled the limits within which they were to make diſcoveries and ſettlements, and within theſe did Magalhaens and the court of Spain propoſe that his diſcoveries ſhould terminate. And allowing that his calculations might miſlead him beyond the bounds preſcribed to the Spainards, ſtill his apology is clear, for it would have been injurious to each court, had he ſuppoſed that the faith of the boundary treaty would be trampled upon by either power. If it is ſaid that he aggrandiſed the enemies of his country, the Spaniards, and introduced them to a dangerous rivalſhip with the Portugueſe ſettlements; let the ſentence of Faria on this ſubject be remembered, "let princes beware, ſays he, how by neglect or injuſtice they force into deſperate actions the men who have merited rewards."

In all but loyalty, of Luſian ſoul,
No fear, no danger ſhall his toils controul.
Along theſe regions from the burning zone
To deepeſt ſouth he dares the courſe unknown.

"rewards." As to rivalſhip, the caſe of Mr. Law, a North Briton, is appoſite. This gentleman wrote an excellent treatiſe on the improvement of the trade and fiſheries of his native country, but his propoſals were totally neglected by the commiſſioners, whoſe office and duty it was to have patroniſed him. Was Law, therefore, to ſit down in obſcurity on a barren field, to ſtifle his genius, leſt a foreign power, who might one day be at war with Great Britain, ſhould be aggrandiſed by his efforts in commercial policy? No, ſurely. Deprived of the power of raiſing himſelf at home, Mr. Law went to France, where he became the founder of the Miſiſſippi and other important ſchemes of commerce; yet Law was never branded with the name of traytor. The reaſon is obvious. The government of Great Britain was careleſs of what they loſt in Mr. Law, but the Portugueſe perceived their loſs in Magalhaens, and their anger was vented in reproaches.

In the end of the 15th and beginning of the 16th centuries, the ſpirit of diſcovery broke forth in its greateſt vigour. The eaſt and the weſt had been viſited by Gama and Columbus; and the bold idea of ſailing to the eaſt by the weſt was revived by Magalhaens. Revived, for miſled by Strabo and Pliny, who place India near the weſt of Spain, Columbus expected to find that country in a few weeks of weſtward voyage. Though America and the Molucos were now found to be at a great diſtance from each other, the genius of Magalhaens ſtill ſuggeſted the poſſibility of a weſtern paſſage. And accordingly, poſſeſſed of his great deſign, and neglected with contempt at home, he offered his ſervice to the court of Spain, and was accepted. With five ſhips and 250 men he ſailed from Spain in September 1519, and after many difficulties, occaſioned by mutiny and the extreme cold, he entered the great Pacific Ocean or South Seas by thoſe ſtraits which bear his Spaniſh name Magellan. From theſe ſtraits, in the 52½ degree of ſouthern latitude, he traverſed that great ocean, till in the 10th degree of north latitude he landed on the iſland of Subo or Marten. The king of this country was then at war with a neighbouring prince, and Magalhaens, on condition of his converſion to chriſtianity, became his * auxiliary. In two battles the Spaniards were victorious; but in the third, Magalhaens, together with one Martinho, a judicial aſtrologer, whom he uſually conſulted, was unfortunately killed. Chagrined with the diſappointment of promiſed victory, the new baptized king of Subo made peace with his enemies, and having invited to an entertainment the Spaniards who were on ſhore, he treacherouſly poiſoned them all. The wretched remains of the fleet arrived at the Portugueſe ſettlements in the iſles of Banda and Ternate, where they were received, ſays Faria, as friends, and not as intruding ſtrangers; a proof that the boundary treaty was eſteemed ſufficiently ſacred. Several of the adventurers were ſent to India, and from thence to Spain, in Portugueſe † ſhips, one ſhip only being in a condition to return to Europe by the Cape of Good Hope. This veſſel, named the *Vitoria*, however, had the honour to be the firſt ſhip which ever ſurrounded the globe. Thus unhappily ended, ſays Oſorius, the expedition of Magalhaens. But the good Biſhop was miſtaken, for a few years after he wrote, and ſomewhat upwards of fifty after the return of the *Vitoria*, Philip II. of Spain availed himſelf of the diſcoveries of Magalhaens. And the navigation of the South Seas between Spaniſh America and the Aſian Archipelago, at this day forms the baſis of the power of Spain.

* Vid. Far. ſub Ann. 1519.

† Vid Oſor. Lib. XI.

While

While to the kingdoms of the riſing day,
To rival Thee he holds the weſtern way,
A land of [c] giants ſhall his eyes behold,
Of camel ſtrength, ſurpaſſing human mould:
And onward ſtill, thy fame, his proud heart's guide,
Haunting him unappeaſed, the dreary tide
Beneath the ſouthern ſtar's cold gleam he braves,
And ſtems the whirls of land-ſurrounded waves.
Forever ſacred to the hero's fame
Theſe foaming ſtraits ſhall bear his deathleſs name.
Through theſe dread jaws of rock he preſſes on;
Another ocean's breaſt, immenſe, unknown,
Beneath the ſouth's cold wings, unmeaſured, wide,
Receives his veſſels; through the dreary tide
In darkling ſhades, where never man before
Heard the waves howl, he dares the nameleſs ſhore.

Thus far, O favoured Luſians, bounteous Heaven
Your nation's glories to your view has given.
What enſigns, blazing to the morn, purſue
The path of heroes, open'd firſt by You!
Still be it your's the firſt in fame to ſhine:
Thus ſhall your brides new chaplets ſtill entwine,

[c] *A land of giants*——The Patagonians. Various are the fables of navigators concerning theſe people. The few of Magalhaens' crew who returned, affirmed they were about ten feet in height, ſince which voyage they have riſen and fallen in their ſtature, according to the different humours of our ſea wits.

With laurels ever [illegible] your b[illegible]s [illegible]fold,
And braid your wavy l[illegible] [illegible]th radiant gold.

How calm the waves, how mild the balmy gale!
The halcyons call, ye Luſians, ſpread the ſail!
Old ocean now appeaſed ſhall rage no more,
Haſte, point the bowſprit to your native ſhore:
Soon ſhall the tranſports of the natal ſoil
O'erwhelm in bounding joy the thoughts of every toil.

The Goddeſs [d] ſpake; and VASCO waved his hand,
And ſoon the joyful heroes crowd the ſtrand.

[d] *The Goddeſs ſpake* ——— We are now come to the concluſion of the fiction of the iſland of Venus, a fiction which is divided into three principal parts. In each of theſe the poetical merit is obvious, nor need we fear to aſſert that the happineſs of our author, in uniting all theſe parts together in one great epiſode, would have excited the admiration of Longinus. The heroes of the Luſiad receive their reward in the iſland of Love. They are led to the palace of Thetis, where, during a divine feaſt, they hear the glorious victories and conqueſts of the heroes who are to ſucceed them in their Indian expedition, ſung by a Syren; and the face of the globe itſelf, deſcribed by the Goddeſs, diſcovers the univerſe, and particularly the extent of the Eaſtern World, now given to Europe by the ſucceſs of Gama. Neither in the happineſs or grandeur of completion may the Æneid or Odyſſey be mentioned in compariſon. The Iliad alone, in Epic conduct (as already obſerved) bears a ſtrong reſemblance. But however great in other views of poetical merit, the games at the funeral of Patroclus and the redemption of the body of Hector, conſidered as the intereſting concluſion of a great whole, can never in propriety and grandeur be brought into competition with the admirable epiſode which concludes the Poem on the Diſcovery of India.

Soon after the appearance of the Luſiad, the language of Spain was alſo enriched with an heroic poem. The author of this has often imitated the Portugueſe poet, particularly in the fiction of the globe of the world, which is ſhewed to Gama. In the *Araucana*, a globe, ſurrounded with a radiant ſphere, is alſo miraculouſly ſupported in the air; and on this an enchanter ſhews to the Spaniards the extent of their dominions in the new world. But Don Alonzo d'Arcilla is in this, as in every other part of his poem, greatly inferior to the poetical ſpirit of Camoens. Milton, whoſe poetical conduct in concluding the action of his Paradiſe Loſt, as already pointed out, ſeems formed upon the Luſiad, appears to have had this paſſage particularly in his eye. For though the machinery of a viſionary ſphere was rather improper for the ſituation of his perſonages, he has nevertheleſs, though at the expence of an impoſſible ſuppoſition, given Adam a view of the terreſtrial globe. Michael ſets the father of [illegible]d on a mountain,

——— From

The lofty ſhips with deepen'd burthens prove
The various bounties of the Iſle of Love.
Nor leave the youths their lovely brides behind,
In wedded bands, while time glides on, conjoin'd;
Fair as immortal fame in ſmiles array'd,
In bridal ſmiles, attends each lovely maid.

—— —— From whoſe top
The hemiſphere of earth in cleareſt ken
Stretch'd out to th' ampleſt reach of proſpect lay . . . . .
His eye might there command wherever ſtood
City of old or modern fame, the ſeat
Of mighteſt empire, from the deſtined walls
Of Cambalu ——, &c.
On Europe thence and where Rome was to ſway
The world ——

And even the mention of America ſeems copied by Milton,

—— in ſpirit perhaps he alſo ſaw
Rich Mexico, the ſeat of Montezume,
And Cuſco in Peru, the richer ſeat
Of Atabalipa, and yet unſpoiled
Guiana, whoſe great city Geryon's ſons
Call El Dorado ——

It muſt alſo be owned by the warmeſt admirer of the Paradiſe Loſt, that if the names enumerated by Milton convey grandeur of idea, the deſcription of America in Camoens,

Vedes a grande terra, que contina
Vai de Caliſto ao ſeu contrario polo.

To fartheſt north that world enormous bends,
And cold beneath the ſouthern pole-ſtar ends—

is certainly more pictureſque; and therefore, at leaſt, not leſs poetical.

Some ſhort account of the Writers, whoſe authorities have been adduced in the courſe of theſe notes, may not now be improper. Fernando Lopez de Caſtagneda went to India on purpoſe to do honour to his countrymen, by enabling himſelf to record their actions and conqueſts in the Eaſt. As he was one of the firſt writers on that ſubject, his geography is often imperfect. This defect is remedied in the writings of John de Barros, who was particularly attentive to this head. But the two moſt eminent, as well as fulleſt writers on the tranſactions of the Portugueſe in the Eaſt, are Manuel de Faria y Souſa, knight of the order of Chriſt, and Hieronimus Oſorius, biſhop of Sylves. Faria, who wrote in Spaniſh, was a laborious enquirer, and is very full and circumſtantial. With honeſt indignation he reprehends the rapine of commanders, and the errors and unworthy reſentments of kings. But he is often ſo drily particular, that he may rather be called a journaliſt than an hiſtorian. And by this unintereſting minuteneſs, his ſtyle for the greateſt part is rendered inelegant. The Biſhop of Sylves, however, claims a different character. His Latin is elegant, and his manly and ſentimental manner entitles him to the name of Hiſtorian, even where a Livy, or a Tacitus, are mentioned. But a ſentence from himſelf, unexpected in a Father of the communion of Rome, will characteriſe the liberality of his mind. Talking of the edict of king Emmanuel, which compelled the Jews to embrace Chriſtianity, under ſevere perſecution; Nec ex lege, nec ex religione factum . . . . . tibi aſſumas, (ſay he) ut libertatem voluntatis impedias, et vincula mentibus effrenatis injicias? At id neque fieri poteſt, neque Chriſti ſanctiſſimum numen approbat. Voluntarium enim ſacrificium non vi mala coactum ab hominibus expetit: Neque vim mentibus inferri, ſed voluntates ad ſtudium veræ religionis allici & invitari jubet.

It is ſaid, in the preface to Oſorius, that his writings were highly eſteemed by Queen Mary of England, wife of Philip II. What a pity is it, that this manly indignation of the good Biſhop againſt the impiety of religious perſecution, made no impreſſion on the mind of that bigotted Princeſs!

O'er

O'er India's Sea, wing'd on by balmy gales
That whiſper'd peace, ſoft ſwell'd the ſteady ſails:
Smooth as on wing unmoved the eagle flies,
When to his eyrie cliff he ſails the ſkies,
Swift o'er the gentle billows of the tide,
So ſmooth, ſo ſoft, the prows of GAMA glide;
And now their native fields, for ever dear,
In all their wild tranſporting charms appear;
And Tago's boſom, while his banks repeat
The ſounding peals of joy, receives the fleet.
With orient titles and immortal fame
The hero band adorn their Monarch's name;
Sceptres and crowns beneath his feet they lay,
And the wide Eaſt is doom'd to Luſian [c] ſway.

Enough, my Muſe, thy wearied wing no more
Muſt to the ſeat of Jove triumphant ſoar.
Chill'd by my nation's cold neglect, thy fires
Glow bold no more, and all thy rage expires.
Yet thou, Sebaſtian, thou, my king, attend;
Behold what glories on thy throne deſcend!
Shall haughty Gaul or ſterner Albion boaſt
That all the Luſian fame in Thee is loſt!

[c] *And the wide Eaſt is doom'd to Luſian ſway*—Thus in all the force of ancient ſimplicity, and the true ſublime ends the Poem of Camoens. What follows, is one of thoſe exuberances we have already endeavoured to defend in our Author, nor in the ſtricteſt ſenſe is this concluding one without propriety. A part of the propoſition of the Poem is artfully addreſſed to King Sebaſtian, and he is now called upon in an addreſs, which is an artful ſecond part to the former, to behold and preſerve the glories of his throne.

Oh,

Oh, be it thine theſe glories to renew,
And John's bold path and Pedro's courſe [e] purſue:
Snatch from the tyrant Noble's hand the ſword,
And be the rights of human-kind reſtored.
The ſtateſman prelate, to his vows confine,
Alone auſpicious at the holy ſhrine;
The prieſt, in whoſe meek heart heaven pours its fires
Alone to heaven, not earth's vain pomp, aſpires.
Nor let the Muſe, great King, on Tago's ſhore,
In dying notes the barbarous age deplore.
The king or hero to the Muſe unjuſt
Sinks as the nameleſs ſlave, extinct in duſt.
But ſuch the deeds thy radiant morn portends,
Aw'd by thy frown ev'n now old Atlas bends
His hoary head, and Ampeluza's fields
Expect thy ſounding ſteeds and rattling ſhields.
And ſhall theſe deeds unſung, unknown, expire!
Oh, would thy ſmiles relume my fainting ire!
I, then inſpired, the wondering world ſhould ſee
Great Ammon's warlike ſon revived in [f] Thee;

[e] *And John's bold path and Pedro's courſe purſue* —— John I. and Pedro the Juſt, two of the greateſt of the Portugueſe monarchs.

[f] *Great Ammon's warlike ſon revived in Thee*——Thus imitated, or rather tranſlated into Italian by Guarini.

Con ſi ſublime ſtil' forſe cantato
Havrei del mio Signor l'armi e l'honori,
Ch' or non havria de la Meonia tromba
Da invidiar Achille——

Similarity of condition, we have already obſerved, produced ſimilarity of complaint and ſentiment in Spenſer and Camoens. Each was unworthily neglected by the Gothic grandees of his age, yet both their names will live, when the remembrance of the courtiers who ſpurned them ſhall *ſink beneath their mountain tombs.* Three beautiful ſtanzas from Phinehas Fletcher's Purple Iſland, on the memory of Spenſer, may alſo ſerve as

Revived, unenvious of the Muſe's flame
That o'er the world reſounds Pelides' name.

as an epitaph for Camoens. The unworthy neglect, which was the lot of the Portugueſe Bard, but too well appropriates to him the elegy of Spenſer. And every Reader of taſte, who has peruſed the Luſiad, will think of the Cardinal Henrico, and feel the indignation of theſe manly lines—

Witneſſe our Colin*, whom tho' all the Graces
And all the Muſes nurſt; whoſe well taught ſong
Parnaſſus ſelf and Glorian ‡ embraces,
And all the learn'd and all the ſhepherds throng;
Yet all his hopes were croſt, all ſuits deni'd;
Diſcourag'd, ſcorn'd, his writings vilifi'd:
Poorly (poor man) he liv'd; poorly (poor man) he di'd.

And had not that great hart (whoſe honour'd ‖ head
Ah lies full low) piti'd thy woful plight,
There hadſt thou lien unwept, unburied,
Unbleſt, nor grac'd with any common rite:
Yet ſhalt thou live, when thy great foe † ſhall ſink
Beneath his mountain tombe, whoſe fame ſhall ſtink;
And time his blacker name ſhall blurre with blackeſt ink.

O let th' Iambic Muſe revenge that wrong
Which cannot ſlumber in thy ſheets of lead;
Let thy abuſed honour cric as long
As there be quills to write, or eyes to read:
On his rank name let thine own votes be turn'd,
Oh may that man that hath the Muſes ſcorn'd,
Alive, nor dead, be ever of a Muſe adorn'd.

* Colin Clout, Spenſer. ‡ Glorian, Elizabeth in the Faerie Queen. † Lord Burleigh. ‖ The Earl of Eſſex.

THE END.

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